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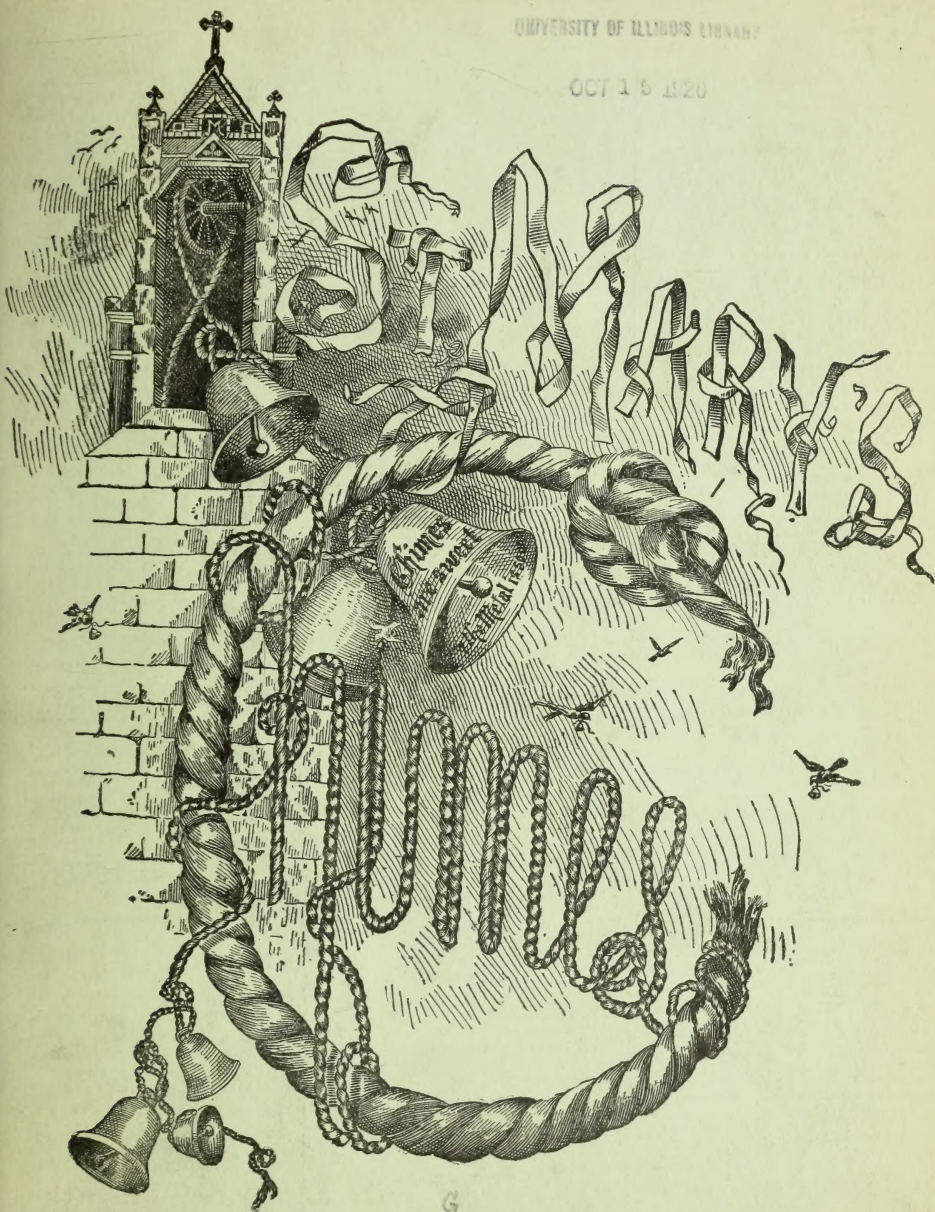




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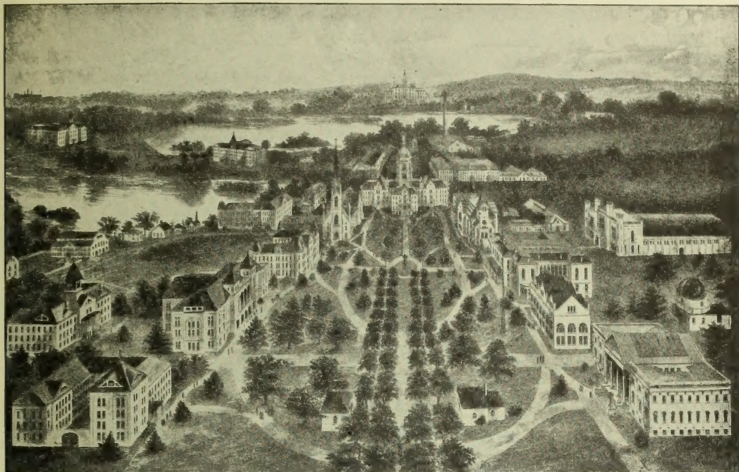
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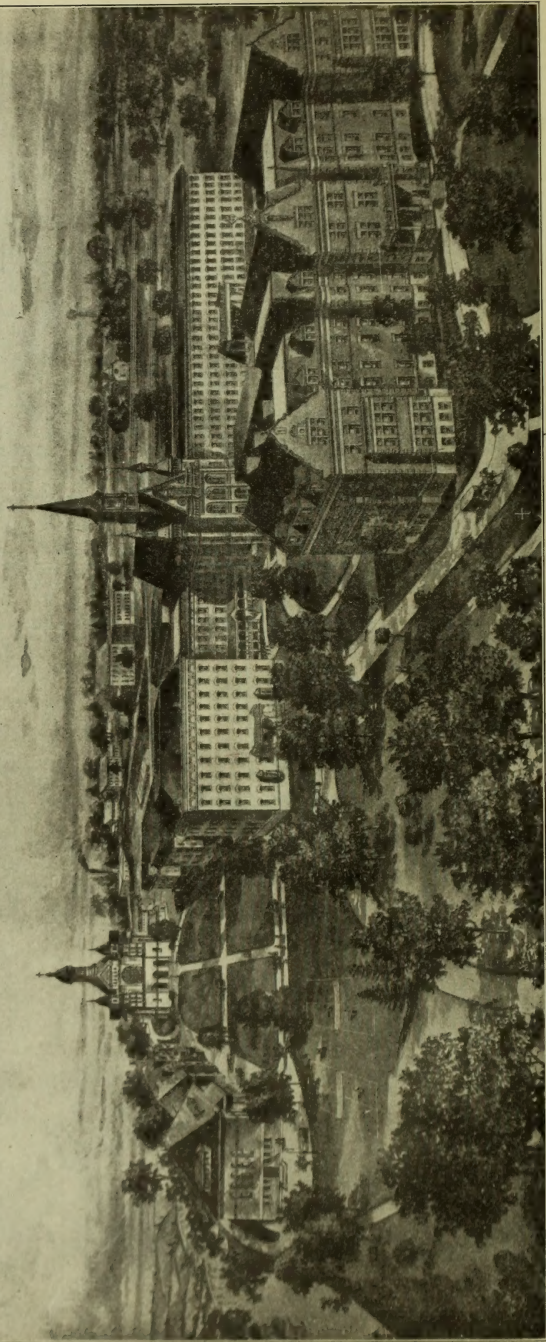
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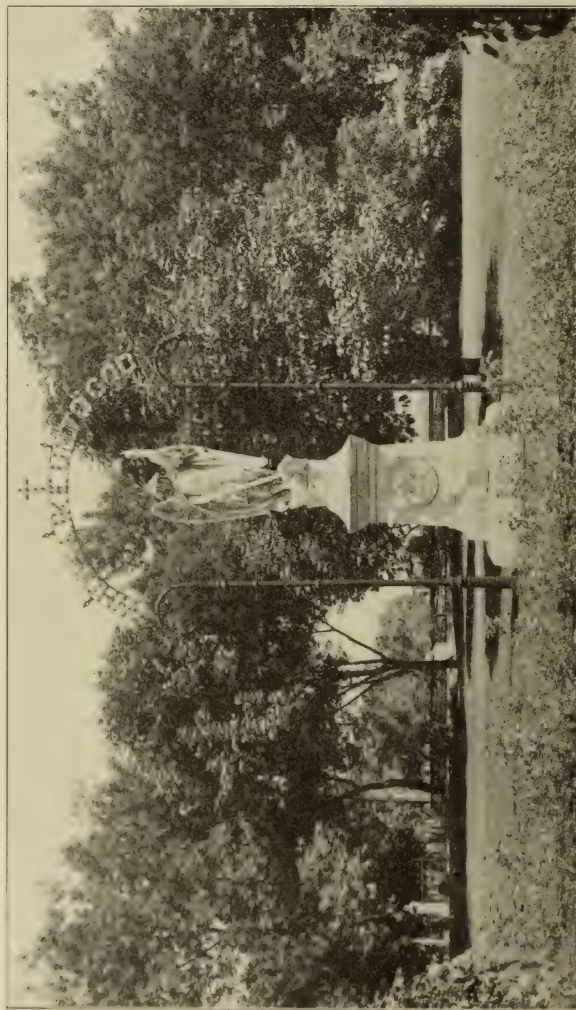
THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE,  
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Patience armored, justice shod,  
Rings thy cry adown the ages  
"Who, O, who is like to God?"

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., September, 1920

No. 1

## THE MOUNTAIN DAISY.

CLARA SE LEGUE, '21.

IT swayed its crimson petals all unseen,  
And waned in the mountain wind's embrace;  
None sought its tender loveliness to glean,  
And fancied safety clothed its modest grace.

A minute, and the petals crimson-flushed  
Lay mantled brown with Scottish earth. 'Twas wrong?  
Ah, no! The flower that the poet crushed,  
Reblossomed in his heart; was born a song.

## A MYSTIC AND A CAVALIER.

ANNA KELLEHER, '20.

DEATH has claimed two poets just at an age when they were singing their best songs: one a mystic, Lionel Johnson, the other, a Cavalier, Rupert Brooke. Both were born under England's sky and lived but twenty years apart. As youths both were shy and quiet, reading many books, especially books concerning poetry. Their educational advantages were about equal, Rupert Brooke attending school at Rugby and later at King's College, Cambridge, and Lionel Johnson spending many happy days at Oxford. But Rupert Brooke was always a care-free, gay, joyous lad, while Lionel Johnson was a thoughtful, serious boy. Margaret Lavington in a biographical sketch of Rupert Brooke has said, "To look at he was part of the youth of the world." Lionel Johnson was quite his opposite, "He looked like some old fashioned child who strayed by chance into an assembly of men." Though of English birth, one was thoroughly an Englishman, the other truly a lover of Ireland. "Immemorial Holy Land," Lionel Johnson calls Ireland. This preference is of special interest today, because of the faction existing between the two countries, and it is with delight we read his beautiful tributes to Ireland, coming from an English pen, from a man who was capable of seeing Ireland's worth despite political feuds. His poems are forever singing for Ireland's freedom, as Rupert

Brooke's poems were forever of England. All that England means to the heart-whole Englishman, all the feeling that makes her a sanctuary of love, wherever the Englishman may be, we feel in the poetry of Rupert Brooke,

"If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is forever England."

And later in the same poem "The Soldier" says,  
"In hearts of peace under an English heaven."

Whether at home or abroad his interest was never lessened in the land of his birth. With equal devotion, in the royal and passionate poem "Ireland" Lionel Johnson prays,

"O Rose, O Lily, O Lady full of grace,  
O Mary Mother, O Mary Maid, hear thou,  
Glory of Angels, Pity and turn thy face,  
Praying thy Son, ever as we pray thee now,  
For thy dear sake to set thine Ireland free."

Almost immediately after leaving Oxford we find Lionel Johnson throwing himself with enthusiasm into all questions concerning Ireland. He loved to call himself an Irishman and visited the country frequently.

Like most poets who have died young, both men have left us little material, but the quality of their verses balances readily that which is lost of quantity.

Johnson has left us two books of verse, one *Poems*, published in 1895, the other *Ireland and Other Poems*, edited in 1897. His first book was received rather unfavorably. Johnson's friends, with the sole exception of William Butler Yeats,

seemed to regard him "as a prose writer, who inadvertently strayed into verse." Rupert Brooke's poems have been collected into one volume since his death. These are prefaced by a long *Memoir*, by Edward Marsh. Like those of Johnson, Brooke's poems were accepted rather discouragingly; some received them kindly, others without understanding. It is difficult to give a real estimate of Brooke's work, because at his death criticism lost its head and proclaimed him, perhaps, a greater poet than he really was; however, this does not cast any reflection on Brooke as a man, and it was the completeness of Brooke's short time, his beauty and youth that caused the "Poet's wreath" to be given him. "The truth is that Brooke himself was much more remarkable than anything he ever did," and from the few, beautiful, true lines of poetry he left us, we see potentialities of a real poet.

For Rupert Brooke there were only three things in the world: "One was to read poetry, another was to write poetry, and the best of all was to live poetry." Brooke lived a life founded on this theory. From childhood he read poetry with the fondness of the ordinary child for games. He lived and wrote poetry, all kinds of poetry. No poet has soared to more truly beautiful heights, and surely no poet has written more repulsive and offensive lines. When we read his beautiful, graceful, and sympathetic poem, "Mary and Gabriel," picturing the fairest of all scenes, the Annunciation, wherein Gabriel discloses the most sacred of all secrets, that Mary is to become the Mother of God, we know his worth. If Brooke had written no other poem, this one alone would have classed him among the best of our contemporary poets. It is characterized by its simple serenity; each line is a complete poem.

But the writer of "Mary and Gabriel" is known better by poetry such as "In the Beginning," that has for its theme:

And I loved you before you were old and wise,  
When the flame of youth was strong in your eyes."

Rupert Brooke was a cavalier. He had almost a passionate love for youth, and he had as equally strong aversion to old age, or anything pertaining to death. In him we find an overflow of vitality. Rupert Brooke is an individual. His individuality stands out in everything he writes. He is strenuously frank, unbounded by all restrictions. "Heard and merry laugh of enmi" rings out in his poems. He writes as he feels and he constructs poems as he should not write. Reading,

writing, and living poetry, together with friendship, seem to have been the main factors in his life. "There is nothing in the world like friendship," he writes, "and there is no man who has had such friends as I."

For Lionel Johnson there were also three things in life, but vastly different things. Johnson had a triple devotion to Oxford, to Ireland, and to the Catholic Church. He had a love, almost an adoration of Winchester and Oxford, where he was sought after because of his literary power. However, there were really but two things that served as inspirations for Lionel Johnson's poetry: the Catholic faith and Ireland. All other things were accidental. Early in the "nineties" it occurred to some writers to turn to the beauties of the Celtic lands and people instead of going back to the traditional "glory that was Greece," and the "grandeur that was Rome." Thus, the Celtic Renaissance is part of the English æsthetic movement. Thus, we find Lionel Johnson turning to Ireland, the land of faith, for inspiration. His poetry abounds in a strong belief based on hopefulness, and it is in this note of trust in God, that Lionel Johnson's poetry is in direct contrast to the other writers of the Celtic Renaissance.

Lionel Johnson was a true, Christian poet, the lover of the spiritual and the abstract; the lover of souls. Rupert Brooke was a sensist, a lover of the material and the concrete. Lionel Johnson's idea in poetry is ever to elevate, never to depress. He is the type of the contemplative life, as Rupert Brooke is the type of the speculative. Lionel Johnson was a mystic, but a Christian mystic; his soul was ever united to God in meditation and love. His ardent love for St. Francis of Assisi was one of the characteristics of his mystical, holy spirit. There is never any possibility of mistaking Lionel Johnson's point of view, for he was always the same, that of the Catholic poet. His poetry is based on pure love of God, and he held his pen for the glory of God and not for the glory of the world.

As the tone of Lionel Johnson's poetry is spiritual, so the sound of Rupert Brooke's poetry is material. He wrote little of the things of the soul, yet in his work we find the clear touch of genius. His life was short, and it is toward his last writings we turn to find things of enduring worth. At times he seems to try to free himself from earthly things, but he does not succeed. He adheres to the concrete and abandons the abstract. Rupert Brooke loved life. He clings to mortality



as Lionel Johnson longs to embrace immortality. In his poems, Brooke pleads for youth and vitality. He found so much in life to love, that he is unable to rise beyond the finite. Only in the "Funeral of Youth" do we find the concrete and abstract mingling. Guided only by the world with its ever changing standards, we find at times in him the tone of a rebel. He was disillusioned in his idea of love and beauty, and hence, instead of finding in all his writings the exalted love and beauty of which he was so capable, we frequently find their opposites, indifference and unsightliness. He had an enviable literary skill, caring as much for the expression as for what he had to say, and this perhaps more than anything else makes him a man of letters.

But Rupert Brooke has touched the utmost heights that the Catholic faith has to offer the poet in "Mary and Gabriel." In this poem he has set forth the conception of what the Beatific Vision means for Gabriel who forever gazes on God and so, possesses immortal grace that shines forth from him,

"Lighting the proud eyes with changeless light,  
Incurious.

\* \* \* \*

his eyes  
Gazing beyond her calm to the calm skies;  
Radiant, untroubled in his wisdom, kind."

In this poem he is a real poet, and it is almost dispiriting after reading these beautiful lines to think of Rupert Brooke, so beautiful as man, and so susceptible to beauty as a poet, ever writing anything but beautiful poetry; yet at times we find in him the brutality of John Synge, the same cynicism and irony.

Fostered by the doctrines of the Catholic Church Lionel Johnson placed his poetry on a high elevation. His idea was ever to exalt. His thoughts were ever of God and the soul, never of the mere mind of man and the senses. He saw all the beauties of nature, not with a pantheistic eye but rather from the viewpoint of a Catholic, as creations of an all-wise, all-powerful God. He seems to have lived in a world of dreams, a world of beauty and love, rather than in a world of actualities. Whatever he wrote, whether it was prose or poetry, his inspiration we may safely say was the best that has been thought and said in the world. He is not as great a poet as the author of "The Hound of Heaven," but on the whole he is more human, more personal, more intimate. His "Te Martyrum Candidatus" proclaims the quality of his poetry.

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions  
of Christ!

White horsemen, who ride on white horses, the  
Knights of God!

They, for their Lord and their Lover who  
sacrificed

All, save the sweetness of treading, where He first  
trod!

These through the darkness of death, the domin-  
ion of night!

Swept, and they woke in white places at morning  
tide:

They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the  
sight,

They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:  
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh  
fair to see;

They ride, where the rivers of Paradise flash  
and flow,

White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for  
ever He!

This poem may be classed with Robert Southwell's "Burning Babe", and Crashaw's "Hymn to St. Teresa." Joyce Kilmer says, "It has seemed to me that these brave and beautiful lines which have for their inspiration the love of God, and echo with their chiming syllables the hoof beats of horses bearing knights to God's battle might serve as a fitting epitaph for the accomplished scholar, the true poet, the noble and kindly Catholic gentleman who spoke them."

As Johnson may be said to shine with lesser glory than Thompson in the poetry of the spirit, so Brooke's nature poetry may be compared to Wordsworth's. Brooke is not as great a poet as Wordsworth, who has given us pictures of nature, seen not only by the eye, but also by the mind. Brooke does not see with the "reflecting" eye of Wordsworth, yet in his poem "Pine Trees and the Sky: Evening" we feel his sympathetic love for nature. He writes,

"Then from the sad west turning wearily,  
I saw the pines against the white north sky,  
Very beautiful, and still, and bending over,  
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky,  
And there was peace in them;

Johnson typifies the "spirit of faith" as Rupert Brooke represents the "spirit of youth." One loved life for its own sake, the other loved it because in life he saw the mind of God. One saw so much in the world to admire that it blinded him to things of greater and lasting worth. Thoughtless and careless, as is the mind of youth, Rupert Brooke threw himself on life and depended solely on her. Thoughtful, reflective and discreet, Lionel Johnson looked not in the world for

hope, but rather to an earnest faith and trust in God.

Some of the best Catholic poetry is given the world by Lionel Johnson, whose too early death in 1902, took from the Church its poet of "firmest fibre and its most resonant voice", a man in whom there was the stimulant of a great courage. Such men as Lionel Johnson, who have written "white", pure literature are needed to-day more than ever before to refute rationalism, paganism, and spiritism which have taken such a strong foothold in this country.

In 1914 Rupert Brooke produced the "1914 Sonnets." Then he went to war and was killed. It seems almost poetic justice that he should be

spared the "ugliness" of old age. Joyce Kilmer writes "In Memory of Rupert Brooke," commenting on his death,

"Song on his lips and in his hands a sword."

And at the end, for all one writes of and loves and rebels against Rupert Brooke, the old thought again returns, was he not at least a potential great poet? "The caressing dream comes to one—a poet as wonderful on paper as Brooke was in the flesh—?" And somehow we feel that when the gay, young cavalier went down through the valley of death, he was still singing; but singing, as the writer of "Mary and Gabriel" could sing, "The Song of the Mystic."

---

#### A CHILD'S COMMUNION.

H. I. K.

A little child received her God today,  
For the first time her brow sweet innocence aglow,  
The baby form bowed low  
In adoration there.  
The while half lost in memory I tried to pray,  
The strain, "O, Lord I am not worthy," was my prayer.

Like incense o'er the holy place.  
I saw the child's rapt face.  
"I thank Thee, Lord," was all that I could say,  
"That though my heart has colder grown  
With years, yet there will always be  
The souls of children here to welcome Thee."

---

#### REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY.

GLADYS REMPE, '20.

THE great outstanding fact of modern industry is the antagonism of interests between employers and employees, between Capital and Labor. The era of political unsettlement and social unrest that faces us today presents problems not easy to solve. It is not merely a question of increasing wages. The wage earner of today is not better off than when the wage scale was much lower. It is not merely a question of regulating the purchasing power of the dollar, but it is a question of securing a deep-seated feeling of understanding that is lacking throughout the entire industrial world. Our object, then, is to stabilize the Capital Labor relationship. It will be absolutely impossible to do this and create perfect

confidence between the employer and the employee unless the one who has the say in the labor policy has it in his heart to play fair and to better the conditions of the laboring man. What we need is a workable plan based on the fact that capital and labor have common interests.

Obviously, as industry has been developed personal relations have disappeared, and the spirit of common interest and understanding has been lessened. Thus the door was opened to suspicion and distrust, and gradually hatred and antagonism developed. The parties to industry looked upon each other as enemies instead of as friends or partners, and their interests were not common interests but opposed and even antagonistic. One

was allowed to attain the fullest measure of success at the expense of the other, and neither made any practical attempt to co-operate with the other.

The results manifested from such unsatisfactory conditions and antagonisms are: strikes, wage underpayment, indifference of workers towards their work, accompanied by a constant cutting down of output and an increasing labor turnover. Antagonism between capital and labor is not necessary, and the laborer should not be given reason for dissatisfaction with the management of industry any more than for dissatisfaction with the nature of his work. Although the living wage and social insurance have done much to alleviate these conditions of antagonism they have not been able to destroy the antagonism itself. A complete remedy for this difficulty of antagonism of interests would be one which would identify these diverse interests and establish a real partnership between capital and labor. Parts of that complete plan to identify interest of capital and labor are:

*First:* Employees' representation in industrial management.

*Second:* An equitable system of profit sharing.

*Third:* At least partial ownership on the part of the work people of the plant in which they work.

These three steps are stressed in the now celebrated "Bishops' Program."

In this program for social reconstruction formulated by a group of Bishops with the Right Reverend Peter Muldoon as chairman, we have a most practicable and extensive plan based on the principles of justice and charity. Every part of the plan is deserving of universal approval. The intention of this paper is to develop but one step in their project and that is, the securing for the common laborer a voice in the industrial management of the industry that employs him.

An indispensable condition for the solution of capital and labor problems is a new spirit of confidence and understanding. In other words, it is plainly before both parties to re-establish personal relationships and to co-operate in spite of changed conditions.

In "The Valley of Fair Play" published by the Red Cross magazine we find a splendid treatment of the question of management and men. The first letter is from Mr. H. B. Endicott, President of the Endicott-Johnson corporation, which employs 15,000 workers. The other letters are from Mr. George F. Johnson and Mr. H. L. Johnson,

associates of Mr. Endicott. This corporation is managed on the ideal plan and has been most successful because of the manager's understanding of men.

Mr. Endicott writes of their establishment of playgrounds for children, swimming tanks, base ball parks, dance halls, libraries, club rooms, and many other things; but he believes the real thing is the personal touch. He wishes: "To help the employees enjoy their lives and encourage them in every way to live good, clean, wholesome lives . . . . . It certainly is a good business proposition, because, in my judgment, there is all the difference of a profit or a loss whether or not the men and women working for the concern are happy and cheerful or whether they are disgruntled and irritable." Aside from this feeling of good fellowship there is another important item and that is the "Fat Envelope." All the advantage is lost if the cost of these welfare activities is taken out of the pay-roll. The management is continually asking for suggestions from anybody in the employment. On one occasion a very valuable suggestion was offered and the laborer received \$5000 in cash as a reward.

In Mr. H. L. Johnson's letter he expresses his wish to abolish the terms "Capital and Labor" as they are used today because the mention of them brings to our minds two opposing parties having selfish interests and a feeling of enmity for each other. He suggests the use of the words "Directors" and "Workers" instead. The lack of confidence between employers and the employees is the thing that has created all the mischief in America today, and it is giving the radicals the power to take the lead and upset working conditions all over the country.

According to Mr. Johnson, workers should control their industrial relations by bargaining collectively through their own chosen representatives who really have their interests at heart and in whom they have implicit confidence. If men are paid wages that will sustain life in full vigor, allowing them not only necessary things of life but comforts as well; if they are given a square deal; and if the business managers realize and understand their human nature as well as their importance in industry, there will exist a mutual confidence and goodwill. Then their troubles will be solved without any other expedients, that is, if they succeed in creating real confidence which will come only when "capital and labor work in harmony to their mutual advantages."



Such employers as these are relatively rare, and their existence cannot be depended upon. What we need are devices such as Representative Government in Industry, Profit Sharing, and employee ownership of shares.

The theory of Representative Government in Industry is, that laborers shall organize and elect representatives who will have joint-meetings with the employer or his representatives, and together they will arrange and vote on all business matters concerning both parties. The plan is to bring employers in closer relationship with employees.

To begin with, the laborer must be able to secure redress of grievances and stand as a solid unit with capital instead of continuing the systematic opposition which exists today. Each party is suspicious of the other, and this feeling cannot be removed without constant contact between the yard and office. The abused laborer may cry for shorter hours and higher wages, but what he really wants is to be considered and treated like a man. Thus peace cannot possibly exist in the world of industry until democracy of feeling and interest has been introduced, and the worker has been personally interested in the business or factory.

The following discussion of our project is set forth in "Industrial Democracy" by F. L. Feuerbach, factory manager of William Demuth and Company. At first the employer considered only production, finance, and sales problems, until labor difficulties arose,—labor was not considered important enough to take the immediate attention of the directors. Then they found that the only way to remedy these difficulties was to have labor or representation and labor policies introduced in the board of directors' meetings; where they could be considered in connection with production, finance, and sales problems, and he given an equal chance for advancement. Industrial democracy means to settle disputes before they arise and to put in their place a mutual understanding of good will. What the manager of today must keep in mind is that the workman in his shop has a head as well as hands and the same faculties for directing and regulating the conditions under which he works as the manager himself.

The senate consists of the foremen and heads of departments. It elects a president, vice-president, secretary, and sergeant-at-arms, and standing committees and special committee when an occasion demands. The house is the popular body,

its members being elected by secret ballot by the workers. Each department has representation; there is one representative for every thirty workers. The representatives act as councillors within their departments, hearing complaints and suggestions, and acquainting the workers with the proceedings of the legislative bodies. The speaker of the house is elected, and he appoints committees to transact the business of investigation and report. The meetings are weekly.

The details of the representative plans vary according to the needs of the industry and the important point throughout all of the plans is that capital and labor get together and get their troubles over with, instead of staging a long-drawn-out battle.

Another plan of Representative Government is described by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in a pamphlet entitled "Representation in Industry." The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and others have put Mr. Rockefeller's plan into operation and it has worked out most successfully.

Representatives chosen by their fellow employees form with representatives of the officers of the company a joint committee in the various plants, to deal with all matters pertaining to employment, working, and living conditions. Joint conferences of representatives of employees and officers of the company are held in the various districts several times a year. There is also an annual joint conference, at which reports from all districts are received and considered. The president of the company has an industrial representative who visits the plants currently and confers with the representatives of the employees, and is available at all times for conference at their request. The employee has, in addition, the right to appeal, whether in person or through his representatives, to the local official, or further, to the higher officers and the president, finally, to the Industrial Commission of the State, to the State Labor Board, or to a Committee of Arbitration. The employees have also certain rights regarding dismissal; the right to hold meeting; the right to membership or non-membership in any society, fraternity, or union.

The results of this plan where in operation for a considerable length of time are:

*First*—Uninterrupted operation of the plants and continuous employment of the workers, resulting in larger returns for both capital and labor.

*Second:* Improved working and living conditions.

*Third:* Frequent and close contact between employees and officers.

*Fourth:* The elimination of grievances as disturbing factors.

*Fifth:* Good-will developed to a high degree.

*Sixth:* The creation of a community spirit.

In addition: There is a contentment and cheerfulness resulting among the laborers from the consciousness of being treated like men. Valuable constructive suggestions are made by men and representatives. There is quick settlement of disputes before they reach strike methods. By adding the laboring-man's brains to the management, a larger quantity and better quality of output is secured.

The average wage earner does not expect to direct a business independently, but he can easily co-operate with his employer and fellow workers. He should be given this opportunity, otherwise his creative and directive faculties become useless. It is an injustice to society and to individuals to have the majority employed as mere instruments by other men, without any opportunity to exercise their capabilities of self management. What men really need is to feel a sense of responsibility and trust, above all, opportunity to exercise their natural desire for independence.

The effect of this democratic system is that the worker is given a greater self-respect, a greater interest in his work, a greater contentment, and a greater sense of responsibility, and feels that he is considered more than a mere instrument of pro-

duction. He understands and appreciates the feeling of independence, becomes enthusiastic and interested in his work. When this plan of representation in industry succeeds, the high barrier-wall between capital and labor will be withdrawn and the men on the employing side will realize that the men on the other side are neither machines nor mere beasts with a psychology all their own, but are formed from the same clay and have potentially the same power of managing as the present manager. They will recognize also that the laborer's desire for individuality and a decent living for his family is as great as their own.

Moreover, if we are to admit two distinct classes in industry, those who direct or the supermen and those who are directed, our much vaunted ideal of democracy is impossible. There was a time when this idea of the superman prevailed in politics; but years of experience have changed our opinion now, our government is democratic, and this unsound superman-theory is a thing of the past. It has been proved false. And it is false in industry as well as in politics. In union, labor found a bulwark against the oppressive hand of capital. Capital saw only a great menace in the growing solidarity of labor and sought its destruction as the one remedy for the prevalent unrest. Now, however, after long years of antagonism and long years of bitterness, capital realizes that this solidarity is the essential thing in the struggle for industrial peace; but it must be a solidarity that embraces both labor and capital, welding them together with the strong link of representative government in industry.

#### INHERITANCE.

S. J.

INCLINE thy ear, O Mother, unto me,  
List to my pleading as a mother hears,  
Will all these beauties that I dreamed of come to be  
When I am old in far off future years?  
What gifts through thee are mine, what love untold  
God gave me part of beauty that he had,  
My spirit in His gift is joyous, bold,  
It lives in hope, it dreams, it dares be glad.

But why, O Mother, came these gifts to me,  
Why should thy gracious favors thus be mine?  
My heart leaps up in grateful love to thee—  
Crowned with the blessed gifts of God divine.  
Robed in a robe of virgin purity  
Thou standest, Queen Immaculate alone.  
In thy sweet care I find security,  
Take me, O lovely Mother, for thine own.

## MEDITATION

S. M. C. A.

SHE waited lone, and with what poignant memories  
That stirred her heart,—those dear, past, lingering ecstasies  
Of that blessed time when Heaven in her frail arms lay.  
But now, her life is empty; how she longs for that glad day  
When lily dreams will be realities.

When Gabriel gave the word, what deep humility  
And wonder sealed her lips, that her mortality  
Should know such high estate, until the Paraclete  
In her surrendered heart whispered an answer sweet—  
"Behold Thy handmaid! Do Thy will with me!"

Then came that holy night! With what great tenderness  
Close to her breast her God, her little Son, she pressed!  
She dreamed as mothers dream, while His hand touched her face,  
And marveled—He was fashioned with such perfect grace,  
And knew herself among all women blessed.

Love pressed God's chalice to her lips on Calvary,  
And in that draught her soul guessed His capacity  
For pain. Beneath the risen glory of His eyes  
Her heart unfolded in the Easter Paradise  
Of love that died to live eternally.

\* \* \* \*

I keep a daily tryst with her, and half surmise  
Her swift desires, and eager, white-winged thoughts that rise  
To God; her golden, wistful dreams I glimpse and wait  
For death standing beside the mystic, chosen gate  
That holds the shining way to Paradise.



## THE GOLDEN ROD.

C. H.

ON the far-rolling canvas of nature,  
 Gift of a loving God,  
 The delight of the least of his creatures,  
 Is sketched the Golden Rod.

Beneath it the butterflies hover  
 In colors of deeper gold,  
 And under its friendly shelter  
 Their velvet wings unfold.

## THE MILLENIUM.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

"ALL aboard!" sang the dulcet tones of the conductorette as she gave the starting signal to the motorwoman. Alice Young, laden with dinner bucket and kit, made a final spurt of speed and swung aboard just as the car started. She dropped her carfare jingling into the box and walked up the aisle. One seat left, what luck! for Alice was so tired that she had difficulty in refraining from laying her head on the georgette swathed shoulder of her neighbor, a young man who edged away and drew his skirts around him when she sat down in the seat beside him. One block, and then the inevitable happened; John Driggs, fat and forty, though not fair, resplendent in plum colored satin, got on the car. Evidently he had been spending an afternoon of bridge with his friends, and his limousine being out of order he had been forced to descend to the plebian street car as a means of transportation. After a brief argument with the conductorette as to the short change she had supposedly given him he made his way up the aisle, glancing from side to side in search of a seat, and finally came to a full stop in front of Alice. The icy stare he fastened upon her showed her her duty well enough, but for once Alice was loath to do her duty. She was tired, she had been on her feet all day doing expert repairing on disabled planes. Shortage of help had forced her to do two women's work instead of merely superintending the mechanics. John Driggs had been 'sitting in the lap of luxury' all afternoon and it would not hurt him to stand up. However, her revolt was only momentary for Alice was a thoroughbred, and her courtesy was an essential part

of herself. So she rose and offered her seat to John; he seated himself without a word of thanks and adjusted his plum colored ruffles so that by no chance they might touch Alice's greasy trousers. At last the car stopped at Alice's corner and she got off and walked up the cement walk to the house where she enjoyed a two-by-four bedroom and 'boarding privileges.' A hasty hot bath and a change of clothing before dinner and then she would be ready to rest after her long day. Then she remembered that she had promised her fiance, George Murray, that she would take him to "Husbands of Women" which was playing at the Peppful Theatre. She could call him up and tell him how tired she was and ask him if he would mind putting off the theatre trip until the next evening. The tickets could be changed and she could go over to George's house for a quiet hour's chat and then come home to an early bed. The permeating odor of pot-roast met her as she came down stairs and warned her that dinner was impending and she would have to call George quickly. She lifted the receiver of the automatic telephone, rang her number, (centrals had been abolished in 2030), and waited for the uplick of George's receiver. It came in a few moments, followed by his voice.

"Hello."

"Hello, is this George?"—"George, this is Alice, say George, what do you think of putting off our theatre trip until tomorrow? I'm dead tired,—short of help at the hangar, you know. I could come over for an hour after dinner and we could sit and talk, then we could go to the show tomorrow night. What do you think?" What George thought was well conveyed by the ominous silence that followed. Finally came in icy tones:—

"Of course if you don't *want* to go Alice, I don't want to force you, but—I'll stay home if you want m-me t-to," and there came a peculiar sound with which Alice was sufficiently well acquainted to recognize as a sob.

"Now George," she said wearily, "please be reasonable, wouldn't you just as soon go tomorrow night?" No answer, just another sob. "Well, we'll go tonight," surrendered Alice, "only don't cry." Willing to be perfectly amiable now that he had his way, George cooed into the 'phone:

"Oh, you bid ole darlin', it didn't want its George to stay home all evening, did it? Just as soon as it gets here it's going to get a treat

bid kiss, hurry fast and come to its George." And so the conversation ended. To Alice, going in to pot-roast and prune whip, (boarding house menus had changed very little in the last hundred years), it seemed as if George might be a little more considerate. If George knew how it felt to be "dog-tired" and then have to go and sit through a play he might be more apt to be reasonable. But then that was the trouble with men.

2019 A. D. will always be remembered as the year of the passing of the "Turn About Law." Since the great world war which had ended a hundred years before such a thing as war between nations had been unknown. For a time it was thought the millenium had come. Then the long smouldering hatred between labor and capital had burst forth with all the horrors of civil war. The settlement in 1950 was final, the new arrangements did away with Trusts, Profiteering, the High Cost of Living and many other evils long regarded as necessary. Then for the second time it was declared that the millenium had come, but the great religious war of 1963 had proved this a mistake. With the signing of the Treaty of 1991 there seemed no doubt that lasting peace had come. But again the hope of the people was doomed to disappointment, for in 2001 had begun the great sex war. Men and women were at dagger's points with one another. Men declared women to be thoughtless, selfish, lazy; while women declared men to be all this and much more. Oh, very much more, for the female of the species had always been superior in the gentle art of invective and abuse. In 2009 the matter reached the halls of the senate where it was argued ten years before a solution of the problem was found in the Turn About Law. This law, as you will remember from your United States history, provided for the exchange of all occupations, duties, places in society, conventions and so on between men and women. Wives were now the wage earners, their husbands were the housekeepers. Women wore trousers, proposed, kept the family check books and said "Corn beef hash again? Thought we had that once already this week." On the other hand, the men adopted the dainty clothing of the former sex, kept house, did the cooking, were courted and wore the wedding rings. The law provided that this manner of living should last for one year, at the expiration of this time there was to be a meeting of the various legislative bodies and the reports of the suc-

cess of the plan were to be considered. What would be done then would rest upon these reports. The law had been in action for about six months when Alice Young took George Murray, soon to be George Young, to the theatre in spite of her fatigue.

Marcus Farnaway was tired. All afternoon he had suffered with his bay-window figure imprisoned in a horrible contraption of steel and whale bone, his feet encased in instruments of torture called "pumps." His arms ached from pouring tea at a be-tulled table, and his disposition was worn threadbare from talking inanities to various chatty young things. Mary, his wife, usually playing golf on Saturday afternoons and the mental picture he had of her in square-toed, spacious boots, knickerbockers with ample waist band, and a checked golfing cap was not calculated to soothe his irritation. At dinner time Mary spoke glowingly of her afternoon at the links, and seemed hurt at the irritation which Marcus displayed. She asked about the tea and he cut her short with an injunction to mind her own business! Mary was shocked, she had done nothing to him, indeed she had declined an invitation to dinner at the Country Club and had gone to all the trouble of changing her golf clothes just to have dinner with Marcus; and now he acted like this! The evening was not the most pleasant imaginable, Marcus sat at one side of the living room and Mary sat at the other; each was vastly concerned with a magazine, no word was spoken, neither looked at the other, and in this delightful manner they spent the evening.

Five-thirty, just a half an hour more, thought Jack Lewis as he took a last peek at the array of catables in the ice-box and gave a last touch to the daintily arranged table. Just time to dress before Carrie came home from the bank; the dinner was a surprise, this was their wedding anniversary and he had purposely refrained from mentioning it that morning in order that he might have the pleasure of surprising her when she came home that evening. As he dressed he thought how pleased she would be and how she would hug him and how angry he would pretend to be with her for having mussed his hair. As he stood in a pink silk neglige, putting the finishing touches on his coiffure before donning the dainty ruffled creation that lay on the bed, the telephone rang. Hastily throwing on a

lacy kimona he answered it. Carrie's voice came over the wire:

"Hello, this Jack?—I won't be home for dinner tonight dear—the girls are having a little party, —billiards and cards and a little Dutch supper afterwards. They want me to stay so I won't be able to come home. Don't wait up for me,—I don't know when I'll be home, good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye" quavered Jack, then he went into the bedroom and put on his housedress again. The pink organdie was hung up unworn, and then he cleared off the untouched table, wept over the dainties in the ice box and went supperless to bed where he sobbed himself to sleep.

The Reverend Melchisedech Brown picked up one small, squalling Brown by the seat of his somewhat besmirched rompers and set him down emphatically, *very* emphatically, out of reach of the wringer cogs. It was Monday, blue Monday for the Browns, and the Reverend Melchisedech had been since early dawn bestowing his attention upon board and wringer, boiler and line. He had rubbed, wrung, boiled, blued, starched and kept numerous small Browns from inserting fingers into the machinery, falling into the boiler, eating the bluing balls, blowing out the gas and otherwise committing suicide. Melchisedech Junior had not yet returned from school and there were two little parallel lines on the once serene brow of Melchisedech Senior which were the result of much conjecture as to the whereabouts of his offspring. If the boy did not appear at dinner Mrs. Brown would ask where he was, and when he admitted that he did not know, that the child was beyond him, she would gently but firmly tell him that he did not discipline the boy properly. Just let her try it herself and see if she could manage the young limb of Satan. He stopped washing long enough to put on the potatoes for dinner. His back ached, it did seem as if Mrs. Brown might have spared a half an hour from her sermon and turned the wringer for him. What they needed was an electric washer, but the not overly large surplus from the ministerial salary had recently been invested in a mahogany desk for the study, and as a consequence the purchase of the desired laundry facilities had been indefinitely postponed.

Meanwhile Mrs. Melchisedech Brown was seated in her study writing her Sunday sermon. This particular sermon was going to be a triumph of its kind. How she would thrill the congregation with its rounded periods, its richness of meta-

phor, its clarity of reasoning! That one little point in the third paragraph,—if only she could find an effective way of stating it, would make the whole thing easy. Ah!—there it was, the paragraph suddenly became easy to write, she saw how to make her point. Seizing her pen she began, "The cry that echoes and re-echoes down the corridors of time, down the halls of the centuries and mingles with the—"

"Mamma! Papa says for me to come and play with you, he hasn't got time to take care of me and do the washing, too." And Charlotte Brown, in bedraggled pinafore and with tousled hair burst into the sanctum where a masterpiece of religious literature was being brought into existence at the mahogany desk.

"Charlotte," began Mrs. Brown irritably, "how many times have I told you not to disturb me when I am writing? Melchisedech, come and take this child away, she disturbs me!" Melchisedech came, wiping the soapuds from his arms and prepared to donate a large slice of his mind to the "people that let other people slave away and wouldn't even take care of an innocent child." The donation made, he departed with the weeping Charlotte under his arm, and Mrs. Brown, wiping large drops of perspiration from her forehead, returned to her sermon. "The cry that echoes and re-echoes down the corridors of time, down the halls of the centuries and mingles with the—" mingled with the what? That was just the question, what had she intended to say? Try as she might she could not recall the completion of her sentence, once so perfectly planned. Gone was her inspiration, flown on the wings of the tearful intrusion of Charlotte and the words of her irate spouse.

"TURN ABOUT LAW REPEALED!!!" shrieked the crimson headlines of thousands of newspapers throughout the country on the morning of June 28th. Yes, it was true, after the fight for this law was won it was repealed. It might almost be said by the unanimous consent of the citizens of the country. Great mobs had gathered in many cities and such a storm of protest had reached the capital that quick action was the only way to prevent bloodshed. Once again men and women occupied their former positions, once again things were as they had been before the passing of the law. The same? No, they were not the same, they would never be the same again, for the millenium had come at last! There had been many who had prophesied that the Turn



About Law would bring everlasting peace, others had prophesied with equal assurance that it would not, but no one had prophesied that the repeal of the law would be the turning point and would usher in centuries of peace and happiness. The lesson taught by the six months of law's existence were ones that would not be forgotten quickly, they were lessons that would be handed down from generation to generation.

No longer do society women take the seats offered them by tired working men; a hundred "Alices" tell their respective "Georges" not to bother about the show tonight, to take a rest. The Marcus Farnaways of the nation soothe their tired wives with tact and kindness when the latter reach the dinner table mere wrecks from teas and receptions. The Jack Lewises keep note-

books with the dates of their wedding anniversaries, their wives' birthdays and a number of other occasions when the Carries might be tempted to have a surprise dinner. Melchisedech Brown and many another like him tear themselves away from the Sunday sermon long enough to turn the wringer for the Mrs. Melchisedechs, and they buy electric washers and vacuum cleaners with the money they would formerly have spent for an oriental rug for the study to keep pace with the mahogany desk. And the Mrs. Browns repay in kind; no longer are the mighty creations of ministerial brains wrecked in their very bringing forth by the intrusions of pinafoored children who demand: "Play with me Papa!" The Turn About Law is a thing of the past, but its lessons will influence the human race for centuries.

### "THE EMBARGO OF MAN."

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

WHEN I boarded "the unlimited accommodation" at a little chicken-coop station on the mountain branch of the L. & N. in central Kentucky, I noticed in the front end of the car a man knitting the heel of a sock with all the dexterity of an old-fashioned, practiced spinster. For the moment I was not a little amused at the spectacle but I had almost forgotten about it when I began to overhear the following conversation between two mountain maidens seated behind me.

"Good Lawd, Mary Ann, haint ye got no manners at all when ye go traveling? If ye can't quit laughin' that way stuff yer han'kerchief in yer mouth and hold yer sides in."

"Don't talk to me—Lizzie. I—I—I jest can't help it. Pap said when we's a-coming on this trip that we'd see some sights. Hope'n may die, I never saw such a show as that man a-knittin' in all my born days. Pap shore would give him zero for a carpenter."

"I don't think is's a bit funny, Mary Ann, and you are actin' like you was on yer way to the lunatic asylum. I was just cogitatin' if Cousin Suzie's husband would take to knittin', he could help out a whole lot. You know they live way up thar in the mountains and he don't do nothin' but sit around and claw tobacco and whittle. Suzie does all the plowin' and choppin' and ev-

erything. Now if he would only do the knittin' and patchin' and darnin' for the chaps Suzie wouldn't have such a hard time. At night after all the rest of 'em have done gone to sleep poor Suzie has to sit up a-spinnin' and knittin' till midnight to keep a few rags on them chaps o'hern. D'ye remember that social worker who come up in the mountains last Spring said that these here air mighty changeable times when the women are doin' all the work and the men are just a-layin a-round. I'm strong in favor of havin' them do something while they are doin' nothin'. Now knittin', fer example, comes in mighty handy on a cold day so let 'em knit. You remember, don't ye, the lady said we women ourselves are a-goin' to see the 'embargo of the man.' I disremember if them is the exact words, but they's purty nigh to it."

"Well, Lizzie Sarah Jane Amanda Mattingly," exclaimed the sister unable to acquiesce any longer, "I'm surprised to hear you, the daughter of my Pap, sayin' such things as that! If I ever marry a man that is too lazy to do a man's work he ain't goin' to do no woman's work if I can help it. I'd jest 'nihilate him first, is what I'd do."

At this point the conductor called Lebanon Junction where I had to change trains and very much to my regret I could hear no more of this illuminating conversation on the emancipation of man which I imagine Lizzie Jane meant by the "embargo of man".

## THE TALE TRAILER.

BEATRICE REA, '20.

THERE is a lithe, tawny beast—swift and fierce of limb and jaw, who on reaching an advanced degree of efficiency is honored with the title, "Man-hunter". Our "Pathfinder" and that mighty historical character,—“T. R.”, have both received their immortalization at the hands of poets and prose-writers, not to mention the frequent splashes their untrained memories have received from red-and-lavender decked verse-librists. Why then should we not enshrine in the literary hearts of America a veneration and esteem towards that genius in enthusiasm and wit—and daring,—“The Tale Trailer”. Why not commemorate that trotter of this globe of ours, that perambulator of side-walks along which dwell the idle—and sometimes ease-full-rich, that traverser of measles-laden corridors and climber of unnumbered flights of tenament stairs:—all for the glory of his short-story!

\* \* \* \* \*

T. A. Tiller, recently released from Palmyra College with an orange-and-purple tied diploma in one hand, and a thesis on Fiction and the Modern Short-story, in the firm grip of the remaining hand, felt the billows of life's sea to be a little more rocky than the Valedictorian had prophesied, and in short—the whole business on the waves thereof to be “flat, stale and unprofitable”, indeed! There was a complication of reasons for the downcastedness. Aside from his office being a 9 by 12 apartment, which he as assistant to the Editor shared with the noisiest of file clerks, it had a way of hugging itself into the wing of the seventh story in a way calculated to shut out every thrilling breath of summer—except her heat—as she hurried by on a country breeze. More grievous than all these things, however, was the cause that lay before him—the confused mass of a mutilated manuscript, due within twenty-four hours at the printers. Reproachfully he eyed his handiwork, awaiting only the final strokes of his master-hand, but in vain.

“If I could only make the heroine act as if she wasn't tongue-tied and shell-shocked, with a wooden arm, she wouldn't be half bad! There's plenty of ‘pep’ and the plot's all push and go!”

“What's the kid that's crackin' your heart, Tod, old dear,” said Lennon, appearing from behind

his ramparts of file cases, “O, so it's a fictitious dame? Say what you need is some one to model on—an original, my boy, to inspire you!” And with such advise his paternal friend marked time by means of a pair of military brushes applied vigorously to his fair, rather thin hair.

“Well, it's no one you know,” his co-office-sharer replied with scorn. “Run along, Lennon, with your boss's mail.”

“Ef yo' meanin' Miss Chif'let, whut's got de wonnerful hair on huh haid,” said Anderson—janitor, and second in personal importance only to the Colonel, Editor of the “Southern Family's Weekly Magazine”—“Cunnel Marshall, he can gib you an induce to huh right heah an' now, an' she sho' am a picter!”

“Miss Chiffellet! What do you know of her, Jed,” cried T. A. Tiller, calling up at the same time vivid images of loveliness associated with such a name.

“Whut ah know 'bout huh? Ah knows she am de liklies' gal in dese heah pa'ts, suh; an' she libs up dere on Qua'dian Abenoo. Fuddermore she am de very close frien' of de Cunnel's married daughter, Miss Edith. Right dis minute bof ob dems in wif de Cunnel, des a-laughin' an' a-talkin' some!”

This animated and rather heated query and answer was brought to an abrupt close by the appearance of the fair subject of dispute. She stood framed by the oak wood doorway, an organdy-frilled creature with the grace of a “Whiting's maiden” and far excelling any of his in beauty and animation of expression. Not a little astonished Tiller jumped to his feet with more alacrity than grace and his heart speedometer registered double speed as she addressed him:

“Pardon me, but I believe this is the Assistant Editor?”—and when “Tod” with a silent bow confessed his identity, she said, “You are wanted in the office.”

In thrilling silence the young man followed her into the private “sanctum” of the “Colonel,” who greeted him with a gracious countenance and, calling him before his desk introduced the astonished “Tod” to his daughter and the “vision of loveliness,” saying at the same time, “I have decided to make you Business Manager, Tiller, in place of Paine. You'll have to take up the new work Monday as Paine leaves for New York tonight.” “Business Manager Tiller” fairly radi-

ated boyish enthusiasm and gratitude towards the old gentleman.

"How's the latest story coming?" asked the Colonel, stemming the tide of Tod's enthusiasm, "can you finish it by Monday night?"

"Yes sir,—there was a ketch in the climax, but I can straighten it!"

"Well, you needn't struggle over-much with it," said the Colonel dryly, "I rather think your genius lies as a rule along other lines. Now, I suppose you don't object to the rest of the afternoon being free—the work is pretty well finished for the week, and if Miss Chiffellet does not object too much, you might offer to escort her home. I will have to detain Mrs. Hodson for some time."

T. A. Tiller expressed his great pleasure and honor in being allowed such a favor while Miss Caroline blushing consented to his escort. So the walls recorded the conversation, but in spirit "Tod" visionized,

"Home! home?—with a day and a girl like this,—and my afternoon with the car!"

Out in the warm sunshine of the street, Tiller felt his heart thrill with the wonder of the June afternoon and the charm of the first girl that he could then remember to have so excited his intense admiration. As they passed by Main Street the drowsy perfume of the Locust trees that bordered the bisecting avenue came to them, and the subdued hum of business usual on Southern "Saturday afternoons" was like the song of the humming bird among pink honeysuckle.

"Miss Chiffellet, you would be a wonderful subject for some literarily aspiring fellow," said "Tod," trying to speak with some appearance of rational, impartial judgment and failing utterly in the attempt. The blue eyes beneath their many-ruffled shade were friendly, however, so he continued,

"You see, I've been trying to get some idea as to how I should make my heroine—in this story

act. And, say, this is a wonderful evening for a little spin along 'Falling-creek Turnpike.' It would be a great help and inspiration to my—er, creative efforts!"

"You mean that I am to pose for some Arcadian scene while you sketch your shepherdess, Mr. Tiller?" Caroline's whole expression registered surprise, but her manner was tantalizing and entirely bewitching.

"O, not exactly," exclaimed the young man apologetically, "I'll do all the work when I get back at my desk!"

Caroline laughed her forgiveness, but still protested that he wanted to get into the country, just to get material for "that awfully deep plot!—But I'm glad you think me sufficiently typical to belong to your cast of characters," she said, graciously.

"Tod" would have protested his opinion that she was entirely different from any ordinary class of mortals, but the conversation was interrupted by Anderson who had just extended his head and the greater part of his anatomy from a seventh-story window in the process of giving his mop a violent shaking,—thereby imperilling his own colored soul and Miss Caroline's organdy creations. Tiller hurried around the corner with his companion, and there, parked in its usual place, on the right side of the street stood the trim, olive-green roadster; and then the young man's spirits rejoiced that it was his afternoon for the car—and not that of his brother's family!

As the last sight of the neat green car with its gay occupants disappeared down the Locust bordered avenue, Anderson slowly drew himself back from a position of precarious balancing,

"Lordy, Mista Annerson, whut you is t'ink ob dat fo' quick wuk," he exclaimed addressing his lesser self, "Ah reckon dat 'Mr. Tod' done got his story lady fo' sho', an' spects he's gwine make huh his leadin' lady, one of dese days,—dat ah does!"

## JUST SMILE.

H. B.

If you seem blue and lonely,  
When all the world goes wrong,  
Adapt my little motto,  
And change it all to song.  
Just smile.

If you've a new born sorrow,  
Or if your troubles grow,  
Don't tell your face about it,  
And none will ever know.  
Just smile.



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THE MEASURE OF ST. MARY'S—THE TIMES.

MRS. ANTHONY FRENCH MERRILL.

When first I saw St. Mary's, in the early Spring, it seemed to me that I had never seen a more lovely, happy, well-ordered and stimulating place in which young girls could grow into womanhood and prepare for the broad, active, useful and peaceful lives before them.

We are all eager to fit young women for social or business life. We look to their manners, their intellectual development, their health, their ability to fit into whatever situation or circumstances they meet in the pleasant and fortunate future to which they go from school life. They may go in a thousand different ways but such a training as St. Mary's gives can never fail them,—the right philosophy of life. Of course St. Mary's has never called her teaching the right philosophy of life; she has never said a word about the philosophy of life; but so skillfully, so steadily, so wisely and charmingly does she guide, inform and educate her students, that as they go out into the world they find themselves possessed of something that stays with them and enables them to use life well and to be truly happy and useful in it. Busy, cheerful times at St. Mary's enrich the lives of all the students who are fortunate enough to come under her influence. What is St. Mary's able to do for women of the future where new duties, new demands, new crosses await them? Can her peaceful, well-ordered life make ready the strong, efficient women that the world is so sadly in need of? Yes, because what the world needs now St. Mary's can still give and in greater strength.

And what does the world need? Two things: morale and capability. St. Mary's offers both. What is morale? It is moral strength and self-control,—cheerful, calm, undisturbed courage amid sacrifices, struggles, service, even pain and poverty and death. To destroy this in the armies,

to destroy this in the general public back of the armies,—this was the entire aim and purpose of the opposing forces in time of war.

It has been proved that women who stood unflinchingly at the posts of hard service were educated women and women of developed powers who possessed also fine character and fine spirit. Never has the world needed the type of women that St. Mary's aims to form, as it needs her today. Today every woman is bound to uphold the morale of her country. It is no less a patriotic duty than it was a few months ago. And how can she best accomplish this? By her own blameless living and her quiet but forceful influence. She can uphold the morale of the country by fervent, humble prayer. "In all things by prayer and supplication let your wants be known," says the Scriptures. And this is certainly a time when we should unceasingly petition heaven for our country as well as for ourselves.

What Tennyson said of prayer in the "Idyls of the King" is as true today as it was when he wrote it:

"For what are men, better than sheep or goats,  
Who nourish as blind life within the brain.  
If knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer  
Both for themselves and others.  
Pray for my soul—more things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams.  
So is the whole round world wrapped with golden  
chains  
About the feet of God."

St. Mary's teaches her daughters how to pray, and teaches them religious hope and a fortitude and courage that comes from deeper sources than worldly prosperity of gratified desires, and all these things the world particularly needs today. St. Mary's, however, while she gives these things, also gives every natural weapon with which to fight the battles of the times, as well as every super natural weapon. Women may be as good as gold, and yet, have no training. St. Mary's is not content with virtue alone, in her children, she also wants them bright, intelligent and capable. The world needs efficient women: women who refuse to criticise or gossip, women full of the mind and the love of God; women willing to labor patiently and intelligently, doing all things well and all they can.

Our boys and our business men need rest, recreation and diversion; largely these are in the hands of our women to create. Women of well-trained minds, of accomplishments, women well-read and refined, are the ones who keep the pleasures of life at a fine level. Everywhere today charming women of education and intelligence are

sought. Modern education tends too much to ignore the soul, to disregard the heart, and to consider only the mind and the body. The true philosophy of life is that one which realizes that man is four-fold; soul, heart, mind, and body; that each must be developed and united and that the purpose of it all is rich and varied development for God's honor and glory. He who gave us our talents will ask at our hands their increase. St. Mary's points the way which enables women to reach this goal, and the measure of her education is the times—She meets them.

#### AMERICA'S MUSIC

A change in the situation which George Bernard Shaw so acidly defined as "We haven't had any American composers for two hundred years", was brought about by the war's victorious ending. For long years a steady stream of foreign pianists, singers and violinists have come to America to return home, nothing less than financially revived,—all this while our native musicians were stolidly ignored and never given the slightest preference or encouragement. A few of the foreign musicians played some compositions by our prized MacDowell; the rest left without discovering any American music at all.

Probably the best explanation of this condition is the fact that the two most important operatic institutions in this country, entirely supported by American money, are so heavily bound with foreign contracts that even if they would, they could not give Americans attention. The foreign countries, especially France, Germany, Italy, and Russia prepared for their present success by constant presentation and this is only the natural result of what recognition will accomplish. What a mass of foreign propaganda American music has had to fight against! Prior to 1914 German publishers bound American firms by contract to sell certain thousands of dollars worth of German "editions". Consequently we have had to compete with the obstacle of forced sales.

Suddenly, the public realized the distinct parallel between the inventor in the mechanical field and creator in the realm of music. They had given the former a chance, the encouragement, the latter—nothing. So, they gave the American composer his rightful hearing, were stupefied at his blindness. He has done the rest and to such a degree that the story becomes a happier one to tell.

To begin with, New York conductors declared

their intentions of encouraging our music, and instantly presented a great amount of it. Then, instead of presenting mediocre, foreign music because it was foreign, our artists presented their own music, which was enthusiastically welcomed—because it was good. They immediately did away with the objection of concert singers, eminent and aspirant, a generous proportion of the Americas, who persistently declared that English was not to be attempted without offending their artistic sensibilities! Hear Madame Patti's direct answer to the question, "Is English a good language to sing?"—"English is not a good language to sing only to those who do not know how to sing it."

Inflamed with patriotism and zeal, the artists we proudly claim as our own, threw their efforts to the task of bringing our music up to the standard. Last season Josef Hofman, the distinguished pianist, put to his credit an event as unusual as it was patriotic by playing an entire recital of American compositions. In the glorious days of Madame Patti, crowded audiences have listened in breathless silence as she sang "Home, Sweet Home", the softest notes of her supreme voice carrying each word with a beauty of tone alive with tenderness and meaning.

Madame Nordica whose artistic position was unassailable proved the foremost figure in the new movement. She could do as she willed and she willed success for America with all her might. She eagerly sought songs by her countrymen and sang these throughout the United States and Europe. In the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, she gave a splendid impetus to American songs, which fairly soared in favor from then on. It was she who made tireless propaganda for Charles Wakefield Cadman and his "Land of the Sky-Blue Water"; for James Roger's "At parting"; for Nevin's "Mighty Lak a Rose". She knew that on the practical interest shown by every one of us depended the future of our music.

Because of encouragement and enthusiastic support, our salon music now surpasses in real worth the salon music of any other country. We delight to play it for our friends because we know its acknowledged superiority. There is one thing we must all do and that is—place our authors as centres of the musical world. Why? Because a people is judged by its music, and since our own music holds a universal appeal we must sing it, play it, teach it, recommend it, each and every one of us, to prove its beauty and our Americanism.

## THE APPEAL.

"Our country needs women of character and efficiency: help St. Mary's to train them" is the slogan for an "Appeal" made in behalf of the St. Mary's College Club Building Fund by the Alumnae and the members of St. Mary's Notre Dame College Club of Chicago.

The universal demand for education in general, and for higher education in particular, brought with it the necessity for greater facilities,—buildings, equipments, etc., throughout the country. It was for this purpose the Appeal sprang into existence: that former students may aid their Alma Mater in her work of Christian education; that they may help to form worthy, loyal citizens and fellow countrymen; and that they may afford means for greater physical, moral and intellectual development to deserving persons.

Benjamin Franklin voiced the true American spirit of today when he said, "Education and religious training mean the safeguarding of the best interests of the Nation", and in no better way can that same patriotism be shown than by assisting in the great work of education.

The Appeal has met with enthusiastic endorsement of the students of St. Mary's now residing in nearly every state in the Union. This interest has manifested itself in private donations and in various ways, socials, etc., for increasing the fund, devised by the several State Chairmen of the organization and their earnest co-laborers.

THE CHIMES will take pleasure in printing from time to time the progress of the work as reported by the chairmen to the Executive Committee in Chicago.

The Appeal is made, also, to the interested friends and benefactors of St. Mary's, as well as to all who may desire to have some part in our work.

## NOTES.

—As the CHIMES goes to press announcement of St. Mary's enrollment up to date, for the opening of the Scholastic Year 1920-21, is 410.

—Sincere congratulations are reverently offered to Sisters M. Editha, M. Nazareth and M. Teresa for the Fiftieth anniversary (August 15) of their Religious Profession. Honor bestowed by mere creatures pale to insignificance when we try to estimate that reward which the Master has in store for lengthened service in devoted consecration.

—For the Jubilee Band of July 13: Sisters M. Zoe of the Angels, M. Ernestine, M. Florence, M. Candida, M. Othelia, M. Marietta, M. Immacules, M. Alonzo, M. Edwin, M. Cecil, M. Ladislaus, M. Isadora, M. Angesia, M. Illuminata and M. Euthochium, we heartily wish that the silver sheen on their twenty-five years of service may increase in the brilliancy of love as it turns to gold.

—September 4 and October 4 are calendar days for St. Mary's as they are for the other legalized women of U. S. A. The faculty and students are planning for active demonstration of their capability as citizens on November 2.

—Normal work and attendance at the Notre Dame University Summer School caused the months of July and August to pass with seemingly unusual swiftness.

—Just take a peep at the Studebaker Six Cylinder Car, then guess the owner. YOU?

—St. Mary's gives a mother's blessing on the wedded lives of Mrs. John R. Pillow (Jean Elizabeth Duffy), Butler, Pa.: Mrs. Walter Joseph Curley (Marguerite Cowan), Pittsburgh, Pa.: Mrs. John Henry Markel (Carita O'Brien), Lincoln, Neb.

—Former Academics will be pleased to learn that Misses Mary Purnam and Thelma Hoeney are domiciled in the north wing of the convent.



—Reports from "THE APPEAL" in Michigan, Ohio and Nebraska are exceedingly gratifying. Other states are closely following in the wake.

—Among the students St. Mary's has registered as "children of her children" Genevieve (St. Clair) Bohannon, Jean (Dempsey) Duncan, Lucile (McGovern) Gleason, Beatrice (O'Neil) Rea, Dorothy (Brady) King, Margaret (Hutchinson) McCrohan, Margaret (Wallace) Mellett, Charlotte and Mary Frances (Britten) Reynolds, Jane (Wurzburger) Sommerfeld, Louise (Coady) Cartier, Lenore (Beck) Maley, Marice (Healy) Murphy, Helen (Heckard) Daily, Josephine (Werten) McCarthy and Marian (McGarry) Collopy.

—Loving sympathy and prayers are offered for the beloved mother of Arminta Sturla-Canale, for the devoted husband and little son of Cecelia Buddy-Dandurant and for Kathryn Roach-Finn whose deaths occurred during vacation.

#### RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT ST. MARY'S, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

August 15, 1920.

*Keynote of the Retreat*—Intelligence and Faith.  
*Practice*—Praise, Reverence, Service.

The Annual Retreats for the Novices and Profession members of the Community of the Sisters of the Holy Cross with the ceremonies of Religious Reception and Profession were held in the Church of Loretto, Sunday, August 15.

The Retreat for the older members was conducted by the Rev. J. J. Mertz, S. J. of Chicago, and that for the novices by the Rev. E. Mannhardt, S. J. of St. Louis.

In the absence of the Bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding, the Rt. Rev. Joseph LeGrand, C. S. C. of Dacca, India, presided at the ceremonies of investiture and perpetual vows, and celebrated the Mass which followed. Officers of the Mass were: Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., assistant priest; Revs. Bernard Mulloy, C. S. C. and Matthew Gleason, deacons of honor; Rev. William Bolger, C. S. C., deacon of the Mass; Rev. William Gassensmith, subdeacon; Rev. William R. Connor, C. S. C., master of ceremonies. The sermon of the day was given by Rev. E. Mannhardt. Text: Who is she that cometh forth—Cantic of Canticles, VI, 9.

Among the Rev. Clergy present in the Sanctuary were: The Very Rev. A. Roy, C. S. C., Provincial, Montreal, Canada; the Revs. J. J. French, C. S. C.; Thos. Vagnier, C. S. C.; J. Burns, C. S. C.; W. P. Lennartz, C. S. C.; T. P. Irving, C. S. C.; J. J. Margraf, C. S. C.; T. Crowley, C. S. C.; W. A. Moloney, C. S. C.; J. Maguire, C. S. C.; R. Collentine, C. S. C., of the University of Notre Dame; David Conway, Woodstock, Ill.; J. E. Dillon, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; T. E. Dillon, Mishawaka, Ind.; P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., South Bend, Ind.; J. Gillen, Cairo, Ill.; A. J. Hoenninger, Lancaster, Pa.; Chas. O'Hara, Indian Head, Ind.; R. J. Renihan, Davenport, Iowa.

The following are the names of the young ladies who were admitted into the Novitiate and who henceforth will be known as Sisters of the Holy Cross:

Miss Alice Wimberly, Austin, Texas, Sister M. Alice Clare; Miss Elizabeth McDougal, Falls City, Neb., Sister M. Helen; Miss Agnes Rauh, Ottawa City, Ohio, Sister Miriam Joseph; Miss Ruth Carney, Salt Lake, Utah, Sister M. Ruth Gertrude; Miss Emily Bond, Salt Lake, Utah, Sister M. Anne Catherine; Miss Bernadette Gehring, South Bend, Ind, Sister M. Rose Bernard; Miss Victoria Diehl, Lancaster, Pa., Sister M. Victoria; Miss Agnes Hilleke, Ensley, Ala., Sister M. John Francis; Miss Claudia Redmond, New York City, Sister M. Agnes Claudia; Miss Florence Schuette, Chicago, Ill., Sister M. Florence Clare; Miss Bertilde Walsh, Duluth, Minn., Sister M. Verona; Miss Marie Luther, South Bend, Ind., Sister M. Anna Cecile; Miss Elizabeth Williams, Chicago, Ill., Sister M. Elize; Miss Wilhelmina Weber, Fort Wayne, Ind., Sister M. Rose Monica; Miss Helen O'Hara, Marion, Ind., Sister M. Teresa Carmel; Miss Margaret Callahan, Peoria, Ill., Sister M. Louis Irene; Miss Marie Eggleston, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sister M. Frederick; Miss Agnes Hayden, Indian Head, Md., Sister M. Alphonsetta; Miss Theresa Jankowiak, South Bend, Ind., Sister M. Dorothy Cecile; Miss Hedwige Smucinska, South Bend, Ind., Sister M. Adalia.

Perpetual, or Final Vows were pronounced by:

Sister Anna Maria, Sister M. Berisimo, Sister M. Teclita, Sister M. Emerentia, Sister M. Des Victories, Sister M. Remy, Sister M. De Ricci, Sister M. Gertrudina, Sister M. Deotilla, Sister Maria Gemma, Sister M. Petronilla, Sister M. Hughetta, Sister M. Florita, Sister M. Madeline, Sister M. Agnesina, Sister M. Fidelma, Sister Rose Marie, Sister M. Denyse, Sister Maria Adorata.

The novices who pronounced temporary vows were:

Sister M. Ann Elizabeth, Sister M. Sylvia, Sister M. Georganna, Sister Rose Mary, Sister M. Augustella, Sister M. Florentine, Sister Maria Anastasia, Sister M. Francesca, Sister Marie de Lourdes, Sister M. Ehrentrude, Sister M. Clare Assisi, Sister M. Anna Louise, Sister M. Marcellina, Sister Joseph Maria.

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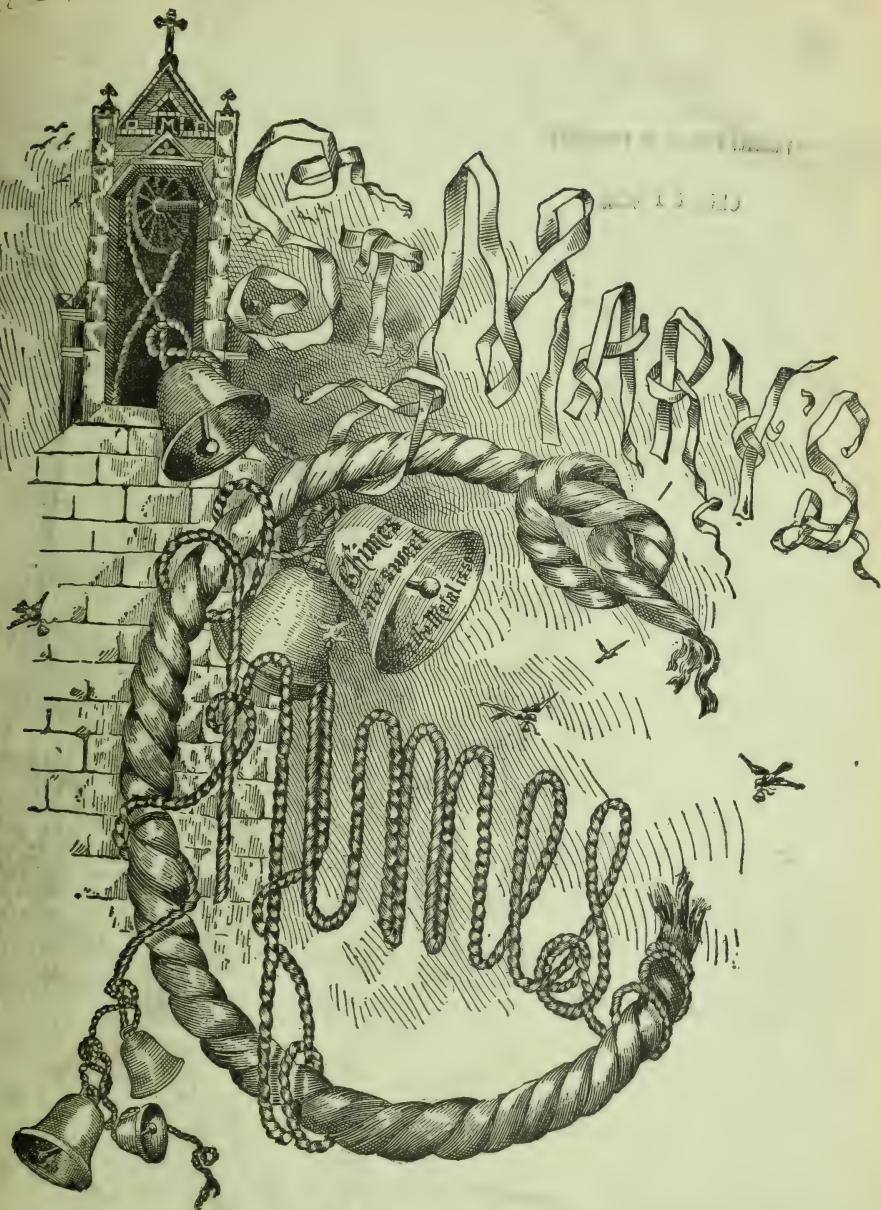
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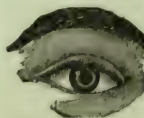
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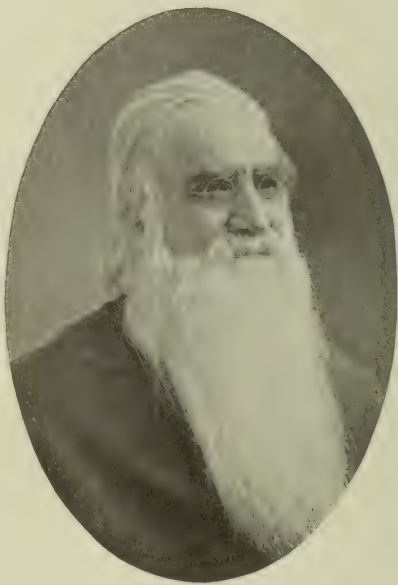
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TO FATHER SORIN.

S. M. E.

Upon a fragile scroll  
For other hands in after years to cull  
Its willing loveliness, the great musician leaves  
The fruitage of his artist soul;  
But thou hast made  
Of childrens' hearts thy scroll, and God  
Will cull the fruitage of thine apostolic soul in lives  
To His touch swift-responsive unafraid.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

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## THE FROST MONTH

CLARA SeLEGUE, '21

A String of mist-pearls clasped around  
The throat of morn, the earth all gowned  
In changing color, no hue found  
That's sober:—  
A troop of Fairies of the Frost  
On every wind and sunbeam tossed,  
And every leaf with stars embossed—  
That's October.

## LOCAL COLOR IN WESTERN LITERATURE.

MARY-ETHEL HOLLIDAY, '20.

THE second discovery of America, or its recognition in the literary world, simultaneous with the settling of the West, was due to the school of local color which came into prominence at this time. American literature had its beginning in the writings of the colonists; however, they were foreigners and adhered closely to the methods and style of their mother tongue. Their literature, written in the struggle for political and spiritual freedom, was essentially practical. It served them as a necessary tool.

Later, in the folk-literature appeared the first indigenous American spirit. And this was not produced until early in the nineteenth century when the writers were true Americans, born and bred in America. With them the spirit of the New World entered our literature. The growth away from English influence, toward American independence and ideals, had been steady since the first days of colonization, paving the way for a new type of literature. When the nation began to extend its borders westward the development was marked. In his song of "The Kansas Emigrants," Whittier compares them with the colonists:

"We cross the prairie as of old  
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East  
The homestead of the free."

The same magic touch of freedom that the emigrants felt in the vast wildernesses marked their lives and their writings. The West, yet unexplored, was their own possession and with assurance they ventured far into it, writing of their experiences as they went. It was a land of discovery and romance, and consequently the opening up of the West was a never-ceasing revelation. As the Englishmen answered the call of freedom, so the emigrants responded to the call of adventure.

True it is, the early literature of the nation had been theological, historical, and political. But the unprecedented experience of the path breakers of the West required a different style of expression—something unique to correspond to their new mode of life. They were, of necessity, innovators not imitators.

In this westward movement were people of every kind, from every state, from every walk of life, who had severed all former ties. Like a "picaresque journey" was that of these incongruities from every section. Unlike their forefathers, these wanderers were bent upon no special purpose in whatever literature they created, consequently it was spontaneous. As the lives and writings of the colonists had been alike in their seriousness, so the later Americans went to the other extreme. They indulged in absolute freedom from old customs, in both life and letters. Literary men in their midst no longer followed the conventional English literary forms. Yet there was among them a new and ever increasing feeling of nationality and unity.

The inherited literature of the Colonial generations was a direct preparation for the literature later to be created out of the new country itself. These same people who colonized the great West and made it a part of the new nation contributed a lasting addition to literature in the poem and story of strong local color and atmosphere; "experiences vividly felt being transcribed in the words of those who did or closely observed the deeds," says the critic, George E. Woodberry. It was inevitable that the life west of the former barriers should soon be reflected in all their writ-

ings, resulting in a new literary era distinguished by the additional element, Western literature.

The rapid development of new territories was paralleled quite equally by a growth of interest in new land being opened up to the world. As the wild and picturesque country was rich in incident and adventure heretofore undescribed, the curious nation enthusiastically welcomed the first artist to paint the pictures of the new scenes. Bret Harte, an easterner, was that artist, and he vividly portrayed western life in his short stories. He was the pioneer in the literary art and profession of the West.

Harte was not the first American who employed local color, but it is he who popularized it, and realized the extent of its value. His writings were essentially original in form, containing a startling touch of realism. He introduced new and permanent elements of setting, in which spirit and background harmonize perfectly. With California as a background, and characters as true to life as those of Dickens, Harte created his well-colored short stories which immediately brought him fame.

Harte said that, he "set out deliberately to add a new province to American literature." All of his efforts are seen to be toward a peculiarly characteristic Western American literature, and in this realm he was successful. He gave California such a place in literature as that of the Hudson created by Irving. He was the "California Irving," and the "California Dickens," combining the Irving sketch and the Dickens character analysis.

However, it was not the West as a whole that Harte portrayed. He sought his literary material in remote places and was attracted by the unusual and the unexpected. His stories are more like flashlights or photographs of certain peculiar situations than careful studies of human life. Yet the glimpses he has given us of dramatic incidents in human experience are lasting ones which have not lost any of their color in the passing of years. The material which Harte discovered in his observation of the crude frontier life, he has faithfully portrayed. He is the true prose representative of the Western spirit.

Harte is directly contrasted by the poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller. Harte was the highly educated product of the East, who sojourned in the West seeking material for his pictures. Having found and used this, he was glad to leave the

country which he had pictured to the world. Pattee calls Harte an "onlooker," but says Miller "emerged from the materials he worked in."

Miller's education was scanty, and his writings were prompted first of all by his whole-souled devotion to the West, of which he was a real part. He grew up in what one of his poems terms, "a mighty nation moving West." His earliest years were spent on the frontier. This partly explains his unlimited enthusiasm and intense love for the mountains, plains, and deserts, so evident in all his writings. He had an unrivalled knowledge of the country of which he writes.

In quality, Joaquin Miller's poetry differs as the landscape itself in strength and grandeur. Some parts are much finer than others. He always portrays the ideal western life in his work, and although his realistic touches are splendid, they are surpassed by Harte who pictured concrete scenes more exactly.

While Harte strove to present unique situations, Miller covered a much wider scope, dealing with western life more in its entirety. The poet sings of it as the ideal life, offering freedom and opportunity to all who seek it. Joaquin Miller loved the West with a native passion and writes chiefly of nature. In his descriptions of the ranges, the deserts, and the broad sweep of the plains there is rich coloring. He writes with an unchanging devotion:

"Sierras, and eternal tents  
Of snow that flash o'er battlements  
Of mountains! My land of the sun,  
Am I not true? Have I not done  
All things for thee, for thee alone,  
O, sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?"

He has a sweep and a vastness that is not found in any other American poet, and the spirit of the West characterizes his lines:

"Room! room to turn round in, to breathe and  
be free,  
To grow to be giant, to sail as the sea  
With the speed of the wind on a steed with  
his mane  
To the wind, without pathway or route or a  
rein."

As Harte makes us think of Dickens, so Miller recalls Byron. They share the same love of elemental grandeur and of freedom. Consequently he has acquired the title of the "Oregon Byron."



Miller defines poetry, saying, "To me a poem must be a picture," and characteristically he insists that it be drawn from nature. This individualist lived so close to nature himself that his "Songs of the Sierras" are realistic and lasting representations. They ring true to the scenes they paint and are as gorgeous in coloring as is the California landscape itself. His richly colored poems of the plains, the Indian camp, the mine, the mountain, the herd, and the trail have been welcomed pictures in poetry.

The third great writer of the mid-nineteenth century West is Mark Twain. Like Miller he was a part of the West itself. He lived the life and experienced the deeds of which he wrote. Harte was the artist of the time, and Mark Twain, the bard. Unconsciously he had absorbed the life and spirit of Western Americanism, and this he poured forth in his writings, a clear voice of those times. There is a mass of folk-lore in his books, revealing the fact that this humorist of the West had the qualities inherent in the old epic singer. He ably interpreted and criticised the people of the time—giving the spirit of the day with little intrusion of his own personal ideas. He imparted a third and great characteristic to the literature of the times in his humor. His pages are filled with the laughter of the West. The people were fun loving and found enjoyment in the oddities in their midst. These are the people Mark Twain describes. So true to the real life of the plains is he in his writings that as an historian he also has had recognition. His pictures are in a sense the most complete and accurate we have of a great age

that America will never repeat. "Roughing It" is a graphic story of experiences in an history-making epoch which no pioneer can forget. He uses a canvas as vast as that of the poet, Miller. "Roughing It" bubbles over with the joy, the high spirits, and the excitement of those marvelous days when the West and the author were young together. Humor is never lacking in his vivid portrayals of men and nature in the frontier life.

These authors of the short story and the poem immediately gained fame, not only through the East, but abroad. They made for the West a unique and permanent place in fiction. Though always working through local types they made an universal appeal. So successfully they employed dialect and color in their writings of Western life, that its use has been universally adopted. The works of Harte, Miller, and Mark Twain are like a Western environment in themselves, and they are as enduring as they are rich in romance. The descriptive literature of the west is such that "Never in man's history was the panorama of the retreating horizon disclosed so swiftly, with such spectacular changefulness, as the opening of the American continent." The power of the surroundings and the environment of the West has influenced fiction as strongly as it has characters. It created atmosphere in literature, and gave it an effect that was felt and that "gave value to the tones of fiction as in real life it does to landscape." But, most noteworthy of all, these stories of local color and the poems knew no sectional limits; the contribution of the West to literature was first of all American, though of a peculiar Western American character.

#### FRUITAGE.

KATHERINE M. DOAN. '21

THE flowers that are sweetest,  
Are nurtured in the rain,  
The joys that are greatest  
Are born along with pain.

The hill which makes most toilsome  
The journey to its top  
Displays a view the broadest  
When at the last we stop.

The cloud which seems the darkest  
With no rays peeping through,  
Will make the sun the brightest,  
When first it comes to view.

So too, we find the noblest  
Of men that may be known,  
When sacrifice is greatest,  
Before God's heavenly throne.

## IMMORTELLLES

ESTELLE BROUSSARD, '21

IN every life there comes a share  
 Of happiness and pain;  
 In every heart are secret shrines  
 No other heart may gain.  
 Yet God may give to us a friend  
 In dear familiar way,  
 Whose presence bides with us through life  
 To cheer each lonely day—

Not death itself can dim the light  
 Of faith that pierces through  
 The misty veil of future life  
 And sees its skies of blue,  
 Its flower of friendship opening up  
 Grow stronger through the years  
 And then in Heaven blooms again—  
 Fit solace for life's tears.

## HENRY WATTERSON, THE LAST OF THE OLD SCHOOL

DOROTHY HAYES, '20

IT seems almost incredible that anything so necessary to our every-day life as the daily newspaper, should have a beginning. But its establishment in America is sufficiently recent for at least one of the founders to see its present-day success. Among those who laid the corner-stone of the newspaper enterprise in America are: Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, Joseph Pulitzer, and the Bennett brothers. *The New York Sun*, the *Tribune* and the *Herald* are their monuments, and their memory lives in the hearts of their inheritors in the field of Journalism.

"Marse Henry" as he is lovingly called by all who know him, is the last representative of personal Journalism in this country. At the age of eighty he has the heart and spirit of a boy,—the soul of a David and the strength of a Goliath. Afraid of no man, a champion of right, and, despite his devotion to the Democratic party, a genuine free lance, Henry Waterson is the greatest living editor in America.

At the time of his birth, 1840, Washington, his native city, was the hot-bed of political strife. He saw stirring times, experienced momentous events. As a voluntary Page in the House of Representatives he learned to know and to understand the workings of the government, and through his father, leader of the Union Wing of the Democratic Party, he became intimately acquainted with the leading politicians of the time.

Young Henry was especially talented in music and his ambition was to become a famous pianist. At the early age of seven, he, with his childhood companion, Adelina Patti, made their initial bow before the *Edgemoor* in Washington. The concert was an immense success, and Henry seemed

destined to be a famous musician. Not long after this, owing to an accident he lost the use of his left hand and his musical ambitions were shattered.

He then decided to become a man of letters, to write histories, dramas, and romances, but in the meantime he sought to earn a living in New York. Mr. Raymond of the *Times*, knowing his musical ability gave him the "job" of musical critic. One of his first reports was that of the debut of Adelina Patti, on the occasion of her first appearance in Opera at the Academy of Music.

Not satisfied in New York he returned to Washington where he obtained a position on the *Daily States*. Here he received his early newspaper training under the direction of its founder, John P. Heiss, a practical newspaper man and Mrs. Jane Casneau, a woman whose quiet influence had weight during the troublesome times of the Mexican War, and to whom has been attributed the actual writing of the final treaty with Mexico. Of Mrs. Casneau, Mr. Waterson says: "Whatever I may have attained in the line of writing, I largely owe to her." She assisted and encouraged him in every way possible. In 1860 he was appointed clerk in the Department of the Interior. His father was a noted public man and his mother a leader in society. All doors were open to him. He knew all the leading public men of the time, in his position as reporter he met not only the high but the low of every rank of life. Kindly, genial, a lover of his fellow-men, he made many friends, and life for him was delightful.

As a reporter of the *States* he met Mr. Lincoln immediately on the latter's arrival in Washington.

Mr. Watterson stood by Lincoln's side during the inaugural address, and while a thorough Democrat and not in sympathy with the President's opinions, he pays him this tribute: "He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man the leader of men. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation of his official subordinates."

He persistently refused to call the struggle of 1861 the Civil War. No one understood the conditions of the time better than Mr. Watterson; while hating slavery with all his heart he felt the question should be settled in some other way than by the shedding of blood. Lincoln did all in his power to avert the calamity but it was finally brought about by political fanatics. Realizing the break was near and not wishing to fight on either side Mr. Watterson decided to return home, to go back to his books and literary ambitions until the storm blew over. But upon reaching home he found that the boys had all gone to the front, his native state was about to be invaded. In describing this period he says: "Casting opinions to the winds in I went on feeling. And this is how I became a rebel, a case of 'first endure and then embrace' because I soon got to be a pretty good rebel, and went the limit, changing my coat as it were, though not my better judgment, for with the gray jacket upon my back and ready to do or die, I retained my belief that secession was treason, that disunion was the height of folly, and that the South was bound to go down in the unequal strife." From this time on his life was a series of adventures; in the Johnson-Sherman campaign he served as Chief of Scouts; later, as aid to General Hood through the siege of Atlanta. But fate decided he was a better writer than fighter and he was sent to edit a newspaper called the *Chattanooga Rebel*, organ of the government of Tennessee and later of the army.

After the war, being out of a job and much in need of one, he was given a recommendation by an old friend to Mr. Prentice of the *Louisville Journal*, a paper that at one time had been the leading newspaper of Louisville but had lost all its prestige, two rival papers the *Courier* and the *Democrat* being successful competitors. Mr.

Watterson understood the situation and realized that the only hope of success was to buy out the competing papers. This was a task very difficult to accomplish, but after a great deal of diplomacy on the part of Mr. Watterson it was finally achieved. On Sunday morning, November 8, 1868, the first edition of the famous *Courier-Journal* was published. A bitter up-hill struggle began whose culminating success we all know. The South was in a pitiable condition; although war was over, it lay beaten and helpless. With the benign influence of Lincoln withdrawn, the North stood like a giant ready to beat and crush the helpless Southerners. The *Courier-Journal* was forced to meet these conditions, though it was a newspaper conducted by outlawed rebels and published on a sectional border line. Mr. Watterson assumed control. While a born Democrat, he did not agree with the fanatical principles of his party, and realizing the folly of forming a third party decided to reform his own. Though slavery was gone the negro was still the subject of savage contention. He urged that the negroes should be given their legal and civil rights, and that the lately ratified constitutional amendment was the real treaty of peace between North and South. These contentions were opposed by both parties but it was his bold declaration in favor of a fair policy for the negro, the only one made at the time, which proved the keynote to the future policy of the country and secured for the poor emancipated slave, just political rights.

Through a series of trying years in which he was attacked and maligned, by friend and foe, Henry Watterson never wavered. He used his pen for the good of this country. A true, loyal American, afraid of no man, not even the highest, he said what he thought and believed to be true no matter what the consequence. His influence has been far reaching; many waited to form their political opinions until they knew what "Watterson had to say". While a Democrat, he never hesitated to criticise the members of his own party if they failed to live up to the party ideals. A staunch opposer of the League of Nations he expressed his sentiments in the following terms: "The League of Nation is a Fad. Politics, like society and letters, has its fads. In society they call them fashions and in literature, originality. Politics gives the name of 'issues' to its fads. A taking issue is a stunning gown or 'best seller'—

\* \* I do not believe it will ever bear discussion.

In a way it tickles the ear without convincing the sense. \* \* \* We have plenty to do in our own continent without seeking to right the things on other continents.

"It may be all right for England. There are certainly no flies on it for France. But we don't need it. Its effect can only be to tie our hands, not keep the dogs away, and even at the worst in stress of weather, we are strong enough to keep the dogs away ourselves. \* \* We should say to Europe: 'shinny on your own side of the water and we will shinny on our side.'"

Such editorials have gained him the title of "Old Fire Eater." It is true he has never hesitated to express his views, but as history proves his views were generally correct, and when it was proved to him that he was wrong, no man ever accepted defeat more gracefully. —

He is a genius with his pen; for over fifty years he has strengthened, guided, and encouraged his countrymen through all the vicissitudes of fortune. He is master of the English language, a hater of shams, and a lover of truth. Though a hard fighter for any cause he espouses, he contrives to carry on the warfare against what certain men stand for, without sacrificing the goodwill of the men themselves.

A leading Democrat, he has written or exercised a decisive influence in shaping the Democratic platform for over twenty years, but has constantly refused to accept office. Declining to stand for the senate in 1873, he said, "I shall stay where I am. Office is not for me. Beginning in slavery to end with poverty, it is odious to my sense of freedom." No man knows and understands the working of political machinery better than he, no man living has done more to shape the destiny of the nation. He stood for honest money and the national credit, when his party was almost a unit for irredeemable paper currency. He led the cause of free trade, finally forcing upon his party "a tariff for revenue only."

It has been charged that Colonel Watterson has not kept up with the times, that his opinions and views are still those of 1876 when he was at the height of his power. Such a criticism is entirely unfounded. Mr. Watterson looks far beyond the present, he has an infinitely foresight. But if keeping up with the times means, casting religion out of the Universe, socialism, free love, and divorce, then he is behind the times, he does not care to keep such theories and their tactical advocates company. His principles are based upon

the firm rock of Christianity, and no quack doctrines or reformers, no matter how much noise they make, can change or modify his ideals.

With his clean, clear insight he understood the menace of Prussian Militarism, he knew a world war was inevitable. Barely a month after war was declared, in the *Courier-Journal* of September 3, 1914, he summed up his denunciation of Herman Ridder in these words; "May heaven protect the Vaterland from contamination and give the German people a chance! To hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs!"

In speaking of this famous phrase Edward G. Riggs says: "In hurling 'To hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs' at mankind, Colonel Watterson awakened the moral forces of the world. By that utterance he gave a far cry towards destroying the influence of the faddists, the pacifists, the disloyalist of our own country, battered Prussian propaganda here and helped immeasurably to seal the fate of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs."

Mr. Watterson does not belong only to Kentucky or to the United States but to the world. His editorials have been translated into all modern languages. Everyone knows Henry Watterson, from the crowned heads of Europe to the most illiterate newsboy on the streets of any American city. While some do not agree with his opinions all respect him. He has exercised a far reaching influence over the newspapers of America, editors of many American dailies have founded their principles upon those established by the *Courier-Journal*.

He is not only an editor but the author of several books, among them: *Southern Humor*, *Oddities of Southern Life and Character*, *Compromises of Life*, and his latest work, an autobiography, entitled "*Marse Henry*". It includes nearly every man or woman of importance from the sixties to the present day, citing many famous incidents that are almost forgotten, giving as it were an inside peep into the lives of those we learned to revere and admire in the days we studied the history of our country.

Journalism is an ephemeral profession, lasting but a day. The editorials of Henry Watterson have proved an exception to the rule. His *Compromise of Life* is a series of editorials written in the last twenty years, and they are as influential and popular now as the day they were written. The book includes a succession of bombastic and startling accusations made against New



York's Smart Set, which at the time created world wide discussion. The attack was made directly against a certain clique of the wealthiest but most dissolute families of New York. It was brought about by a number of scandals that had become known to the world through the newspapers. No other editor had the courage to reprimand these offending plutocrats. Mr. Watterson with all the strength and vigor of his mighty pen, hurled one attack after another at their hollow heads. He was reprimanded on all sides, criticised and scorned, but undaunted he continued the series, disclosing to the world the true history of the Smart-Set. These editorials became so popular that they were translated into French and Spanish, and the good they accomplished is almost immeasurable.

"Marsh Henry" is a true southern gentleman, in his deep reverence for women. He pays his wife the following beautiful tribute, "Love has been to me the bedrock of all that is worth living for, striving for, or possessing in this cross-patch world of ours. My wife and I have enjoyed conjugal felicity fifty-four years. Never was a young fellow more in love than I—never has love been more richly rewarded." He has the old fashioned idea that women should not be mixed up in politics, he places them on a high pedestal and does not want them to "descend" to man's level, never realizing the good they might do on the ground.

On Sunday, March 21, 1919, in honor of his seventy-ninth birthday, the *Courier-Journal* issued an edition entitled "Marse Henry", containing tributes from all the leading men both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. Owing to his advanced age Mr. Watterson has retired from active service but his pen is not silent. His most recent utterance, a refusal of an invitation to the New York Press Club banquet is characteristic of the man: "The thought of a long journey to a dry carouse is little short of appalling. \* \* \* I am a prohibitionist with modifications; a female suffragist—with limitations; but not wholly a dam'd fool. I am still, let me say, one of the boys—a bit battered and out of the ring—but I can e'en sit up and take notice, and I like to see it going on. Good-bye, boys; good luck, and God bless you." The fire of his youth is still unquenched, the might of his pen is still unquestioned, and we still wait for what "Watterson has to say."

## THE VOTES.

MARY F. JONES, '21

WITH purple ink,  
On paper pink  
The candidate's name she wrote  
A little note  
About her vote  
She penned with every care,  
But quite forgot  
That she should not  
On her ballot a postscript dare.

## XERXES AND THE RED-HAIRED WIDOW.

CLARA SE LEGUE, '21

AS he stumbled along the railroad track, the sun beating fiercely upon his almost defenseless head, the ties growing hotter and hotter beneath his poorly shod feet, Pacific Red became more acutely conscious that the day had not been a success. The little dog by his side was more optimistic, even capering about to snap at a butterfly or startle an unwary bird. The dog was old and yellow, and bore the wisdom of years, the capriciousness of youth, and the name of Xerxes. Red had not yet given him the name; it was a legacy from his first owner, faithfully handed down by the numerous successors of that gentleman, and retained as a matter of principle by the present incumbent, Sir Pacific Red, full-fledged Knight of the Dusty Road and member extraordinary of the Amalgamated Association of Tramps.

Red was frankly gloomy. He had an engagement that evening at Melva, many long miles away, and had missed the morning freight that would have taken him there. It was all the fault of Xerxes. The little dog had left his side in pursuit of a promising feline specimen just when he was ready to board the train. Red had stormed but would not leave him behind. And as the freight steamed away, another misfortune befell him. The town marshal had honored him with his kind attention, in fact had given him his preference of departing with all haste via the tracks, or of being incarcerated in,—emotion forbids that we name the hated place. Pacific Red had left, via said hot and dusty tracks, with Xerxes, still absurdly happy, trotting by his side.

"Dog," said Red sadly, "this will be the first annawal banquet I've missed." Xerxes intimated,

by wagging his tail, that it was a matter of no consequence since they still had the improving companionship of each other.

"And me unanimously elected delagate," mourned Red. Xerxes disdained the honor.

"To be delagated to the Annawal Convention of Tramps ain't to be sneezed at," flared Red. Xerxes considered the matter more soberly.

"What will the boys do without me to play the banjo for them?" continued Red with tears in his voice. Xerxes was visibly affected.

"And dog—tink of the food!" The dog's tail drooped and he had no further defense to offer. They ambled along the dusty stretch in lugubrious silence.

Xerxes roused his companion from pensive meditation by barking at a large automobile, which, chugging apoplectically down the cross-road, was evidently trying to get up speed enough to cross the tracks. The wheezy vehicle, of the vintage of 1912, was painted a tired-looking Nile green, and in the unenclosed front seat presided a red-haired "dea in machina" of uncertain age and suffragette appearance. But the goddness was evidently unacquainted with her machine. It came to the slight embankment at the side of the tracks, hoisted its front wheels up the incline about three feet, the engine sneezed forlornly thrice and died ignominiously, followed to its peaceful repose by the dismal sighs of the red-haired lady.

Red, who, because of his incurable shyness in the presence of the fair sex, was an inveterate woman-hater, turned to flee. The tawny-haired deity, uncertain whether to fear him or desire his help, glared after him. Only the graceless Xerxes, acting independently as usual, showed decent composure. He advanced and proffered his services. The lady's visage relaxed; she stooped down and patted him, inquiring inanely "Nice doggie, what's oo's name? Is 'tittle tootsie hungry?" Then from the recesses of a sooty tool box she drew a bag of frankfurters, which she consigned to Xerxes' gentle care.

Red, going at no inconsiderable speed in the opposite direction, suddenly realized that his companion was a missing quantity. He turned; faithfulness and loyalty, mingled with fatalistic curiosity, drew him back like a magnet.

He came toward the deceased automobile, where the fabled Xerxes was devouring frankfurters with great relish. The lady regarded him with a frigid glance. He flushed the color of his freckles, and again almost resorted to flight. But he had auto-

matically taken off his tattered cap, and when she saw his hair, of the same startling hue as her own, she grew kinder.

"Do you know anything about fixing cars?" she inquired, "I think two people afflicted with crowns of glory like we have ought to help each other out. We'll see afterwards what I can do for you, son,—I'm the widow Alvin."

Pacific Red gazed upon her defunct steed vacantly, while in the dim abysses of his resourceful mind was born, grew, and flourished an Idea.

"Madame" he said with the maximum of courtesy and confidence, "I used to be the pillar and prop of old Bill Stetson's garage." Which was literally true. Many times old Bill Stetson had wondered why his building needed Red to lean against it eternally. The lady grew hopeful.

"Fix this for me and I'll pay you!" Red was the picture of well-bred and kindly regret.

"Sorry, lady" he said, "but I got to get to Melva tonight. I'm awful busy—."

"I'll take you as far as the next town," snapped she of the auburn locks. Red brightened, then with every show of reluctance, declined.

"Mis' Alvin, I got to get to the next crossing and catch a freight. I got a—a engagement at Melva." The freight at the next crossing, was, it may be stated, a thing of Red's imagination only.

The lady sighed, despaired, recovered, and spoke briskly, "Well, I'll have my brother take you to Melva, if you'll get me out of this fix!"

Red's native optimism decended upon him again as a priceless mantle: the idea had realized itself. He moved with alacrity, dived down under the car, blinked uncertainly at the grimy machinery, and went to work. Above, in peaceful luxury, Xerxes slept and snored, dreaming doubtless of luscious beefsteaks garnished with dog-biscuits, little recking into what a fix he had gotten his best friend.

At length Red emerged, grimy but happy. He had unscrewed the inscrutable, he had achieved the impossible, in short, he had reconciled the warring parts with one another and induced them to act in concert.

The lady smiled, a tired though grateful smile. Red offered to drive, but the widow Alvin hastily declined with thanks; so he cranked, climbed into the back seat, thrust one foot over the door luxuriously, and watched the scenery speed by. She certainly could go.

The Annual Convention of the Amalgamated Association of Tramps was in full sway, Smoky lamps, perched precariously upon the rafters, lighted the palatial club-room. The banquet board, loaded with an unbalanced menu that would have driven a dietician into delirium tremens, groaned, as banquet boards always do. The dignified and ever hungry brethren of the Association drew nearer to the table, daintily inviting with its shining tin cups and sparkling coffee-cans. The club banjo reposed by the wall. The President, one Mr. Mouse-tail Pete, who had come by the cognomen because of the moustache which adorned his upper lip, stepped jauntily to the head of the board.

"M' friends," he announced in stentorian tones, "we has come to the end of the t'ird year of our union, and tonight we hold our t'ird annewal re-election." —Husky cheers from the assembled brethren, who desired nothing more than that preliminaries to the banquet should speedily desist.

"And m' friends," continued Mouse-tail in an oily, politician-like voice, "I modestly offers m'self again as the candiydate for President!"

Applause broke loose again; they knew that at last he had gotten to the point. The whisky secretary of the Association prepared the ballots, relics of quondam rat-poison labels, and distributed them. A few mild physical contentions had already arisen relative to votes, when a furious whirring noise was heard without, then heavy foot-steps stamping up to the door, and there entered into their midst a being clad in noble raiment—a red-haired being who fairly dazzled their watching orbs. Between his knees dodged an insignificant, happy, yellow cur.

Clad in an almost-fitting suit of the widow Alvin's departed husband (to replace the rags he had ruined with her machine), his conspicuous hair standing nobly on end, Red entered the room majestically. He turn, waved his hand airily out the door, and the machine departed.

"Thought I'd let the chaffeur go," he explained casually.

The club members, one and all, appeared as if struck by a sudden hurricane. They gasped, were silent. President Mouse-tail Pete, in the presence of this superior being, withdrew to the rear. Red moved across the room, possessed himself of the banjo, and seating himself comfortably, began to play "Auld Lang Syne". The

whiskery secretary, struggling with emotion, rose to his feet.

"Boys", he proclaimed thickly, "I nominate for president of this here 'socation a man who does credit to us Brother Pacific Red!" A hoarse murmur of approval answered him. Red with great aplomb continued to worry the banjo. The ballots, collected and counted by the hirsute secretary, revealed an overwhelming majority in favor of Red. He and Xerxes were the honored President of the Amalgamated Association of Tramps!

Red rose to his feet, "My friends," he said kindly, "you *have* did the Association credit!" Even the dejected Pete had to laugh.—"So let us"—looking at the viands hungrily—"perceed to the real business of the evenin'." This insured his popularity forever. The brethren "perceeded" with the affair they knew best how to transact. The banquet board soon ceased to groan.

"Now" said the whisky secretary, "we drink to the new President of the 'socation!"

They rose noisily to their feet, every sparkling coffee-can was lifted, every eye fixed upon the recipient of this delicate attention. He had lifted a protesting hand.

"No, boys" he objected, "this here honor is all due to two other people—make this toast to Xerxes and his friend, the red-haired widdier."

They were mystified but compliant. Xerxes signified approval. Red sat down again with a dreamy look in his eyes, part satisfaction, part reminiscence.

"Holy Mackerel!" he muttered to Xerxes, "this has been *some* day."

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#### "HUNTIN'."

BEATRICE REA, '21

MISTAH John Diggs, when you goes a huntin'—  
Br'er Rabbits, low dey lie;  
Ole Cousin 'Possum goes grantin', grantin'—  
He knows he's got to fly.

Sm't Mistah Pat'ridge, he heahs you comin'  
An' whistles to his mate,—  
Heah dere brown wings tho' de bushes humamin'  
But dey're jes too late."

Folks say, "His son's some man fo' fishin'"—  
But ah's heah to relate.  
"Mistah John Diggs when he's squiered huntin'"  
Is fust in dis heah state."

## INCENSE.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21

GENTLY whispered, like the tender sigh  
 Of drowsy river's voice, I would play the song  
 Of life on the ancient harp of Time. And long  
 Would its hushed echo blend with tones that must die  
 When the past is faded; but boldly and high  
 Would it rise to mingle with harmonies that prolong  
 The dissonant chord of woe. For life grows strong  
 In grief, and the rhapsodie of love is its cry.

Not Time Thy harp, O God, but my poor heart!  
 Play what chords Thou wilt, and if the harp-strings  
 Break, tears of blood will mend them. Play  
 Even but the song of magic silence, the part  
 Of Thy symphony of Truth that brings  
 Thy nearest Presence, and there, O God, let me pray.

## A STUDY IN HOME LIFE.

GENEVIEVE BROUSSARD, '21

THE family of the Vicar of Wakefield consisted of four sons and two daughters and his wife, whom the Vicar says "was chosen like her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface but for such qualities as would wear well." She was a good-natured, notable woman, and, although she was not highly educated, "for pickling, preserving and cookery, none could excel her."

The sons were hardy and active and the daughters, Oliva and Sophia, very beautiful. "Oliva wished for lovers; Sophia desired to secure one." Oliva was often affected from too great a desire to please, while Sophia ever repressed excellence from her fear to offend. Oliva entertained her father when he was gay, as she was vivacious, while Sophia was around when he was more serious, as she was a very sensible girl. However, the whole family was very pleasant, affectionate, and optimism was their most valuable trait. The father and mother were very proud of their children and were always happy to show them off whenever the opportunity presented itself.

This family was more or less like all ministers' families one reads about—composed of the most optimistic people alive. They were very generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive, the Vicar, especially so; and throughout the book, one never feels that they were in dire need, as they were always happy and up and doing. Not even when the Vicar was thrown into prison for not being

able to pay his rent,—troubles were coming from all directions, one seemed worse than the other—still one feels that he had some magic wand that he would use before long, as he appeared so bright and encouraging to others.

All the members of the household rather looked to their mother as the real head of the family, the overseer of all things. However, she always sets the ball rolling the wrong way, which never got them anywhere,—instead, more misfortune appeared. Like all mothers, so it seems, of those days, she was very ambitious for her daughters. They *must* marry wealth, so she was ever on the lookout for a desirable son-in-law. When any man came to their home and showed any attention to either of her daughters, her hopes and plans started soaring. She always sought to interview the man, and find out how soon he intended asking her daughter to marry him. She almost drew the proposal out of him, she was so anxious for her daughters to marry. The old Vicar was the one who got the worst of everything, but it was he that kept their spirits up, and whether living in a prison, barn, or lowly dwelling, there was always something for which he could be thankful.

These people were forever looking forward and upward for the beauties of life, and they knew that somehow, someday, fortune would smile on them, and as did come true, all would be sunshine and enjoyment forever. And we close the book with a sigh of peace and gladness that the kindly, lovable, wise, yet very foolish, old Vicar, was rewarded for his rainbow of hope that he kept ever alight when clouds of misfortune lowered over him and his dear family.



RICHARD III, A TRUE VILLAIN.

VERONICA McCABE, '22.

WHEN Webster defined a villain as one capable or guilty of great crime, a deliberate scoundrel, a knave and a rascal, he could have personified his definition in Richard the Third. Although while meditating on his ugly appearance and base deeds, he declared that he was not "made to court on amorous looking-glass," and therefore could not "prove a lover," but was "determined to prove a villain," there is no doubt whether Richard himself realized what a master villain he would become.

Considering the attributes which this diabolical man possessed, we understand that his capacity for crime was unusual. In his solemn moods he was possessed of no hesitation, no feeling of gratified vengeance and no triumphant hatred. He had "the working man's impulse to rise by his work," and did it in a calm, collected manner with no suggestion of horror. In his merry moods, he was making humorous remarks and bantering repartees, and these, too, on such solemn occasions that their effect was startling. Although his own works would be sufficient to vouch for his capability of great crime, we receive a mental shock when we hear his mother's testimony against him,

"A grievous burden was thy birth to me,  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,  
Thy school days frightful, desperate,  
wild and furious,  
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold,  
and venturous,  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody,  
treacherous,  
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind  
in hatred."

Even when she blessed him, he ignored the ties of kindred, and was of such a disposition that although he showed outward respect, to himself he sarcastically remarked,

"And make me die a good old man! That is the  
butt end of a mother's blessing  
I marvel that her grace did leave it out."

When a man's mother could say of him, "Thou comest on earth to make the earth my hell," we are ready to believe him wholly bad.

The neutrality to horror which made this attitude possible seemed to call forth a fiendish de-

light in an enthusiasm for the game which he was playing as he turned to survey it. He rejoiced at the hypocrisy with which he played off the Lord Mayor and triumphed over the winning of Queen Anne, after having murdered her father and husband.

"Was ever woman in this humor won?"  
"Was ever woman in this humor won?"

He adds that he but killed her husband that she might have a better. This neutral attitude is again confirmed in the circumstance of Tyrrel's bringing him the news of the princes' murder,

"Come to me Tyrrel, soon after supper,  
And then shalt thou tell the process of their death."

Thus throughout his career, he looked out upon his handiwork and was filled with keenest pleasure, for he had attained that which he sought,—he had made himself an artist in crime.

Probably Richard was ambitious, yet he was never found dwelling on the advantages of becoming king or retaining the kingship. More likely he wanted to obtain that end for the pleasure which the means to his end afforded.

He was a man of determination, letting neither facts nor individuals stand in his way. Hesitation he could not tolerate and since conscience did not merit consideration, quick means by way of more method consummated all. For instance, Buckingham's doubt regarding the outcome of Hastings possible resistance was answered by Richard's, "cut off his head, man." Also was he a man of resourcefulness, solving his problems as he met them, letting nothing daunt him as he attempted the seemingly impossible and succeeded.

It is long before retribution, the other half of crime, comes to him, although throughout we experience the feeling that it is certain to come, but noticeable for the first time when Richard says,

"I have not that alacrity of spirit  
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have."

Indeed we find his former exultation in crime clouded,

"My conscience has a thousand several tongues  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

Relentless retribution has finally reached him, filled him with horror, made him submit to a higher power and forced him to say, "Have mercy, Jesu!"

## MY DAILY TASK.

L. B.

WHEN day is new the sunbeams dance  
Erasing each unfriendly glance;  
While laughing friends and strengthening air  
Make light my tasks, I feel no care.

When evening falls, cheerless and gray,  
Bringing to end a weary day;  
For strength to conquer self I long;  
I have Thy Love, and Love is strong.

## THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF ENGLAND.

BEATRICE REA, '21.

THE term Industrial Revolution is used to designate that great economic transformation which began about one hundred and sixty years ago. The awakening to a greater capability and to a new life in production and distribution might be called the Renaissance of England's industrial advancement. The increase of England's commercial life brought with it an ever-growing demand for a larger production of her domestic commodities. The problem was solved by the many inventions of the eighteenth century, and the subsequent rise of the "factory system." In 1770 Hargreave invented the famous "spinning-jenny"; Arkwright in 1771 improved on it; Crompton in 1779 perfected the machine for spinning the raw material. The power of weaving was increased by Dr. Edward Cartwright whose "Power-loom" was patented in 1786. In 1769 James Watt patented his steam engine. In reference to this greatest of the large inventions Professor Gibbons says:

"It was the application of steam to manufacturing processes which finally completed the Industrial Revolution." With the "Great Inventions" and the resultant development in commerce and industry, the old regime of kingly "Divine Right" and the paternal aristocracy gradually came to an end. So also, the master with his apprentices and the old factory by some far-away country stream gave place in crumbling decay to the new machine equipped factory. Whereas landed interest had been in the hands of the higher classes, its powerful hold gave way before the new system of capitalized labor and industry." According to Ben Jonson, the merchant formed "a new species of the gentleman."

England up to the time of the first of the new era, about 1770, was essentially rural. Capital in

its present sense was hardly thought of, and men worked under their masters and were treated much as one of the family; in fact the whole family formed a part of the working body, under the head of the master or head of the family. Under the new conditions the old laws of internal and external trade became intolerable. "Freedom from social and aristocratic dogmas, freedom from restriction" was the new industrial demand. Mr. Beard, in his discussion on the times, says:

"Utilitarianism became the Protestantism of Sociology." Capitalism became the new despot while Labor was merely "a commodity" to be treated simply as such,—in the production of wealth. All these things elevated the status of the moneyed class, but lowered the agricultural workingman to that class of dependent peasants under the lords of the great estates. The necessity of increasing the number of laborers in the factories brought forth the new class of "factory hands." To these people were denied the fullness of life, liberty,—and even the real decencies of life, in order that the growing demands of capital might be satisfied. The orphans and waifs of the country were herded together under unspeakable conditions and both women and children were obliged to work for the greater part of the day and of the night in filthy factories with little air or any of the other sanitary provisions necessary to their health and happiness. Great men and women either through parliament, by means of money, or through writing, did much to better the conditions of this class of people. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of The Children" is perhaps the most famous of the poems; especially the lines,

"The child's cry in the darkness curses deeper than  
The strong man in his wrath."

Although the factory system in the long run gave an infinitely greater number of positions to the working class as a whole, it was very detrimental to the class of original manufacturers who carried on their little industries, either in their own homes or in little sheds, with only their families and a few apprentices as "hands" and with capital a thing unheard of. They could not change readily, and to compete with the new forces in operation was impossible. So the "Domestic System" gave way to the new "Factory System" and the former class of laborers became farmers, selling their independence to their landlords on the great estates.

## CHERRY RUN ROAD.

ESTHER CARRICO, '21.

"YES, Stranger, you foller this here trail till you come to the old tollgate down at the Rollin' Fork; then by keepin' on tuh yer right fer about two miles you'll come to a turn on the left. That's Cherry Run Road. It haint much more'n a cow path, Stranger, but onc't yer hit that trail you'll know it right off."

"I am very much obliged to you," said my father in answer to these directions from the old backwoodsman, of whom he had inquired. "Not a-tall, not a-tall, you're welcome; and good luck to you, Stranger!" was the reply.

I was hardly more than four years old when my father brought me down from the "mountains" where I was born, to my future home on Cherry Run Road. There in the valley I have lived ever since. And I have never forgotten the old citizen's identification of the place—"It haint much more'n a cow path, Stranger, but onc't yer hit that trail you'll know hit right off." And so you would. The old fellow's words were true to the letter. If you ever travel along this way "you'll know hit right off" and you will never forget it.

If you be curious to know what there is about Cherry Run Road to make it so indelibly memorable to any one who has gone that way let me say that there are no great stretches of unrivalled scenery to fascinate you; that there are no south-

ern mansions to awe you by their stately domesticity; that there is no maze of traffic to hinder you. Indeed, this highway—or "lowway"—is ordinarily lonesome—though never so on Saturday or when peace is declared; as recently at the end of the great world war. There are only two things on this road: at one end is an old log schoolhouse with long, narrow windows put in horizontally, and at the other end of the very crooked mile is a distillery. No, Stranger, it is not the things along this road that impress it upon you but it is what happens there that burns the impression into your memory like your first ghost story. Most of these happenings have their germ in the yeast that goes into that stillhouse at the end of the road. It is "red lick" that makes Cherry Run Road the notorious thoroughfare that it is. That is the whole story. Our house is midway between the schoolhouse and the distillery, and so we see from the point of vantage the life that goes a-travelling along this way. I shall not try to tell you about the things that fall out and fall off there because you might forget it in less time than it would take for me to tell them, but come along Cherry Run Road with me some day and see for yourself, you'll never forget. Cherry Run Road has an inspired life all its own. "It haint much more'n a cow path, Stranger, but onc't yer hit that trail you'll know it right off."

## TO A STONE DOG.

A. M.

THERE is a lonely creature whom I know,  
 I see him every day, as I pass by;  
 He sits with head erect and stony eye  
 Upon his pedestal,—as if to show  
 Defiance and contempt for rain or snow;  
 His face is scarred and old, his mouth is wry,  
 And steadfastly he gazes at the sky;  
 How many years has he seen come and go!  
 No fear of danger lies within his heart.  
 St. Mary's loving arms protect him, too;  
 No harm can come when they enfold their own;  
 So gratefully fulfilling his small part,  
 He watches endlessly. His heart is true,  
 Though it be made of cold and lifeless stone.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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### SIZING-UP ONESELF.

The girl planning to go into business should first try to find out what she is best fitted for; that is, she must take stock of her assets. Every girl has some one thing that she can do better than anything else, some work for which she feels best fitted.

She may have ability to handle people, which will at once get her a head position; or it may be executive ability that she possesses. All offices value such a person. Then again, she may like color or harmony and thus be in line for a position as interior decorator. She may have a taste for mathematics, pointing to accounting or statistical work or again she may have a love of system, and so love library work, or even office management. At any rate, whatever gift it is that she possesses she should try to utilize this peculiar trait as it usually means all the difference between happiness and unhappiness and even success or failure.

After deciding what she wishes to do, she should next try, if it is at all possible, to get vocational training in her line. A good course in a chosen line of work at some school or college is a great help as a person with such training advances faster.

Last of all, in securing her first position a girl should be careful and find a place that will not be a "soft snap" but one where she has to use all her faculties and energies. Better to take a place in a minor concern where there are opportunities for advancement than an easier one in a big place where you are swallowed up in the crowd. Above all, a girl should try to be of real service to her employer.

### LETTER WRITING.

Few people realize the importance of letter writing; it is a special talent bestowed on a few chosen ones.

Letters can do more harm or good than any other form of literature. They are the common means of communication between the masses. Everyone that knows how to write at all, sends a letter now and then, sometimes with very harmful results. More pleasure may be gained from a friendly cheerful letter than you can ever realize. But don't write angry letters, an old maxim says: "Avoid the pen as you would the devil when you are angry." A little dispute may be quickly settled when talking to the other party, but in letters, it often leads to broken friendships, lawsuits, and many other disagreeable things.

The first requisite of a good letter is to have something to say. Don't fill pages with mere nothings. Letters should be cheerful in tone, friendly and interesting. Don't make them stiff and stilted.

A man may be able to box up his true self in the common place affairs of every day life, but a letter, when it tells what the writer thinks or does or knows, is a pretty true indicator of what he is. Reread your letters, take care that there is nothing in them that you would not want the whole world to see, wield your pen wisely and well.

### ELECTION NOTES.

Of the writing of notes there is seemingly no end. And we who lay claim to the title of "Old Girls",—nay more, of "Seniors" would have declared ourselves adepts in the art peculiar to chief executives and St. Mary's students. I say "would have" advisedly for recently we have met a new variety of notes with which we were totally unacquainted. In September we boasted familiarity with the note in all its aspects, with all the Genera and Species thereof. Had we not written notes for every thing from a Wednesday shopping trip to cocoa for breakfast? Shoe-strings and fountain pens, window drapes and shampoos, had all been obtained by means of notes. Now our ignorance must be confessed, there was one note we never wrote before. Residence, age and American citizenship are all prerequisites for St. Mary's votes this year. Are you eligible for registration? Then write your note and leave it on the Prefect's desk.



### PICKIN' BONES.

This is an ancient and honorable occupation with the genus humanarum. In the Old Testament we find shining examples of it—first and foremost, the little disagreement between Cain and Abel, in which case, however, the bone was a metaphysical, and not a physical entity. Then, reverting to classical literature, we discover in the hoary remains left by the blind bard of Ceos (which now disturb the cerebral matter of Greek students) sundry illusions to a bone of contention named Helen of Troy. This was doubtless a physical entity, although not in the sense used by Kipling when he prates concerning “a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.” Kipling was wrong: for Helen made a beautiful bone of contention—not in the least ossified.

Be that as it may, the practice has become deeply rooted among the sons of men: its pursuit is a common one today. As long as we inhabit this earthly sphere, we will doubtless be more or less occupied in “picking bones” with our fellow mortals, or they, alas, in picking same with us. It were better to adopt the practice of the southern darky and specify “chicken bones only.” Otherwise we fear that when we reach that land of which St. Peter is the exalted gate-keeper, we shall find our one-time friends and associates engrossed—not in harping—not in rendering animated choruses, but in flying around, “picking angel-bones.”

### INTERIOR DECORATION.

Art—what a multitude of people have been her slaves! (Many have endured unpremeditated hunger strikes for her, too, but as yet are not acclaimed martyrs.) There are the sculptors, the painters, the musician, the dancer, and during all fashionable ages, the interior decorator. Of course no respected home is ever complete until he says so: and when he gives his sanction, the rest of us generally agree. But seldom is either the science studied or the art practiced when the interior to be decorated is the house in which we each live alone. It takes no particular genius to be a skillful artist there, but it does require the continual presence of an honest smile—not the smile that is relentlessly evident while every other quality of the disposition is a cloud of deceit, but the smile that is radiant with the pure sunshine of a kindly heart.

### THE GAME OF LIFE.

Like the Morse code, our lives are made up of dots and dashes. The dots stand for the points in them when we can truly say, “Something worth while was accomplished here.” The dashes are just intervals between where we drift, refusing to paddle because we have no landing place in view. Dashes are all very well, but they are quite meaningless if not interspersed here and there with numerous dots.

If God had put us in Heaven immediately, He would be treating us as things, not as rational beings or persons endowed with intellect and free will. So He put us on the earth. This earthly universe is not a paradise but a place of trial. This trial may be compared to the preliminaries of a big game. Only those players who make good are allowed to engage in the coming encounter, the others are relegated to the second team. The comparison is not quite perfect, however, for in the game of life we are either good or bad. There is no second team.

### BOARDING SCHOOL.

An advocate of boarding-school training might use as his strongest plea an argument based on the fundamental facts of human nature, and one used most frequently by those opposing the mental and moral development acquired in scenes apart from home environment. The latter declare that absence from home becomes natural for a girl or boy so that there is not so intense a love cherished towards home and all it means! Habits are acquired; but love of home is inborn. It differs—not only in nature, but in intensity as well—from conduct born of accurate and continuous repetition. In the natural order of life there is no such thing as training an animal—even—to cease caring for its home. I heard once of a dog who, when given to a distant friend by his owner, wandered a distance of over thirty miles,—arriving, bedraggled and almost dead at the home of his former master. If this is true of a poor unreasoning animal, how much more applicable is it to the human being possessed not only with instinctive feeling but blessed with a human reasoning love for the things that childhood has taught him to cherish. Time and change bring new scenes, new loves;—but time nor eternity can change or lessen the sanctified love for parents and kinsmen:

“And where we love is home,  
Home where our feet may leave  
But not our hearts.”

## THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER.

ESTHER CARRICO, '20.

Rich man, po' man, beggar man, thief,  
 Dey all cum t' me foh relief.  
 White man, red man, black, and yellow,  
 Ask foh de key t' mah cellah.

## CURRENT POETRY REVIEW.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22

The October muse, if we judge by the kind of verse in the current magazines of the month, is singing contrary to her usual mood. Nevertheless she has given inspiration for some very fine verse; and has furnished subjects as varied and interesting as the autumn season itself.

If the writing of "true unfeigned" verse were as simple a process as the "dashing off of a rondeau" some of us might strive successfully for the poetic laurel. Elias Lieberman has a poem in *The Bookman* with the title "To dash off a Rondeau." Any one need, he says, is:

"First: A theme  
 Compact of daintiness and dream,  
 A midnight tryst, a wayward tress,  
 A kiss, a Hatteau Shepherdess  
 A vow of love, a moonlight dream  
 Than heat all well as one heats cream  
 Or tripping measures"

And then he adds that it need only be fifteen lines. No one will deny that the poet himself has written a charming rondeau; but he makes our task more difficult. We can only read and admire.

*The Digest* has a poem with a very suggestive title "The Heat-Devil's Dance". It has a rhythm and majestic sweep almost equal to Lindsay's "Congo"—and it is not written in free verse. Lindsay would have treated the same subject differently, but, I think, not more effectively. The description of Death Valley is as vividly realistic as the theme of the *Heat Devil's Dance*.

In *Harpers* I found a four line poem by Charles Hanson Towne called "Tides". Towne has the covered gift of presenting his thought briefly and yet poetically. He compares memory to the tides of the sea and is doing so to attain a singleness of impression desired to a longer poem.

"Pastoral" in *Harpers* treats of nature. It is

from the pen of Clinton Scollard and is almost perfect in regard to technique and beauty of effect. The poem is musical—with a selection of words that make for poetic harmony. Speaking of Sylvia—the shepherdess—the poet says,

"Sylvia—with blue frock,  
 And hair like king cups in the breeze;  
 He were a dolt who could withstand  
 The waving of her lifted hand."

\* \* \* \* \*

VERONICA McCABE, '22

One singer wanders through the fields and forests looking into the heart of Nature that he may write her secrets for us. Another wanders through the world, looking into the hearts of men, that he may still tell us something of what lies therein.

As a part of the tide itself, moves the poem "Tides" by Charles Hanson Towne, which appeared in the September number of *Harpers' Magazine*. Within a few short lines, he makes a striking comparison of the tide of years to the tide of the sea. His picture of the days rolling in boisterously, like the waves and ebbing out calmly in our memory, is an excellent one.

Shifting our viewpoint from the sea to the land, we are charmed by the merry sounds and delighted by the beauty of the landscape, as depicted in "Pastoral", by Clinton Scollard, in the same magazine. So exactly, has he put into his lines, the life and movement of the country, that one feels himself transported to the open fields.

Passing from the calm and cooling atmosphere of this poem to a turbulent scene on the burning desert sands we read "The Heat Devil's Dance" by Carter J. Greenwood. This was published in the *Literary Digest*. The vibrating waves of heat, he has personified in dancing devils, whose gruesome actions fill us with a horror of the desert. His setting is truly in accordance with the devils that he locates there.

But the hearts of men have other tales to unfold. In "They Who Laugh" by Mary Carolyn Davies, published in the *Literary Digest*, a maiden tells her lover that he cannot expect her to be grave, since Life itself is so serious. Her light heart feels that "mirth and laughing" must keep "Life's disasters" at bay as long as possible.

Another poem, taken from the same magazine, is "Tragedy" by Harry Kemp. The despair and

sorrow with which we often view the approaching death of a loved one are put to flight by the hope and joy which the promises of the future life bring. Although at such a time it is difficult to imagine that a man would use such reasonable philosophy, the poet has made us feel that there are those who have that sound wisdom.

Thus do some hear their songs in the heart of Nature and some in the hearts of men.

---

#### NOTES .

---

—Solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost to invoke blessings on the Scholastic year was offered on September 26 by Rev. Moses McGary, C. S. C. The celebrant was assisted by Revs. J. L. Carrico, deacon and J. Gallagher, subdeacon. "The Formation and Development of Character" was the theme of the sermon delivered by Rev. J. J. Burns, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame. Other sermons given during the month were: "Devotion to the Rosary" by Rev. W. R. Connor, C. S. C. and "The Effects of the Sacrament of Penance," by the Rev. J. L. Carrico, C. S. C.

—St. Mary's has gone "over the top" again this year. The college alone numbers two hundred and twenty-two; one hundred of these are new students who unanimously proclaim their pleasure at being accounted "St. Mary's Girls." The Religious Societies have the greatest enrollment in the history of the school, and there are twenty-two college seniors. What a grand showing of loyalty. Let every girl assist heartily in making this a gala, calendar year for Alma Mater. She deserves it.

—October devotions are being held in the Community Church and the College Chapel. The great privilege of having Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after Mass in the Chapel, has been given by the Bishop and the students are eagerly availing themselves of it.

—On October 4 Dorothy Hayes of Adrian, Michigan received her graduate medal and the Degree, Ph. B. in Journalism. An unfortunate

auto accident in June prevented Dorothy from being graduated with her class.

—On October 5 Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of the soul of Kathryn Roach-Finn. The Children of Mary attended the Mass and received Holy Communion for their departed socialist.

—The first number on the program of entertainments was a Recital by Agnes Kountz Dederich, Soprano, with Loretta Lony as accompanist.

—The customary reception under the supervision of the class of 1921 was given in honor of the new students. Readings, piano and vocal numbers were features of the evening.

—St. Mary's welcomes the return of three members of the class of 1920, Esther Carrico, Mary Ethel Holliday and Charlotte Voss who will continue their studies as post-graduates.

—Among the recent visitors were Gladys Rempe, Helen McCarthy, Helen Mills, Marguerite Ward, Leona Voris and Irene Sullivan.

—On two separate occasions the College seniors and the Academic graduates had supper on the bank of the St. Joseph river. "Weiners", rolls, pickles and all other good things that make a real picnic were enjoyed.

—October is a month dear to St. Mary's, for it is rich in associations and anniversaries which make it memorable in the calendar of the year. First, it is the month of the Rosary when all gather to pay their tributes of affection and homage to our Lady in that special devotion. Again, October 13, is Founder's Day" the first "Free Day", given in loving memory of Rev. Edward Sorin, Founder, and for many years spiritual director of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the United States. In "days gone by" Father Sorin's feast was looked for eagerly, because of the special privilege of "a pound of candy" permitted every student. What would the students of those days say about the 20th Century. "St. Mary's Candy Shop" now enjoying a height of popularity?

—Interest in the coming election finds place at

St. Mary's. Speakers for the Democrats and Republicans are eagerly awaited by ardent voters among the faculty and student.

—St. Mary's has acknowledged the following announcements of marriage: Martha Colling to Mr. Wm. J. Dunn, San Francisco; Kathryn Keeline to Mr. Paul Adams Burke, Council

Bluffs, Iowa; Louise Dinning to Mr. Allan Alonzo Tukey, Omaha, Neb.; Anna Irene Railton to Mr. Walter Edward Wholihan, Chicago; Gertrude Hampton to Mr. Grover Stillabower, Fowler, Ind.; Julius Flinn to Mr. Anstet, Earl Park, Ind. and Lillian Parr to Mr. Ray L. Prine, 7 rav-ers City, Michigan.

---

—To our dear Grace Hamelius and her be-reaved family St. Mary's offers sincere sym-pathy on the death of her beloved father Senor B. J. Hamelius of Tampico, Mexico.

---

## RE-ORGANIZATION OF RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES

OCTOBER 1, 1920.

At the re-organization of the Children of Mary meeting on October 4th, 175 members of the So-dality of last year were present for the roll call and generous resolutions were taken for the self denial fund in order to complete the building of a new Chapel in India.

Elections were held, and after the meeting the following officers received hearty congratulations.

Kathleen Sullivan.....	President
Dorothy Hackett.....	Vice-President
Burdine Tobin.....	Secretary
Estelle Broussard.....	Treasurer
Marie Guedelhoefer.....	Librarian
Mary Louise Lennon.....	Sacristan

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Angeline Santini.....	Treasurer
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### SACRED HEART CONGREGATION UNDER WITH-BROOD SODALITY OF SODALITY

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Ruth Healy.....	Vice-President
Clara Se Legue.....	Secretary
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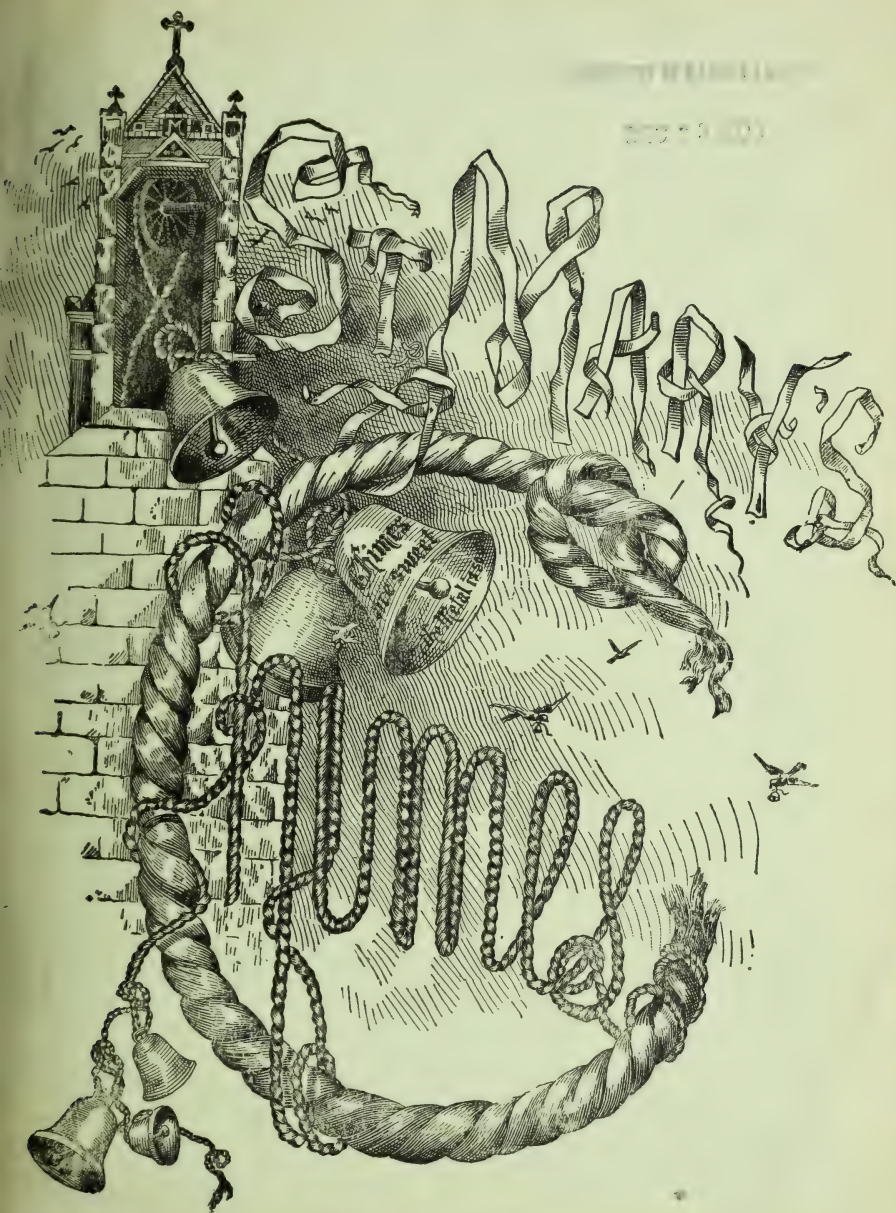
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WOODROW WILSON.

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,

*Secretary of the Interior.*

Sa 245



November, 1920



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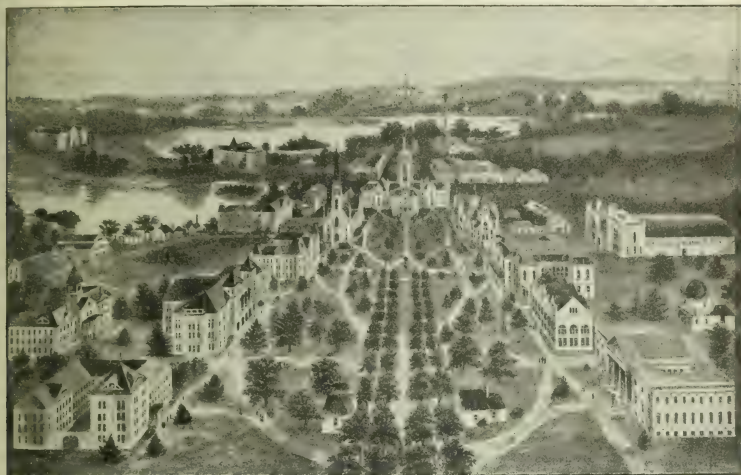
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NOVEMBER.

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BEATRICE REA, '21.

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AS grey November sweeps  
Her quiet house, she weeps  
And lonely vigil keeps  
Where fairy summer lies:—  
So frail a maid, and wan  
As mist-presage of dawn;  
So swift she passed, is gone—  
And winged gladness dies!  
Sad passed the wind her lover,  
And friends, lone trees above her,  
With gentle murmur hover,  
While mournful nature grieves.  
Yet, you, pale visaged sun,  
Know, this radiant one  
But sleeps—her play is done,—  
And dreams beneath brown leaves.



# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., November, 1920

No. 3

## THE GIFT.

MERCEDES REMPE, '21

GOD made the earth with careful skill  
And gave it beauties that would fill  
Man's heart with love, and help him here,  
To fight with strength and lose all fear—  
But still, within man's heart unrest was strong,  
So God made Song!

## CARDINAL NEWMAN'S "PILLAR OF THE CLOUD".

ESTHER CARRICO, '20

ANYONE with the slightest sense of the poetic must wonder why it is that our religious hymns are as a rule, with precious few exceptions, so far from any sort of true poetry. Except for the good intention which prompts them they would not even pass for poor parodies on religious thought and sentiment. It is often asked why the Devil should have all the good music. How just the question may be I am unable to say, but our hymnals would surely give the impression that he has a monopoly on the lyric. Among the very few English hymns of poetic value perhaps the most notable is "The Pillar of the Cloud", popularly known as "Lead, Kindly Light", by John Henry Cardinal Newman. We shall note briefly some of the merits of this rare masterpiece.

In the first place, it is duly brief—as few hymns are and as all hymns should be—consisting as it does of only three stanzas of six lines each. One does not have to be acquainted with the life and mind and mood of the author in order to understand the volume of meaning in these eighteen lines. Familiar as they are to you, I trust that with their brevity and merit they may be here quoted in full for the purpose of comment:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home—  
Lead Thou me on!  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distance scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

This immortal song was written sometime in the June of 1883, on the author's return voyage from Italy, whither he had gone the year before on a health trip with his intimate invalid friend, Hurrell Froude. After setting forth from Palermo their sail-boat was held by a calm for a full week in the Straits of Bonifacio in the Mediterranean off the coast of Italy. It was on one of these days at sea that the poem was penned—some twelve years before the author's conversion to the Church.

"The Pillar of the Cloud" is a most direct and earnest petition for divine guidance. It is the pre-eminent prayer of a repentant soul for light, the prayer of a soul which has experienced the hopeless darkness of human wayfare, the futility of life without divine light from on high to make it livable, the song of the great soul of Newman seeking the God of truth and light and life. It is indeed the experience, the sentiment, the unsung song of every soul, but only a New-

man could give it articulate and worthy expression, could set it forth for all of us in immortal numbers.

In thought and sentiment, in form and music, the piece is perfect. Its poetry, simple and austere, yet rich in imagination and symbolism and significance, inevitably reminds one of the Psalms of David. We are reminded, too, more forcibly of the incident in the life of Our Lord recorded in the tenth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel: "And they came to Jericho: and as He went out of Jericho, with His disciples, and a very great multitude, Bartimeus the blind man, the son of Timeus, sat by the way side begging. Who, when he had heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, began to cry out, and to say: Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me. And many rebuked him, that he might hold his peace; but he cried a great deal the more: Son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus, standing still, commanded him to be called. And they called the blindman, saying to him: Be of better comfort: rise, he calleth thee, who casting off his garment leaped up, and came to him And Jesus answering, said to him: What wilt thou that I should do to thee; and the blind man said to him: Rabboni, that I may see. And Jesus saith to him: Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he saw, and followed in the way." I believe that one may verify in the details of Newman's spiritual experience, in the details of his search for light and truth, a practically perfect parallel with the physical case of Bartimeus—the "Lead, Kindly Light" being the blind soul's "Rabboni, that I may see".

Observe in the hymn its perfect plan of construction, such as is found in all the work of this supreme master of thought and expression. The first stanza embodies the petition based upon present circumstances of need; the second reverts in deep contribution to the past, and the last looks forward in the strongest Christian hope to the future. The picture presented in the poem is that of a soul long wayward in its own ways but now tired of the "garish days," of a soul once proud in its self-reliance now humbled by disappointment, of a soul which for years has wondered vainly now at length petitioning with childish simplicity and sincerity the "Kindly Light" for guidance. It seeks a shepherd to show it the way out of the wilderness, the road to the Promised Land.

Into this simple prayer Newman has put the poetry of his mind and the feeling of his heart. It is the *miserere* of a very superior soul, chanted in such strain as Heaven could not resist. If we did not know the author in the usual way, I think we should easily guess it to be Cardinal Newman. The simplicity, the sincerity, the largeness, the sublimity of the piece are surely his. Newman was essentially religious. He was first, last, and always spiritual, and nothing in all that the great author has written is more thoroughly characteristic of him, more significant of the whole purpose and tenor of his life, more adequately expressive of the man than this sacred song.

In this plea of the soul groping "amid the encircling gloom" we have a perfect spiritual portrait of the prodigal penitent, disillusioned of the dreams of youth and turning towards the source of all true light and life:

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on!

The two lines that follow bespeak a perfect harmony of the heart's repentance and its supreme trust in God's goodness to forgive:

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

What a perfect confession in a verse and a half, and what a plea for pardon in those four simple words, "remember not past years". How sincere and intense this soul that prays—how contrite in its sorrow, how fearless in its faith, how calm and confident in its hope. Conscious of the patience and providence of the Father during its wayward years of the past, the converted soul feels that it may well presume upon His goodness and guidance for the future:

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone.

Realizing fully or at least well enough for the purpose its error of the past in proud reliance upon self and most anxious to make sure of the future, the soul begs not now for the full light of the perfect life beyond the grave but only for safe guidance along the way:

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

One critic and another, strange to say—and critics competent enough in most cases but prompted in the instance, as it seems, by a most decided prejudice—have been bold to protest that “The Pillar of the Cloud” is not poetry. They confess that the piece is of the highest order of verse and observe that it is persistently the most popular, and most highly esteemed of English hymns, but they cannot or will not see that it is such simply because it is poetry in its most genuine form. Montaigne says well that “it is easier to write an indifferent poem than to understand a good one.” Perhaps the verdict of the adverse critics upon this poem of Newman is explained by their prejudice against the author and by their inability to understand and appreciate his spiritual quality. James Russell Lowell, for example, declares convincingly enough that “poetry is something to make us wiser and better by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men’s souls,” and yet this dean of American critics is either inconsistent or stupid enough to write elsewhere of Newman and his poem, “He will be remembered chiefly by his ‘Lead, Kindly Light,’ which is as far from poetry as I hope most hymns are from the ear to which they were addressed.” With all diffidence to Lowell and to others as authoritative as he, I submit that “The Pillar of the Cloud” will answer well in substance and in form, in thought and in feeling, in imaginative quality and in metrical melody to any true test of true poetry. It surely expresses in the manner of the master the best thought of the human mind, the deepest feeling of the human heart, the most poetic experience indeed of mortal man—the everlasting aspiration of the immortal soul for the Infinite Truth, Beauty, and Goodness. It is for this reason, no doubt, that the hymn is such a general and enduring favorite; it is for this reason that its lines haunt forever with their

meaning and their music the mind of anyone who has heard it or read it; it is for this reason that this psalm of life may, I think, in all prudence—with great critics to the contrary—be deemed one of the master lyrics of the language.

Some one has said truly that the most natural cry of the human heart is “O God!” This hymn of Newman expresses that cry explicitly, adequately, to the best advantage, and withal most briefly. It is not merely the appeal of Newman; it is the natural prayer, conscious or unconscious, of every human heart. “It has”, as Augustine Birrell writes, “forced its way into every hymn book and heart. Those who go and those who do not go to church, the fervent believer and the tired-out sceptic, here meet on common ground. The language of the verses in their intense sincerity seem to reduce all human feelings, whether fed on dogmas and holy rites or on man’s own sad heart, to a common denominator. ‘The night is dark, and I am far from home—Lead Thou me on’. The believer can often say no more. The unbeliever will never willingly say less”.

In his book *Hymns That Have Helped* W. T. Stead records the very interesting fact that when the Parliament of Religions met in Chicago “the representatives of every creed known to man (except the Catholic, it should be noted) found two things on which they were agreed: they could all join in the Lord’s Prayer, and they could all sing ‘Lead, Kindly Light.’” It is not likely that the members of that convention with their multitudinous differences in the darkness of their varied heresies appreciated the peculiar propriety and the pathetic humor in their singing of the “Lead, Kindly Light”, and perhaps none of them adverted to the fact that in answer to the petition in that hymn the “Kindly Light” quickly led its author into the Catholic Church, first as a converted layman, then as a humble priest of the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri, and finally as one of her princes in the College of Cardinals.

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#### NOVEMBER.

LUCY HOLIDAY, '23

NOVEMBER 'tis when all around  
The tinted leaves are blowing.  
November 'tis when days are cold  
And fast the Autumn's going.

## A DREAM.

CHARLOTTE VOSS, '20

I STUMBLED on and on  
Through darkness bleak and drear,  
When lo! a dazzling light—  
The loving God stood near.  
His hand outstretched to guide,  
Dispelling every fear.

BEATRICE OF THE "VITA NUOVA" AND  
OF THE "PARADISO."

BERENICE O'MELIA, '20.

AMONG the great loves of history, that of Dante for Beatrice is admittedly one of the most noble ever expressed by a man for a woman. Unparalleled in its sublimity, it soars far above all grossness and imperfection of earth, finding its realization in the real happiness of Heaven. An analysis of the development of such a relation is impossible, but a comparison of the Beatrice of earth whom we see in the "Vita Nuova," and the celestial guide of the "Paradiso," may give a meager glimpse of Dante's soul.

It is in the "Vita Nuova" that Dante records the great moment of his life, when was awakened for the first time that deep passion which was to be his lord thence forth. This meeting with his "glorious lady," Dante tells us, occurred at a Mayday feast, held at the home of a rich Florentine, Falco Portinari. The fact that he was but nine years of age, his beloved eight, did not lessen the ardor of this new found love. He says of Beatrice:

"Her dress on that day was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment I say most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: 'Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens demulcet me.'"

The sincerity of this avowal is beyond any mere fiction of Dante's mind. An interesting parallel in literature is found in Plato's "Phaedrus," where he speaks upon love. It is not accidental that the young Dante experienced some-

thing of that wonder described of Plato's ideal lover, who "when he beholds a Godlike face, the form and very image as it were of beauty, shudders first and is surprised by some of his old awe; then gazing fixedly, pays it reverence as though it were a god; and did he not fear to be thought mad; he would sacrifice to his beloved as to the statue of a god."

In the nine years which then elapsed before Dante again saw the queen of his desires, to him "she of a god seemed born, and not of mortal man." In these words Homer might truly have been writing of Beatrice herself. To such an extent had Dante's reverence grown for his "gracious lady," that their second meeting marked a memorable occasion; for it was that day which made Dante a poet.

Even in bodily perfection is she now so endeared of her poet-lover, that he sees in all nature nothing so beautiful, that it cannot be surpassed in the person of his beloved. The bier of a fair maiden draws not his tears, but the thought that he once saw Beatrice in her company does draw them. This passing incident is made a presage of the vague fear that Beatrice is sometime to be taken from him; for he believes "this is no woman, rather it is one of Heaven's most radiant angels."

The realization of this foreboding came only a few years later, "for the Lord of Justice summoned that most gracious being to triumph under the banner of Mary, the blessed queen of Heaven, whose name was ever held in deepest reverence by the lips of that sainted Beatrice." That Dante's grief was intense and real is not for a moment to be doubted, but the pain of loss to him was less poignant because he had never really possessed Beatrice. She was his dream of passionate youth, a constant need of his soul, whom he served faithfully while she was still present to him in the flesh, but whom, even after death, he still possessed as an ideal. What was adoration in the boy, passionate worship of his beloved's smile, in the man broadens out in a consuming and ecstatic communion with her idealized spirit.

In the desolation succeeding the death of Beatrice, Florence indeed became for Dante the "dolorous city," but even in the midst of sorrow the spirit of his lady was ever present. The development of Beatrice into his ideal, is by no means strange. In life she had always been to Dante, a being far-removed from him, who while



yet a reality, was one whom he never considered in any closer relationship. Through this very separation of their paths of life, Dante became accustomed, when only a boy, to ascribing to her ideal qualities; "crowned and raimented with humility she walked among men." As a result he associated with her all that was noble and beautiful in existence. So imbued with her significance did he become that the transition from the reality to the ideal is not ascribable to any one moment.

Inevitably her image grew to mean to Dante the spirit of truth, and eventually the noble ideal of Divine Philosophy. The exact point of mergence of the two, the reality and the ideal, is not possible to discover; when death took away the living Beatrice, her spiritual companionship still remained. Dante, realizing her ascendancy over his own nature, follows her bidding to rise from the first signs of types of beauty to the abstract, to pass from the love of a particular beautiful thing to the wide sea of beauty itself. The idea thus inchoate in the "Vita Nuova," grows into the magnificent allegory of the "Paradiso," wherein Dante accomplishes his intent: "So if it shall please Him by whom all things live, to spare my life to me for some more years, I hope to say that of her which has never been said yet of any woman."

With the aid of this unerring guide whom he knows as Theology, Dante now enters the realm of the blessed where soon the shadows of uncertainty will cease to cloud his vision, and he will gaze with all-seeing eyes upon the glory of Heaven. In the "Paradiso" Dante gives to the idealized queen of his heart her true reward.

In the upward flight, swift because borne up by the strength of love, and guided by that one in whom above all others he hopes to find the fulfillment of his desires, Dante ascends. Past the "eternal pearl" of the moon, where Beatrice with kindest care instructs the hesitant poet; past the planet, Mercury, where dwell the ambitious humbled; past Venus; the Sun, scarce brighter than its holy occupant, St. Thomas Aquinas; past Mars, Jupiter, Saturn; past the fixed stars, where St. Peter questions Dante about his Faith; St. James, about his Hope; and St. John, his Charity; concerning all these Beatrice enlightens Dante.

So dazzled is the poet with the Heavenly gathering, that scarcely can he move forward

except with the encouragement of the stately lady at his side.

"Then 'Glory to the Father, to the Son,  
And to the Holy Spirit,' rang aloud  
Throughout all Paradiso; that with the song  
My spirit rul'd, so passing sweet the strain.  
And what I saw was equal ecstasy;  
One universal smile it seem'd of all things;  
Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;  
Imperishable life of peace and love;  
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss."

Again back were his eyes led to his lady, so radiant with smiles, so beautiful in her noble estate, that there Dante found the grace to look with his weak human eyes toward that ultimate reward, the Beatific Vision. Strengthened by the comforting counsel given him by Beatrice in the character of Theology, confirmed in faith by her unerring revelations, the toiler, drunk with the joys and happiness of Heaven, comes nearer his destiny. Beatrice, recognizing in the mirror of Truth, his groping perplexity, brings him at last to the Empyrean. With eyes fixed unwaveringly on the face of God, and growing more and more beautiful each instant, she now has brought the poet to the source of all truth.

He, raised up by Love, has achieved the greatest height in Paradise, and now gazes on the everlasting Rose of Bliss which is man's last end. So wrapt in ecstasy of the contemplation of the Divine Being, is Beatrice, that now, her mission over, her ardent soul can gaze only on God in love. With the simple faith and love of a child, she pays her adoration to the Supreme Truth.

At last, Dante realizes his inability to sing his lady's praises further. The beauty now shining from her countenance transcends all human powers of perception; if all he had said of her before could be condensed into a single phrase, it could not equal his emotions now. No one was ever so completely vanquished as he. Grown so far beyond all beauty of earth is she, that never again can he hope to follow her in song. She has led him to the source of her inspirations and she is turning away.

With a last prayer Dante begs Beatrice, that when his spirit is loosened from his body, she will again look on him with favor. She merely regards him for an instant, answers with a single smile, then "toward the eternal fountain turns." Theology has performed her task; Truth is her reward.

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

MARGARET KINERK, '23

AMERICA'S national epic, written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is of great interest to a student of American themes. The *Song of Hiawatha* is a collection of Indian legends published about the middle of the nineteenth century.

The epic is natural, treating of the exploits of the hero, Hiawatha. It is written with a sense of fitness and much technical skill. The *Song of Hiawatha* is of national interest, telling of the "wonderful" Hiawatha and his god-like capabilities.

The epic is introduced by a discussion of the four winds, whence their origin, and treats of the west wind Mudjekeewis, who is Hiawatha's father. Wenonah is Hiawatha's mother but as she dies in Hiawatha's early infancy, he is nursed into childhood by old Nokomis, who teaches him the language of beasts and birds, that he may well fulfill the prophecy of the Great Spirit, "I will send a Prophet to you, A Deliverer of the Nations."

After an encounter with his father, the West Wind, wherein he is promised half his father's kingdom, he returns home, and on his way meets the beautiful Minnehaha. Arriving home, he fasts in the forest for the good of his people and as a reward maize corn is given as a food to his people.

Hiawatha's character is shown in his choice of friends: Chibeabos the sweet musician and Kwasind the strong man. With the aid of his followers he braves all dangers and succeeds in restoring peace, only to find that Minnehaha has died of starvation while he was seeking corn for her in the forests.

The last picture we have of Hiawatha is his departure on the entry of the white man. He sails away on the great river, in his light canoe, with his hands extended, a precursor of Father Marquette.

In this poem we feel the freedom of mastery, a lyrical and romantic strain of human sentiment. It is evident that the author wrote it for the pure joy of writing. The epic itself was suggested from the Finnish epic *Kalevala*. It is very rhythmical, having a lilting sound peculiarly fitting to the Indian names.

The *Song of Hiawatha* is a true epic of a country at its heroic age and Hiawatha will ever remain among the Indians, at least, their immortal hero. The narrative itself is not original, but is a collection of legends, yet the poem is original and Longfellow's own work, despite the vehement charges of plagiarism on the part of his temporaries.

## JACK FROST.

HELEN COSGROVE, '23

WITH skillful brush the painter works,  
His hand is deft and sure,  
But ever out of sight he lurks  
From human eyes secure.

A-down some path he slyly steals  
When summer's sun is low,  
The morning light his work reveals,  
Full many sun's aglow.

With crimson flames, each tree  
In autumn glory dressed,  
The dancing leaves sets free,  
To current winds carried.

With silent art his brushes pass  
Across the quiet earth;  
In matchless figures on the glass  
He gives his visions birth.

He signs his name on mystic scroll,  
Which mortal men have lost,  
The name is known from pole to pole—  
The artist is—Jack Frost.

### DOROTHY.

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BERENICE FITES, '23

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WITH eyes of deepest, darkest brown,  
And golden curls to form a crown,  
Is Dorothy.

Just half-past five this little tot,  
So small we often call her Dot,  
Is Dorothy.

With cheeks so rosy, soft and fair,  
And nose up-lifted, (would I dare?)  
Is Dorothy.

She's good, though often bad, 'tis odd;  
My little sister, "Gift of God,"  
Is Dorothy.

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### THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES.

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MARY LOUISE LENNON, '20

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O LITTLE, starry, flying Flake  
' So light and pretty in the air;  
Just fresh from Heaven, pure and white,  
Like baby souls that come from there.

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### HOW I SCARE MA.

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GERTRUDE SMITH, '23

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I'M awfully fond of Hallowe'en,  
Because it's heaps and heaps of fun;  
I have a jack o' lantern face  
That makes most every body run.

She gets so fearful white and scared,  
Until she hears me say to her,  
"Why, Ma it's only me," and then,  
She says, "Good evening, Kind Sir."

I wait until it's dreadful dark,  
And then I light the spooky face;  
I hold it to the window pane,  
And scare my Ma right off the place.

And then, I laugh and laugh and laugh  
And so does Ma, she says to me,  
"But you just wait, my Billy Boy,  
I'll even get, next year, you'll see."

But next year Ma forgets again,  
And so I scare her every time;  
It always is the greatest fun  
For me to scare that Ma of mine.

## LEST WE FORGET.

CECELIA WOLTER, '21

HAVE you a soldier friend whose longing eyes  
Must always view the world from out his door?  
Just smile on him as you go hurrying past,  
Lest we forget now that the strife is o'er.

Have you a soldier friend for whom the day  
Will bring the blessing of the light no more?  
Now stop a moment for a friendly word,  
Lest we forget now that the strife is o'er.

Have you a soldier friend, fallen upon  
The field of war, for whom your heart is sore?  
Oh, breathe a prayer that his soul may be safe,  
Lest we forget, now that the strife is o'er.

## A FAIRY EXPERIENCE

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22

AS a ray of sunshine little Nell had come into the world, and in her little world she was invariably known as, "our fairy child". The great waves, as they rolled and foamed out toward the blue deep held many of her childish secrets. Often, after tiring of clambering over rocks or playing hide and seek among the weather beaten caves, little Nell would sit beside the water and in her baby prattle talk to the waves. She was certain that they were her messengers to the fairy folk who live way down in their coral palaces. No wonder, then, that Nell grew to love the sea, the home of her fairy friends.

As Nell grew older her faith in fairies did not diminish, but, she was finding it increasingly difficult to make others believe as she did. Among these, the most obstinate was her unbelieving friend, Billy. Billy was eight, and in his own estimation "very much a man". He had an utter disregard for girlish fancies, and "fairies" was a word he never used but in derision. Nell's propensity to talk to him of fairies was a mystery quite beyond his masculine comprehension.

One day the two children were sitting upon the sand gazing listlessly at the great waves. The sea was rough and seemed to play at war. The boy was watching the waters dash against a distant light house, but Nell was pointing a lazy finger at two graceful sea gulls beating a hasty retreat to the shore.

"Billy," she remarked, "look, way off, see those beautiful birds! Do you suppose—if they talk—they would ask us for a ride. I'm sure they would take us to the fairies. Grandma said that the birds learnt how to sing from the fairies."

Billy heard; but did not even deign to answer. "Do look," said the girl, plucking at his sleeve impatiently.

The boy turned his face toward the sky and with a nonchalant attitude and superior smile, said, "Nellie, if those sea gulls ask you for a ride on their backs I'll believe every word you ever said about fairies. Uncle Ted said I should never believe anything I couldn't see. If you show me the fairies, I'll give you a ride in Uncle Ted's new launch and this new pocket knife besides." He pulled out his knife and examined its shining blades, though he had gone through that process four times during the last hour.

Nell sighed and shrugged her shoulders. She was aware of the hopelessness of arguing with the stronger sex. She turned her gaze back to the birds. They were sailing swiftly on the wind toward the shore, and as the girl looked, her blue eyes opened wide, because they were coming directly toward her. Their wings shone like gold and their voices resembled the far away tinkling of bells. Billy, too, being an observant youngster, sat up and took notice, and he couldn't even believe his eyes. Before the children could catch their breaths to voice their astonishment, the birds were resting upon the water before them, like two tiny ships at anchor. The smaller of the two extended its beak toward Nell, but the girl, half frightened, did not see the piece of paper partly



hidden within its bill. Billy, however, having recovered some of his former stability, whispered,

"Take the paper, Nellie, there is something written on it". The girl did so, and together they read: "Dear little sister; Climb upon the bird's back, and it will take you where you have wanted to go, from Elsie, the princess of fairy-land."

"What shall I do? I'm all excited, and afraid, too," asked Nell. "But I do want to go".

"That's all right," said the boy, "I'll go with you," gallantly. Billy was somewhat hurt because he had not been included in the invitation, and he thought his chivalry would be a fine excuse for his curiosity.

So the children climbed upon the backs of the birds. Nellie was feeling elated. "To think that at last I'm going," she whispered. They were hardly seated comfortably on their feathery seat, when the gulls soared away. Far into the blue sky, among the misty clouds, they rose, singing continually. Nell had no time to talk. She was occupied in watching the billows far below her, but her heart was singing within her. After an hour the birds swept suddenly downward and to Billy's great glee descended under the water. Nellie felt like screaming and put her hand upon her heart to stop its insistent beating. She must keep her courage before Billy. But why fear? A wonderful magician, whose power far excelled Prospero's, was guiding their ships safely, and not a drop of water touched them.

The din about them was terrible and Billy was exercising his vocal organs to the limit, trying to make Nell hear his numerous questions.

"Look at that whale, Nellie, ooh! it's coming." Nellie shuddered and closed her eyes. All the fish, and the strange noises did not seem like fairy-land to her. When she again ventured to open them, all was quiet and the music, as from a thousand harps, touched her ears. They were in a wonderful palace all coral, with jewels of every description. Great ruby lamps hung from the walls and their brilliance dazzled her eyes. For once in his life, Billy kept perfectly quiet. But lo! at one of the doors an ugly monster suddenly appeared. His eyes spit fire, and his mien reminded Nell of a picture she had once seen of a Barbary pirate. He flourished a sword above his head, and with one stroke killed the bird Nell was riding. Nellie forgot where she was, but Billy, equal to the emergency (he was a member

of the Boys' Firemen Club, Ready Day and Night) took his pocket knife and plunged the blade deep into the monster's heart. Then after quieting Nellie, who thanked him for his bravery, he helped her to a seat on the back of the remaining bird, and off they sped. Finally they reached the inner court where the princess dwelt. Now Nellie had her first glimpse of real true fairies. They were creatures far excelling the finely wrought pictures of her imagination. Nellie and Billy sat close together and were greatly delighted at the graceful obeisances the tiny folks made. The two children bowed in return, but with some difficulty, as they were clumsy and new to fairy laws of ceremony.

At the center of the inner court there was a fountain around which the princess and her attendants were playing. As the bird approached, the princess ran forward and greeted Nellie with a true fairy kiss. Then she began to ply the girl with questions of the earth and the children of the world. Nellie forgot to recite her carefully prepared speech, when she saw that Elsie was not very much different from the girls she knew. But the princess was very beautiful, and gentle, and Nell was captivated at once. Nell told her of her adventures on the way, and not until then did she remember Billy. That individual however, had slipped quietly away and was busy explaining to the nobles of fairy-land the rudiments of the American game of baseball. Nellie called him, and introduced him to the princess. She was delighted to meet him, and gave him a jewelled sword for killing the evil magician.

Nell and Billy remained in fairy-land three weeks according to fairy-time. At the end of that time, Billy ventured to ask one of the courtiers a question that had long been on his mind. It was. "What time do we eat?"

"Eat! Why, we do not eat here. We just live and enjoy ourselves."

Billy thought it was time to leave and immediately communicated his newly acquired information to Nell. She agreed heartily, and added,

"I'm nearly starved myself."

So they bade their fairy friends reluctant and sad farewell. When they arrived home they found that they had only been away three hours.

"Billy," said Nell, smiling, "Will you give me the ride you promised now?"

"After lunch," said Billy.

## SOUTHWARD.

MILDRED KAVANAUGH, '23

THE Autumn leaves are falling,  
We dare not bid them stay,  
For northern winds are blowing,  
And birds fly south today.

The rustling yellow harvest  
Is snugly stored away,  
The orchard boughs are bending,  
And birds fly south today.

Above the sky is sullen,  
The sodden world is gray,  
The air is filled with murmurs  
For birds fly south today.

'Tis Winter we are greeting,  
Advancing on his way,  
For Autumn's swiftly going,  
And birds fly south today.

## "THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL"

A NOVEL OF BLINDNESS

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21

TRULY we do well to pity the blind, theirs is an affliction and a consciousness of deprivation well worthy sympathy; but infinitely more unfortunate are those who, being blind, fancy they see with unusual keenness. They are dwellers in a moral darkness from which they of themselves exclude every ray of light with a solid wall of pride and self-complacency. Such walls are not always impassible, they may be levelled by the impact of a single telling blow, or else by the very persistency of repeated light assaults. Again, all too often, they may be impervious to every enlightening gleam. In such plight was Sir Austin Feverel,—a man who would take Providence out of God's hands, who fancied he could regulate life by a System, and sum up human nature in an aphorism. He persistently turned his eyes inward and convinced himself that he penetrated to the very elements of life with his searching gaze when he but looked upon the work of his imagination. He was a sufferer from an ingrown intellect. "Mad self-deceit" said Lady Blandish, and the phrase is apt, for nothing else could account for his being able to consider the "little, married old soul and wounded of body, and the sweet Lady," raving in her de-

lirium,—all the result of his "System", and yet be totally unaware of his folly.

Sir Austin Feverel, who, to my mind is the most important and interesting figure in the novel although it is ostensibly concerned with the ordeal of his son, is a character in whose creation Meredith has amply justified his claim to the title of "Intellectualist." Sir Austin is presented neither with the bold pen-and-ink strokes of the realist, nor with the warm colors and graceful contours of the idealist; he is "etched" with tools whose very sharpness gains by the concealing delicacy with which they are handled. And he is etched against a background of equally fine workmanship, and set among characters of equal complexity and sharpness of outline with himself. Moreover, it is in contrast with his companion men and women that his predominating trait is brought out in its entirety by the contrast of its presence in varying degrees in those about him.

Of Meredith's characters it has been said that they are "etherialized specimens of humanity set and kept in motion by their creator", and again, that he plays a game of "literary chess" with them. Happy phrases both. Yet Meredith's "creatorship" is not over obvious, it does not intrude itself upon the reader as he reads, but shows itself in the retrospect. So it is not until the book has been set aside that it is seen as essentially a novel of blindness, of men and women who, having eyes, see not.

It is well in accordance with Meredith's methods that some of the most pertinent of his comments are woven into the work in a casual manner,—introduced "on the side" as it were. So the very climax of Sir Austin's blindness is to be found in a sentence of less than a dozen words.

Sir Austin's mind was unconscious of not having spoken devoutly,—a terrible arraignment of a self-deceiver, yet the writer has not raised his voice to utter it, and by this very lack of ostentation it is the more potent. Sir Austin had become the victim of his own self-deception, he was no longer conscious that he was pulling the mists over his own eyes, and yet he was a man with a fine mind, a man of more than ordinary powers. But it was this very strength that caused his failure,—pride was at the bottom of his folly and this pride was grounded upon real intellectual superiority. Not his mad attempt to "play Providence" to his son; foolish and vain as it was, it was not to be wondered at since man's pigmy

stature has never deterred him from attempting to rival, if not to excel the Creator; but in his refusal to accept defeat, to admit any possibility of failure in himself, or to confess any fault as his, lay his folly. Often as his System was shattered by human nature's refusal to be reduced to a formula, just so often did he survey the fragments and declare that this was exactly the end he had been working for. And even in the tragedy of the final scene we can heartily echo Lady Blandish's prayer that the child be saved from him. A blind man who refuses to acknowledge his blindness and persists in walking unguided along a precipice is bad enough but when he insists in leading with him a helpless child,—need we say more?

And what of Richard? Blind too, due in large measure to the system of which he was the victim. A terrible blindness whose culmination is displayed in one horribly vivid chapter, "The Enchantress", a piece of work whose masterliness lies in the fact that it repels more strongly than it attracts. Meredith is emphatically not a sentimentalist, never does he portray passion for its own sake. Almost too cold at times, he gains by this restraint a reserve of strength that alone can account for the potency of such chapters as the one just mentioned and the last chapter of the book. And it is in this last chapter, characteristically enough put in the form of a letter, that Richard sees. Whatever else may have come of his ordeal, he at least becomes aware of his blindness in the very moment of his release from its darkness. In the last paragraph of a letter whose every sentence is fraught with tragedy, Lady Blandish says:

"Have you ever noticed the expression in the eyes of blind men?" That is just how Richard looks, as he lies there silent in his bed striving to image her on his brain. And as lack of bodily vision is often accompanied by the most keen inner sight, so Richard had probably never been less interiorly blind than in this striving.

As for the other characters, few of them escape entirely the affliction of Sir Austin and his son. Lady Blandish frankly confesses her fault, "I did my share in helping to destroy her", she says with admirable womanliness. And Adrian, he is morally cross-eyed rather than morally blind; if indeed so "porcine" a creature has any moral attributes at all.

So much gloom is oppressive, but fortunately here is an unusually healthy sunbeam,—Mrs. Berry—no blindness here. She stands, hands on hips, and not only looks at life and sees it as it really is, but puts what she sees into words, which, while they are obviously not of the literary excellence of the polished aphorisms uttered by the author of "The Pilgrim's Script", still have an advantage over that gentleman's efforts. For Mrs. Berry sees a spade and calls it such, and even bad grammar can not change the fact that this is better than looking at a spade and describing it as a diamond, however gracefully this literary "alchemy" is accomplished. Alas, a spade will be a spade no matter how many "Sir Austins" train their mental visual organs to see it in a variety of more pleasing shapes. So God bless "the Berry";—true, she is an uncultivated fruit, but none the less luscious—so again, God bless her.

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#### SIGNAL STARS.

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MARGUERITE CLINE, '21

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I GAZED into the vaulted sky,  
As stars came shyly peeping out,  
New stars I saw against the blue  
And seeing, lost all fear and doubt.

Their radiance like a message came  
And twinkling fired anew my heart,  
And o'er the sorrow hidden there  
A healing balm seemed to impart.

For when the soldier souls went out,  
And God saw us in sorrow deep  
He lit new stars close to the earth,  
O'er us their loving watch to keep.

And there we see them, near, though far,  
A banner that can never drag,  
Gold on the blue, one for each lad—  
They form our Father's service flag.

## SNOWFLAKES.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22

WELCOME little white messenger from above,  
 Alighting on tiptoe,  
 To greet us;  
 Diamonds, adorning hill side and treetop,  
 Or whirling and twirling,  
 To meet us.

But pray, whose touch made your garments  
 pure white,  
 Whose hand led you gently,  
 Caressing?  
 Who dropped you, all silent, brilliant and white,  
 Then left you among us  
 A blessing?

## A PAN OF SUDS

VERONICA MCCABE, '22

AN invocation of the muse of the warmest  
 clime escaped the lips of John Briggs, once  
 thin and thirty. A shower of warm suds  
 had suddenly descended upon his Panama, Palm  
 Beach, and shining Patent Leathers, as he was  
 trying to save time by passing through an alley  
 back of some apartment houses.

Never had warm water had a more heating effect.  
 His already ruddy face gleamed fiery red,  
 as puffing and panting, he turned to mount the  
 narrow back stairs.

"Be it man or woman, I'll give that person a  
 piece of my mind," growled the perspiring  
 Briggs. Violent raps on the doors which opened  
 on the second floor brought no answer from below,  
 but started a succession of lusty yells on the  
 floor above. As John's head appeared above the  
 third floor landing, his ears were greeted by calls  
 for "Tony," which calls were coming from a  
 stout dark-haired Italian woman, who stood beside  
 a cradle containing two young Italians, whose lung  
 powers were indeed remarkable.

"Tony, Tony, coma queeck! A biga man comamaybe  
 to steala leetle Guisippe and Giovanni!" John  
 Briggs did not state the cause of his errand or even rap  
 at the other door which opened on the porch, but  
 continued his journey upwards, for he had heard the  
 heavy footsteps of "Tony" and had caught a glimpse  
 of eyes flashing in anger.

"Don't think I want to argue with that man,"  
 gasped Briggs to himself. "Suppose I'll catch the  
 guilty party on this floor. I'll make him buy me a new  
 suit or I'll show him that I can fight. It must have  
 been a man, for surely a woman

would not deliberately try to drown me." "Ah!"  
 he exclaimed. "There's the man, at last" He had  
 noticed a small black-haired man bending over  
 some work on a table. "Come out and fight like a  
 man," shouted Briggs. "I know that you tried to  
 drown me with that pan of suds."

"But, Monsieur, Monsieur," expostulated the  
 little man, "Calm yourself! What it is, you mean?  
 I—"

"My roomer wants you should come over here,  
 but for why I don't know," broke in a voice from  
 the other side of the porch. Briggs, looking up  
 in surprise, beheld a woman whose features were  
 so pleasing that his wrath subsided a little. Wheeling  
 about, he came to her door and was at once ushered  
 into a spotless kitchen, as a voice remarked "I am  
 so sorry my poor man, that I threw the pan of suds  
 on you, but I have lived here such a short time that  
 I did not know where to empty it, nor did I see you  
 in the alley below."

"Jane," exclaimed Briggs, "Can it be possible  
 that I am really speaking to you again. I was  
 thinking of you this afternoon—thinking how  
 happy we could be, if your father had been willing  
 that we should be,—. I was wondering why I had  
 received no answers to my letters and why the last  
 ones were returned to me unopened."

"But John," replied Jane, "You should have  
 known that my father would not have permitted  
 me to receive them. Since his death I have been  
 rooming in various parts of the city hoping that  
 some day I might meet you again."

"You did—with a pan of suds" chuckled John,  
 as someone closed the door behind them.



MOTHER.

KATHARINE DOLAN, '21.

I STOOP to kiss you on the cheek,  
And people say you are so small;  
But, Honey Dear, you are to me  
My own, my sweet, my very all.

Your wisdom seems beyond all bounds  
For when I do uncalled for acts,  
You understand and know just how,  
The circumstances were, and facts.

J. FROST, PRES.

N. WIND, TRAVELING SALESMAN

## ICE AND SNOW, Inc.

North Pole, 5° Fahrenheit, 1920

MR. MERCURY,

Notre Dame, Indiana,

*Dear Old Merc:*

This morning Mr. Frost dictated a couple of sheets of ice to you, containing the winter programme of the main office. But his letter was too brief to coincide with the tendencies of my roving disposition, so rather than send it, I shall breeze into your ear a little of the gossip of the old berg.

The other day I was lounging on a cake of ice dreaming of the past, and my mind stumbled upon the memories of the winter of nineteen eighteen. Do you recall how I chuckled in and out to see you, and you shivered down and down? How Miss Snow did cavort and spread her skirts, and how resplendent old Jack was! Ah, Merc, those were the good cold days!

But I must to the present, and tell you some of the cold-hearted deeds we are planning to do to the girls this year. Of course, we realize that since the students have affected ear-protectors and woolen hose our task is rendered a trifle more difficult, but you know yourself that opposition only lends zest to the game.

Not long ago Mr. Frost called me into his private refrigerator, and stroking his hoary hair,

told me that he was planning to visit St. Mary's early and was intending to spend some time on the campus. He has always liked to watch the girls shiver on their morning walks, so they may as well prepare for him. Tell them also that they will find civility the best policy, for no matter how coolly he is received, he cannot be frozen out.

Last Tuesday I had an ice with Miss Snow in the Polar Confectionery. She was wearing a wonderful creation of fluffy snow, and her jewels—hail-stones, you know—looked stunning. Her hat was trimmed with an icicle put on at a forty-five degree angle, she told me she had copied from a hat at St. Mary's.

I was walking down Freezin Boulevard yesterday, and met old man Ice at the corner of Blowemover Street. He told me he's working diligently at his setting-up exercises so as to be strong enough to hold up the fair skaters this season.

As for myself, I hope to chuckle around your region a good bit, so I shall see you often. And I am indeed ready for a visit, for I have found this to be true: That when I am afflicted with the disease of self-pity, a visit to St. Mary's is a sure cure. For no matter how hard I may be considering my lot in life, I can never retain the mood when I see the task of the good sisters in controlling the tempest turned loose in Collegiate Hall every recreation hour.

So, all in all, there's a pretty good time planned, don't you think? Prepare to visit Zero often, Mercury. And get into harness with our mutual friend, Temperature. Speak a good word for us to the girls, and tell them we will not encroach upon the domain of Steam Heat, our rival, if only the lassies will come to the north door every morning to meet us. For you, old man, I have a word or two: Remember that no matter how far down you go, you must keep your spirits up; and no force—not even that of "Ice and Snow, Incorporated"—can keep a good man down forever.

Yours in the Brotherhood of the Winty Gales,

Your old pal,

WINDY.

## TRANSFORMATION.

E. W.

THE trees have cast a mantle of gold  
Upon earth, brown with umber mould,  
A flimsy gossamer and sheer  
Floats in the air,—for Autumn's here.

Wild birds flock and fly away  
Past purpled hills and hills of gray;  
White flakes dance in the even clear,  
Autumn has sped and winter's here.

## CONTES DEVOTS.

M. M.

ALMOST all of the imitative literature of England after 497 A. D., was of a religious character. With St. Augustine came the culture of the most refining influence of the times, the Roman Catholic Church. Its ethical, aesthetic, and religious literature and ideals permeated deep into the hearts of the Anglo-Saxons, were imitated and, later, enlarged upon. The lives of the Church's saints were learned and were told from person to person. With the religious narrative, then, the art of story-telling in English literature was begun.

At first, these stories were very crude but when they came into the hands of the French they received a certain literary grace, and the French name *Contes Devots*, by which name they are now called. Canby says, that in the religious literature priests and monks brought north from Rome, is to be found the first English short-story.

We find, however, that these religious narratives are Greek in origin. "*Vitae Patrum*," translated into Latin about the year 401 A. D., and "The Dialogues of Gregory the Great" were the two principal sources of these *Contes Devots*. Soon, stories of English and Irish holy men were circulated and added to this already enlarged store of translations from the Latin and the French. Bede's "*Ecclesiastical History*" (eighth century), and Aelfric's "*Sermones Catholicæ*" (991). "*Blickling Homilies*," and "*Passiones Sanctorum*," abound in religious narratives of the short-story type, and before the twelfth or thirteenth century we find no change in the *Contes Devots*. But in the latter part of the thirteenth century, we notice a development in the *Contes Devots*. They seem to have taken on some of the grace of the contemporary literature across the Channel, the style is better, the plot decidedly more interesting, and there is the same sincerity of belief and steadfastness of purpose which characterized the earlier forms. About this time appeared the "*South English Legendary*," a collection of short stories resembling the *fabliau*. These stories were freer and contained more details than those written heretofore. But it is in the South East Midland district where the people came under foreign influences that we find the *Contes Devots* in their highest development. Roberd, a monk, wrote "*Handlyng Synne*," a work of much color, life, vividness, and character-study when compared with previous *Contes Devots*. And in the last fifty years of the *Contes Devots* we notice a gradual effort toward the realization of these qualities in the story, and an attempt not only to instruct but also to please the reader.

## LATE IN THE FALL.

RUTH HEALY, '21.

IN the fields the dry stalks rattle,  
Drifting snow will soon be here,  
And the cold winds toss the branches,  
For old Winter's drawing near.

Soon will sound the mournful death knell  
Of the lonely turkey-bird,  
Then 'mid mistletoe and holly  
Christmas greetings will be heard.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PUPILS OF

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NOVEMBER, 1920

### COMING HOME.

Coming home! How it quickens the heart, this little phrase, for it connotes the deepest joy that man may know. Coming home! Whether it be the student from school, the laborer from his toil, the sailor from the stormy sea, the soldier from the battlefield, the prodigal from his wanderings;—all have known the happiness of coming home. When the world is too busy, or too scornful to care for us, we may always come home. Yet coming home is not cheapened because it is always in our power. When the world has hurt us, broken our spirit, played with our hopes and trustful dreams, we may come home to sob out our story on the breast of some dear one, our very own, who will care and understand. Truly, the sweetest of life's gifts is that of coming home.

But what of death—does it not offer an even sweeter coming home? When the school of life is ended, when toil shall be our portion no longer, when every danger is past, when sin shall no more have power to lure us, we shall come home, never again to say farewell. This is the gift of death. What though we must first bathe from our souls the dust of our travels with penitential tears; what though we must first pour into our scars—those signs of our weakness in the battle with our three life-long enemies—the healing balm of grace that is bought with prayer,—we shall see with the eyes of living hope the home lights of Heaven shining through the darkness. How we shall long to run through the Paradisal ways that lead to our Father's feet, and to hear Him bid us Welcome Home!

Do we think enough of those who now are

longing and waiting for this glorious home-coming? Let us, during this month of November, make it possible by our prayers for every one of them to leave the dark realm, that is dark with the shadow of unrequited Divine justice, that is watered with tears, and is swept with the wind of sighs, and to know in fullest measure the joy of coming home.

### ENVELOPES.

All colors of them—pink ones, blue ones, green ones, and thousands of white ones—bear the smeary ink of a post mark, and show days of undisturbed solitude in the forgotten recesses of a man's pocket. What a multitude of joys and woes these bits of paper have enclosed; and their record shall not change until every milliner's bill is paid, every love has won or lost, and every college man ceases to need money on the sixth of every month. In fact, envelopes are like women's dresses. Some are slightly bulged by an uncomfortable habitant closely quartered. Others are pitifully dismembered by the sudden emaciation which renders the front and back affectionately adhesive. Yet, they are all expressive of attendant circumstance. Just as an envelope dictates the folding of a letter, so the envelope of circumstances guarantees certain traits of personality. For, no one is isolated from circumstances, and no one can overlook them. They become, for some, the envelope of appearances; and, to others, the expression of one's self. What one seems to be, what one says, reads, wears, and where one lives, make up an envelope of appurtenances; and the appertinent should be highly respectable for, always, they are expressive. If one does not like his circumstances, the envelope of his appearance, he has a despotic but warranted alternative. He can make circumstances, opportunities.

### LIFE AND BUSINESS.

Life has been likened to a business; it requires the most minute attention to details as does a growing business. The same indefatigable energy must be concentrated on life as is concentrated on business. The usual business fluctuates, and life is not one regular routine; it is brimming over with the unexpected. A man goes at life much as he does at business. His busi-

ness greatly influences his habits of life.

There is, however, one great difference: if a man is to make a success of business he must learn to remember, but if he is to make a success of life he must learn to forget.

#### REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.

Of course no one would ever doubt the ability of a mirror to reflect. That is its primary attribute. But to give a touch of authenticity to this discourse I shall begin by relating a few intimate facts. I am a long French mirror, mounted in a gilded and enameled swinging frame. My location is one of great prominence and anyone who has ever entered a certain exclusive millinery shop on Fifth avenue could not help but notice my shining surface just inside the door.

Owing to my convenient situation my reflecting powers are constantly in use. If man had not the ability of speech, his fellowmen would only know his thoughts by the expression on his face. I wonder if my thoughts are reflected on my face. Then strange, indeed, must have been my expression yesterday morning when the great hinged doors were opened to admit Elsie Dowillet,—a startling figure in bright and gaudy red. The effect was so dazzling that I needed every reflecting and refracting atom in my possession to depict her. Still within my view she selected an abominably patterned hat which was placed precariously over one eye. I trembled—I vibrated visibly in my heavy frame, and I ardently longed for a dark veil to drape in front of my face, and so exclude the picture.

#### POETRY REVIEW

KATHLEEN BARR, '23.

The poems of this season of the year, autumn, seem to be of a religious nature, perhaps because the very nature of the season is conducive to higher thought.

"A Hurdle of Christ" by J. Corson Miller is a short poem in a simple style, yet containing a beautiful thought.

"Her childhood years were gay and bright," it tells us, and to her heart a light burned and continued to burn through maidenhood as she grew in virtue and beauty. "The Angels were

about her head a mystic birdal ring" and said "she wears a veil of innocence to greet her king."

"Womanhood was not for her," the Bridegroom came for her and took her to her true home to be forever happy with Him.

Another poem appearing in the October number of the *Catholic World* is "A Prayer" by Lucy Gertrude Clarkin. It contains that which should be the prayer of all. She says, "Let my dark hours be dark for me alone," and my happy hours touch others. She further asks God to turn every hurt and pain into "white blossoms of tenderness" for Him and concludes by asking Him to be patient if she fails.

Especially beautiful is "The Blind Man" by Martin T. O'Connell, also in the *Catholic World*. What we know as the rose, the sun, the moon and stars, love, joy and beauty are to him only objects of touch and feeling. "And God—flaming light in the dark!" He cannot see God in nature, consequently his realization of God's infinite power and majesty is lessened to some extent.

"The Harvest," by Mary Brent Whiteside in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for October, pictures our Lord in the carpenter-shop at Nazareth.

"Although the time was scarcely spring,  
And fields were newly plowed,  
They talked about the harvesting,"

the salvation of souls. Mary, His mother, spoke of the oxen who would bear His burden (His apostles and disciples) and of the little ones whom He loved so much and how strong they would grow

"On blessed bread of Nazareth,"

A poem by Edward Shanks, "The Rock Pool," appearing in the *Century* this month, is written to Miss Alice Warrender. A wave lies imprisoned. Her sisters, the waves in the ocean, far away.

"Dancing in lovely liberty recede."

Yet she is lovely in captivity. We see, under the water rocks and shells, small quiet fish and dimly glowing bells of sea anemones.

\* \* \* \*

FRANCES KENNEDY, '22

Often I have wondered where flowers got their names and just why a certain flower had its particular name. No longer need I worry and won-



der about the Marigold, having read the poem, "Flower's Names," in *The Literary Digest* for October 9th. The unknown author gives a beautiful word picture of Mary, as she walks through a garden "on a summer day."

"The flowers stood curtseying  
And bowing in her way."

Except "a little common flower" who "looked boldly up and smiled." The child laughed "to see the smiling flower, and as He laughed the Marigold turned gold in that same hour."

This whole poem is exceptionally beautiful and cleverly written and leaves a pleasing impression on the reader.

Poems of an entirely different nature are found in *The Literary Digest* for October 16th. It has been said that "every dog has his day" and the day for writing poems to dogs seems to be here. "Frenchie," written by Sergeant F. C. McCarthy, is a charming expression of the comradeship of a doughboy and a dog that belonged to one of his friends. Simple, yet full of meaning, are the words used, and as the editor suggests, it is a frank outburst concerning one of the spoils of war.

"The Unfailing One," by Josephine P. Peabody, displays the great confidence and friendship one may give to a dog. The poet has dared to use free-verse, but it is so unconventional and so skillfully written, that the reader's taste for poetry may be satisfied.

The dog poem that pleased me perhaps more than any other is "My Fox-Terrier," by an unknown author. The author was evidently very accurate in observation because he was so concise and clear in his expressions. The first line of each stanza is very forceful and effective, as may be seen from the lines:

"A little demon in defense,"  
"A little universe of love,"  
"A little lump of loyalty,"  
"A little flash of fire and life,"

And finally,

"A little white fox terrier,"

Every word used seems to be a description in itself of a fox terrier.

MARIE POUNDSTONE, '22

In some of the magazines for November there are several poems that are pleasing and interesting. "In November" by C. H. Towne, which appears in *The Pictorial Review* is a very musical little poem. The poem is appropriate for this time of the year. From this poem one can almost hear the whispers that Spring will soon be here.

Arthur Guiterman has a pleasing poem in the same magazine entitled "Shadow Music." The title in itself suggests so many things, and true enough, the poem is musical. The very movement and rhythm seem to express sadness.

"Behind an ivied grating the battered  
spinet stands.

Through all the day awaiting the  
touch of wakening hands."

"And come! celestial player to one who  
lives to pray!

His head and heart are grayer than ere  
you went away."

In *Vanity Fair* there is an expressive little poem entitled "The Pagan Heart." The name of the author is withheld. The rhythm of this poem is good and it is of an historical nature.

"Here, in Egyptian night, you hang  
Above me, Sphinx without a home;  
Whiter than Helen as she sang  
And burned the golden isles of Rome."

In *Good Housekeeping* for November, there is a poem "Thankful Time," by Nancy B. Turner. The rhythm is good and it gives a picture of what we really expect at this season.

"The crimson apples crowd the bin,  
The nuts are bronzed with sweetness,  
The golden pumpkins in the field  
Are rounded to completeness."

In the *Home Journal* there is another poem "When Granma's Makin' Cake," by Dorothy Strobeck. This is a clever little poem with simplicity as the keynote. It is very realistic, giving a vivid picture of a child anxiously waiting to receive the remains of the frosting or batter of the cake. This is a great joy to most children.

"An' when she's through, an' all the rest,  
An' slammed the oven door,  
Then it's the time I love the best,  
That I've been waiting for.

"An' when I'm 'traid she's most forgot,  
An' sit an' wish an' wish,  
She looks at me and smiles a lot  
An' let's me scrape the dish!"

## NOTES

—Special Sermons during the month were: "Striving After the Higher Things," by Rev. J. Gallagher, C. S. C.; "Daily Communion," by Rev. T. Lahey, C. S. C. and "The Sign of the Cross," by Rev W. R. Connor, C. S. C.

—The annual retreat for the students was opened on the evening of Oct. 27, by Rev. John Delaunay, C. S. C., of Washington, D. C. From the beginning earnest zeal marked each successive day of the retreat and unanimous pronouncement gave them as "days of real joy and happiness."

—A series of lectures on Spiritism by J. Godfrey Raupert created great interest and *spirited* argument among the students. Mr. Raupert's explanation clarified many distorted impressions given in the polished utterances of modern advocates of spiritism.

—On October 20 the popular picture "Humoresque" was given in St. Angela's Hall. The beautiful story and splendid character interpretation drew hearty applause from the spectators.

—Among the speakers scheduled for St. Mary's during the campaign were: Ex-governor Samuel Ralston of Indianapolis; Judge Lahey of St. Louis; Judge Riley of Boston, and Mr. Timothy Patrick Galvin of Valparaiso, Ind.

—Dame rumor has it, that several boxes of candy and other wager-debts were collected when the final returns of the election came in.

—Report received from the meeting of Oct. 23 of the St. Mary's Notre Dame Club of Chicago, was: a lecture by Rev. George McCarthy, chaplain at Great Lakes Training Station; the inauguration of the "Mary" Club or Roll; a plan for a Thanksgiving Dance at the Congress Hotel for the Thanksgiving fund. It was decided that the next regular meeting shall be a luncheon with former students of N. D. University as guests. Tickets for the Dance are on sale now. Secure yours.

The women were hostesses at a recent Fancy Dress Party. There were many clever and beautiful costumes. For several days following the "successes of the party" was the chief topic of conversation. Music for the occasion was furnished by the college public orchestra.

—St. Mary's had the pleasure of entertaining Madame Francesca Zavadi, who gave two concerts during her stay with us.

—An interesting reading of John Drinkwater's play "Abraham Lincoln" by Hortense Neilsen on the evening of Oct. 27. Simplicity and a pleasing manner were the characteristics of Miss Neilsen's stage-presence.

Officers of the Sophomore class for the year are: President, Helen Minnahan; Vice-president, Genevieve Ward; Secretary, Patricia Sullivan; Treasurer, Mildred Kavanaugh, and Capt. of Basketball Team, Madeline Fraught. Best wishes for their administration.

—Rev. Frank A. Thill, National President of the Catholic Students' Missionary Society made an earnest appeal to the young ladies at St. Mary's which resulted in the affiliation of the school's missionary activities with the national organization. A committee of five members with Miss Burdine Tobin as chairman, was appointed to draft the constitution and by-laws of the society. Meetings will be called in the Collegiate and the Academic departments and it is expected the mission activities of this year will even excel the splendid work of last year. Rev. Michael Mathis, C. S. C. of Washington, D. C., accompanied Father Thill.

—THE CHIMES will be glad to print reports of the progress of the Appeal as sent in by the several state chairmen. The latest contribution is a generous check sent by Mrs. Catherine Danaher McCabe of Milwaukee. The gift was most gracious because of the tribute to Alma Mater which accompanied it.

—Announcements of marriage received since the last issue of THE CHIMES and in response to which St. Mary's sent well-wishes were: those of Margaret Newning to Mr. Walter B. Mensing, Houston, Texas; Katherine Hanley to Mr. Conrad S. Lahr, Racine, Wis.; and Hazel J. Hawkins to Mr. Milton E. Magel, Litchfield, Mich.

—On Oct. 19 the Martino Company gave an enjoyable musical program of violin, vocal and piano selection at St. Mary's.

Among the death notices that came to Alma Mater from her bereaved children were those of Mrs. Mark Foote, Burlington, Ill, beloved mother of Clara and Nellie Foote (Alumnae); Mr. Casper Dechamps, benefactor and father of Juliet, Edme and Lorette Dechamps, (former students), and Mrs. Grace McCaffery Lynch (Alumna), Yakima, Washington.

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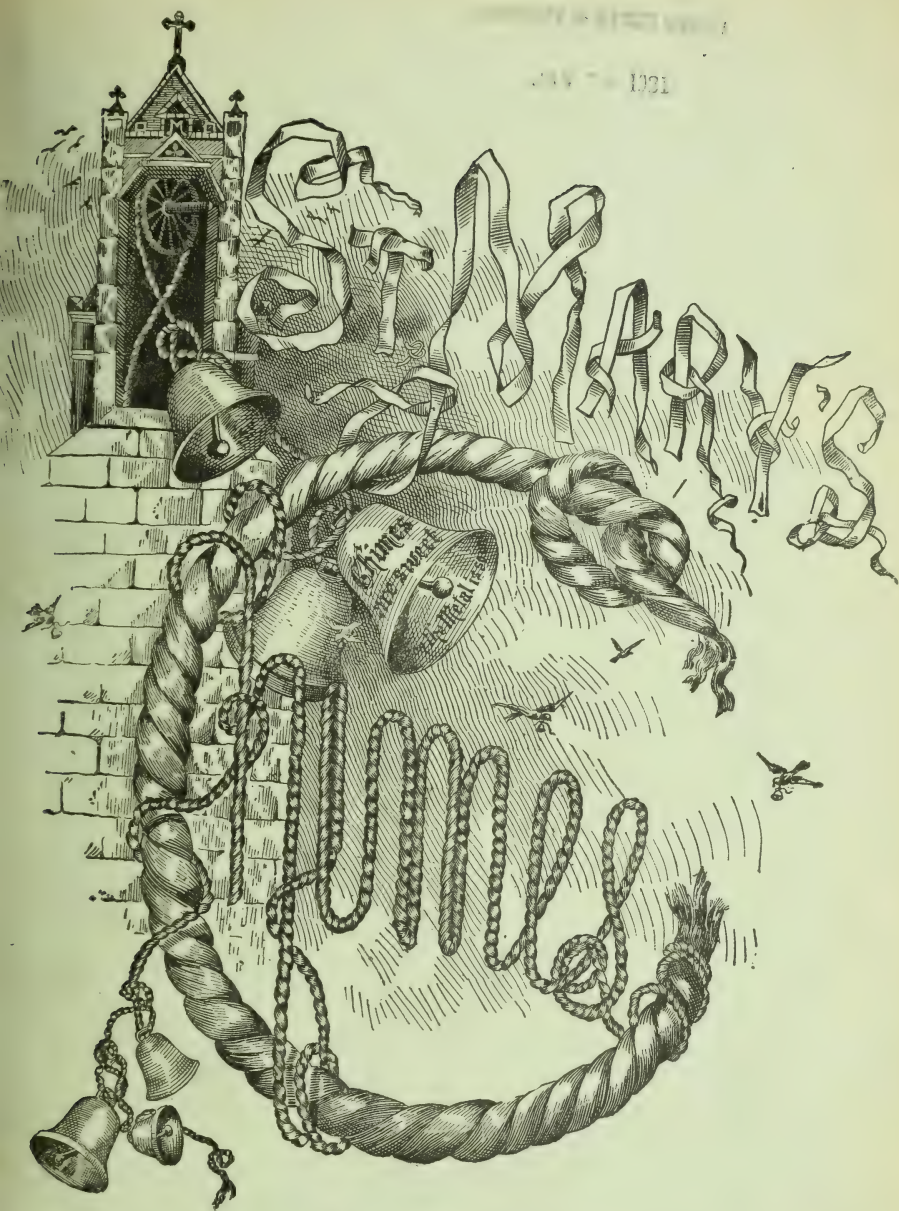
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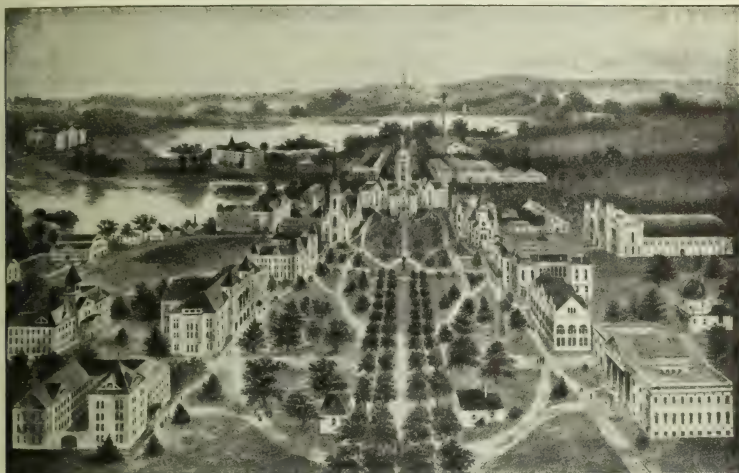
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Venite Adoremus !

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., December, 1920

No. 4

## THE NATIVITY.

CLARA SE LEGUE, '21.

FROM angel-censers high  
The mists of snow-flakes fly,  
And the sentinel-pines loom tall above the hill,  
Grave acolytes, their sigh  
Is the mystical reply  
To priestly voices chanting, never still.

The wind, athwart the moon  
And the pale stars, weaves a tune  
That in dulcet measures bids earth keep a tryst  
Hushing battle-cries, for soon  
Comes a Man to death immune,  
The lowly Man of Peace, the Saviour Christ.

## FOUR MELANCHOLY CELTS.

MARY MARILLA BROWNE, '20.

NO one can read the poetry of the new Celt without agreeing with William Lyon Phelps that, "The jolly, jigging, Irishman of stage history is quite conspicuous by his absence. He still gives his song and dance, and those who prefer musical comedy to orchestral compositions can find him in the numerous anthologies of Anglo-Irish verse; but the tone of modern Irish poetry is spiritual rather than hearty." Because of the spirituality of this poetry and the mysticism and symbolism which are everywhere present, it would indeed be hard to feel that you are of the earth while reading it. The nature of the Celt and his history readily account for the deep spiritual tone and the everpresent melancholy of his poetry.

Douglas Hyde, "An Craoibhin" founder of the Gaelic League and an authority on things Celtic, in *A Literary History of Ireland*, gives us the origin of the Celt, in that the Celt, Teuton, and Hindu are members of the Aryan family. Many hereditary traits have been transmitted to them from the parent stock. The primitive people, the Aryan, were devoted to the cultivation of the soil, and were passionately attached to nature worship, which same attachments occur in their

modern Irish descendants. The dragon theme, as old as the Aryan race, is today found in Irish art and letters, and the Aryan love of nature accounts for the Druid religion which gave place, under the influence of Christianity, to a healthy appreciation of the beautiful things of earth. Something of the Druid magic, with the oak as its sacred tree and the Sun-God as its divinity, still lingers in Celtic hearts; for what Irishman cannot see in a worn plot of grass a fairy ring, or tell of some dark night when the little fellows led him astray in bog or wood?

The Irish nature is essentially a poetic one, although Mr. Phelps says: "Ireland has never contributed a poet of the first class." The common expression for the same idea is that Ireland has never produced a Shakespeare. It is erroneous to think that Shakespeare was a product of English influences alone. He was not, for the English never succeeded in driving all their Celtic kin from England. On the contrary, the conquered amalgamated with their conquerors, and thus it was that Celtic blood became infused. Mr. Henry Morley, an Englishman, says: "The Celts do not form an utterly distinct part of our mixed population. But for the

early, frequent, and various contact with the race that in its half-barbarous days invented Oisín's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterward the Northmen's blood in France, Germanic England would not have produced a Shakespeare." So-called English poetry then is not as English as many would have us believe, for, throughout, it is saturated with the Irish genius and spirit. From the Irish it gets much of its style, most of its melancholy, and practically all of its natural magic.

In Irish literature there is an absence of predominating names, but as Douglas Hyde puts it: "There is a love of literature in the abstract amongst all classes of native Irish." This is shown quite clearly when we consider how the poorest and most ignorant of the Celts were ready and happy, nay even proud to welcome to their hearts any Irish "ollamh." While in contrast to this warm evidence of the Irish appreciation of poetry and the makers of poetry, is the striking case of Edmund Spencer, the greatest bard of the Elizabethan age, who was allowed to perish of hunger on the streets of London. Then there was Thomas Hood, another English poet, who from his very poverty was obliged to "pump out sheets of fun" on a sick-bed for the printer's devil."

Besides the instincts of the people, the history of the country has done much toward developing the Irish into real poets. The constant struggle, which has been going on in Ireland since the ninth century, for the maintenance of her freedom, has kept alive, in the hearts and minds of her children, the real things of life. No nation could hold its head up for a period of six and one-half centuries, against a power which boasted that the war being waged was meant to be a war of extermination, without getting away from the sordid, tangible, material objects of this earth to look beyond to the spiritual realities of the world to come. A people can not witness death bravely met day by day for years and years without getting a glimpse of the things which death cannot destroy. And these are the things which inspire real poetry. Especially has this influence been felt during the last quarter of a century.

Four modern Irish poets illustrate the Irish poetic melancholy: George W. Russell (A. E.), William Butler Yeats, Padriac Colum, and Padriac Pearse. The first two of these men are

considered the chief lyric poets writing in the English tongue, and in the past fifteen years they have done much to create an imaginative literature, "Irish in spirit and national in its very heartbeat." Padriac Colum is a writer of dramatic lyrics who delves deep into the heart of the simple poor, while Padriac Pearse is the poet who was chief among the patriots of Easter week.

George W. Russell (A. E.) is a painter as well as a poet, which doubtless accounts for the wide field of vision and for much of the color in his poetry. He is a mystic singer of the first order, and having drunk deep of the well of Irish folk lore he is imbued with the real spirit of Ireland. Since I have been unable to account definitely for his unusual pseudonym, I am advancing a theory which, if it is not the true one, satisfies my taste for romance. I shall say he took it from the bard Aedh (AE) Mac Aonghasa who, during the reign of Elizabeth, was hanged by her order for the simple reason that he was an Irish maker of songs. A northern poet of about this time, whose patron Aedh Mac Aonghasa was, gives us this lament for him:

"If a Sage of Song should be  
In the wage of Court or King  
Ha! the Gallows Guards the Way  
Ah! since AE from port took wing."

It seems very fitting that the poet who has done so much, in a literary way, to bring Ireland into her own, should continue the work under the title of one who died in the same cause.

A. E. has written some essays but it is for his lyrical poetry that he is principally noted. W. B. Yeats has written concerning it: "The poetry of 'A. E.', at its best, finds its symbols and its stories in the soul itself, and has a more disembodied ecstasy than any poetry of our time." Obviously Mr. Yeats considers George W. Russell a mystic. Mr. Stephen Gwynn says: "In this poet's philosophy the way to the highest beauty is through pain, the loveliness of earth and sky of flowers and mankind, being only the phantoms of illusion. . . . For 'A. E.' the dumb universe is charged with unspeakable properties, rife with voices . . . The conception is essentially Celtic; for the Celt's mind, earth and sea have always been quick with life." Nothing could show more clearly the high conception which Mr. Russell has of a poet's calling than his letter to Rudyard Kipling in which he upbraids him for speaking untruths of the Irish people. He says: "If



there was a high court of poetry, and those in power jealous of the noble name of poet and that none should use it save those who were truly knights of the Holy Ghost, they would hack the golden spurs from your heels and turn you out of the court."

George W. Russell, (A. E.), is first of all then a man, second a poet, and third a painter. His poetry reflects his many sided nature. He is at all times supremely conscious of the things of the spirit, a consciousness which gives to his poetry that abstract atmosphere so essential to the true mystic poet. His poems come from the heart of him and are filled with truth and faith. The word pictures they give us are such as only an artist can paint. Usually they are seen through the blending filter of twilight. Their subdued tones make them all the more elusive and consequently all the more appealing.

While reading the poetry of A. E., we view not only the beauties of this earth but also the beauties of lands apart, such as Dreamland and the Land of Youth. Yet, through it all, we are never allowed to forget self. The human element is always dominant. Over and over we are made to realize that it is for man that lands exist, be they Ireland or the mythical Tirnan Og. And always there is an undercurrent of pantheism. It is the pantheism of the poet, however. In it he allows his fancy to hear: "A laughter in the diamond air, a music in the trembling grass." He is especially true to his Irish instinctive spirit of melancholy in his little poem, "Dana." Dana, the Mater Deorum of Celtic mythology, is indeed a Mater Dolorosa. She speaks in this sad strain:

"I am the tender voice calling 'Away,'

Whispering between the beating of the heart,

And inaccessible in dewy eyes

I dwell, . . . . . I breathe

A deeper pity than all love, myself

Mother of all, but without hands to heal,

I am the heartbrake over fallen things

The sudden gentleness that stays the blow;

And I am in the kiss that warriors give

Pausing in battle, and in the tears that fall

Over the vanquished foe; and in the highest

Among the Daanan gods I am the last

Council of mercy in their hearts, where they

Mete justice from a thousand starry thrones."

The true Irishman always tempers his joy with sadness, and although we generally think of the ready smile of an Irishman, his smile is not more ready than this tears. In his poem,

"Our Thrones Decay," A. E. gives us this thought, a mixture of joy and sadness.

"Such joys the lonely heart may keep,

And love grow rich with love unwe-

Still flows the ancient fount sublime—

But ah! for my heart, shed tears, shed tears!

It turns to dust beneath the years."

In "Inheritance" we find the same combination.

"The old descents of God on earth

Have dowered thee with celestial lore;

So, wise, and filled with sad and gay,

You pass into the further day."

In fact, throughout, the poetry of A. E. is serious and speculative. For this very reason he may be called typically Irish.

Probably the next known among our modern Irish poets is William Butler Yeats. Somebody has said that if Russell may be called the Prospero of Ireland, Yeats may be called the Ariel. The statement is very fitting for certainly there is something of the charm, and the unearthliness of Ariel in the work of this poet dreamer. He seems to dwell in a world created by his own fancy, not made up of the four elements but of some intangible, iridescent, moonlit substance. Fascinating and alluring, is the land of the poet, but because he goes back to Pagan Ireland, to the mythical rites of the ancient Druids and their nature charms for most of his inspirations, we dare not let ourselves wander with him forgetful of truth and of God. A. E. says of this Happy Isle among the shadowy waters: "It is Ildathach, the Many-Colored Land, but not the Land of the Living Heart." Also: "I am too often tempted to wander with Usheen in Tirnanog and to forget my own heart and its more rarely accorded vision of truth."

Perhaps more people know of William Butler Yeats through his poetic dramas than through any of his other work. Who has not heard of his little play "Kathleen ni Hoolihan" in which his native land is personified as Kathleen, or of his "Hour Glass," one of the strongest condemnations ever written against a Godless system of education? For years the people of Ireland were "forbid by law" to write of the wrongs of their beloved land, hence they fell into the way of writing of her under such names as Kathleen ni Hoolihan. This singular form of oppression accounts for much of the figurative way of speaking, and for much of the melancholy in Irish writings. The note of longing for rest and peace

is a note which only the poets of an exiled people know how to sound. The note is sounded plaintively in "The Lamentation of the Old Pen-sioner."

"I had a chair at every hearth,  
When no one turned to see,  
With 'Look at that fellow there  
And who may he be?"  
And therefore do I wander now,  
And the fret lies on me.

The roadside trees keep murmuring—  
And wherefore murmur ye,  
As in the old days long gone by,  
Green oak and poplar tree?  
The well-known faces are all gone,  
And the fret lies on me."

Padriac Colum goes still further into the longings of the simple poor of Ireland for a "home and all that it means." The fact that the poor people could not acquire land or what the land produces, not matter how lowly, has only augmented their desire for ownership. The utter hopelessness of the picture we get from his little poem, "A Rann of Exile," is heart rending. It is not difficult to understand the undercurrent of gloom, rainbow-lit though it is, which runs throughout the Irish temperament, when we consider how many things the Irish have to mourn for. They present the strange picture of being not only exiles in every strange land on the face of the earth, but exiles in their own land. Padriac Colum says that, "Poetry that celebrates 'the common furniture of life' is in all folk verse and folk stories," and that such poetry comes out of certain social conditions—"conditions that permit of but few possessions." According to Thomas MacDonagh the Anglo-Irish poetry is folk in the truest sense, for up to date the Irish people so resented the English language of their enemy that when expressing their true feelings, they did so in Gaelic. This poetry was seldom written but was simply handed down by word of mouth. Then the writers who used the English language were out of tune with the native Irish so that their attitude of mind as well as their poetry was something quite artificial. They wrote for a foreign audience. Their sympathies were not with the people of whom they were writing, a thing which is necessary if a poet is to express the ~~aspiration~~ of that people. At present however, the English language is known throughout Ireland, so that an Irish poet may use it in writing

of and for the people of Ireland. That is what the leaders of the new poetry movement are doing. And because the English language is something new to them, they are not hampered in the use of it by any traditions of race, ideas, or books. This gives to their poetry its charming simplicity, or what has been characterized as the Irish "Naivete."

Perhaps no poem better illustrates this, than does Padriac Colum's poem, "An Old Woman of the Road." In it we get the woman's side of the story of exile which is even more pitiful than the man's as told in, "The Rann of Exile," for to a woman a home is everything. The poet has shown us how very little besides it takes to make a woman happy. The possession may be ever so small and commonplace but, if it is hers, she is content to spend all her days in loving care of it. The "Old Woman" is wishing aloud, and how much feeling is expressed in her first words.

"O, to have a little house!"

Then comes a pathetic enumeration of the lowly treasures with which she would adorn that little house of hers. Most necessary in her dream wishes are a "ticking clock" and "shining delph." She tells how busy she would be all day about her household tasks, and how she "could be quiet there at night." Then comes the pitiful complaint in which she tells us how tired she is of wandering:

"Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,  
And tired I am of bog and road,  
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!"

Then, true to her very Irishness, the last verse is a prayer. She says:

"And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house—a house of my own—  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way."

And we, who are Irish, are eagerly anticipating the day when her prayer may be answered.

Although his father was English, most Irish are the poems of Padriac Henry Pearse, the first president of the Irish Republic, who with the other poets of Easter week was executed May 3, 1916. He has fittingly been called the "dreamer who died for his dream." And the English poet Theodore Maynard in his little poem, "In Memoriam" for Padriac Henry Pearse, shows us how every well he died, for it is no

small thing to stand erect while "ten true rifles" crack. He did that and did it gladly for the land he loved. So although:

"The last of all your silver songs are sung:  
Your fledgling dreams on broken wings are dashed—"  
we say with Maynard:

"He lived with honor all his lovely days,  
And is immortal dead!"

His poetry is pregnant with Irish melancholy. In, "I Have Not Garnered Gold," he says:

"In love I got but grief  
That withered my life."

"The Mother" might well have been a poem inspired by the recent war, so aptly does it depict the feeling of the bereaved mother whose sons were killed in battle. It is even more applicable to the mothers of Ireland however, for every Irish woman knows when she becomes a mother, that she is most liable to suffer the pangs which only a mother can suffer when her son is shot down. The poem ends:

"I am Ireland:  
I am lonelier than the Old Woman of Beare."

In all his poetry we see how very much in sympathy he was with the Irish cause. It is impossible, of course, to say what this soldier poet might have contributed to the literature of his country if he had not been killed when yet a young man. However we feel sure in predicting great things of him, for even his tragic death is a poem.

The new Irish Poetry is doing much for the freedom of Ireland. If, as Padriac Colum says:

"A song is more lasting than the voice of the birds!  
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world!"

then surely the songs of such Irishmen as we have been considering, have had their influence on the shaping of the New Ireland. In fact the very leaders of the movement for the freedom of Ireland have not been men of affairs but rather they have been the Idealists, the Dreamers, and the Poets of the land. It is easy for a people to be patriotic when their country is in trouble, and as Ireland has always been in trouble, to an Irishman his love of country stands only second to his love of God. Parnell calls Ireland the "nation without a flag, but with the lure of God in her eyes." Irish patriotism is an inspiration to poetry such as few nations have.

"For the Great Gaels of Ireland  
Are the men that God made mad;  
For all their wars are merry  
And all their songs are sad."

With the death of Parnell, their great leader, there came a new impulse in literature and poetry. Lady Gregory says: "With the loss of that dominant personality and in the quarrel that followed, came the disbanding of an army, the unloosing of forces, the setting free of the imagination of Ireland." This event marks the beginning of that great literary movement which, by its genius of execution and its sincerity of purpose, is doing much to bring the cause of Ireland vividly before the minds of the peoples of all nations.

In his poem, "I Am Ireland," which is written along the newest of Neo-Celtic lines, Ireland tells her own story. She closes the description of herself with his melancholy verse:

"And though I grudge them not, I weary, weary  
Of the long sorrow—and yet I have my joy;  
My sons were faithful, and they fought."

## HOME.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

**H**EARTH where Yule-logs crackle,  
With lovely showers of sparks,  
And holly decks the window  
The lighted candle marks;

Where bundles full of myst'ry  
Keep coming to the door,  
While we rush down to see them  
And wonder who they're for;

The very air is pungent  
With fir and evergreen,—  
Seems folks just want to stay here  
When the north wind is keen;

A tall tree in the corner,  
With tapers all ashine,  
Oh, there is no place like it,—  
Our Home at Christmas time.

## TO A BABY.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

IN dusky meadows two Star Lambs,  
 'Scaping the shepherdling moon,  
 Gaily meandering,  
 Wilfully wandering,  
 Found the day broken too soon.

In rosy meadows two Star Lambs,  
 Seeing the Dawn's nimble feet  
 Their hiding place reaching,  
 Were, at their beseeching,  
 Throned in your baby-eyes, Sweet!

## MCGUIRES WERE HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

THE tree was finished at last! But to Sarah McGuire's tired eyes the little fir, brave in its carefully arranged tinsel and popcorn with the five small mounds of gifts at its foot made a very poor showing indeed.

With an almost desperately tired sigh she sank into the old splint bottom rocker with its lumpy red cushions and put her weary feet on the fender of the old round oak stove. Relaxation seemed utterly impossible, over and over she counted the presents as she slowly slipped the pins from the heap of graying hair until finally it fell in a mass almost to her waist.

"Let me see, did I get Dick's train off the closet shelf?" mused Sarah. "Oh, yes, there it is beside the shoes." Shoes are such unsatisfactory Christmas presents, but things did cost such startling prices that the three new pairs beneath the tree had put an awful hole in the Christmas money. Would the children be disappointed, she wondered. Dick's train surely was not much compared with the beauties she had seen in the big department stores yesterday. And Honey-girl—would the shade of blue in the new carefully knit cap and sweater be becoming? Sarah had not dared to find out for fear of being detected in her work and now if it shouldn't be! At the thought something seemed to choke her. Little Mary would surely be happy over her daintily dressed dolly with its trunk of clothes made from ~~silks~~ but with real miniature buttons and but ~~trinkets~~.

Even Dick had not cared very well but the ~~money~~ money couldn't be made to stretch over

everything; so the socks and necktie would have to do. Mother cast an eye toward her own heap and smiled to herself as she almost smelled lilac perfume in the box marked "Merry Christmas from Honey-girl," the very kind that Honey-girl had so long craved for herself! There were three other packages, too, one carefully labeled in big proud A letters—"Mother from Mary" which Sarah knew she would like best of all.

The fire burned low but the mother, wrapped in the first mood of discontent she had felt in years, still sat before it thinking—

Why was it her darlings and her big, brave John had to do without so many, many of the things she craved for them when there were hundreds of people riding up and down the streets in which she had spent a long day, who could buy everything their hearts desired,—everything—things they never needed or wanted. Why the prices of one of their trinkets would have given them all the most wonderful Christmas ever and here they were—oh, the gluttons, it was not fair! Sarah McGuire's heart missed a beat when she thought of the meanness of it all.

She slipped lower in her chair, the work-worn hands looking oh, so red and lumpy in the fire-light. Sarah's head nodded a little, but even then the wrinkles of discontent did not smooth out. How tired, how very tired she looked.

Suddenly Sarah McGuire leaned forward in her chair, her face suffused with such a glowing smile as is rarely seen on a human countenance. The old oak stove had become glorified, it was a crib surrounded by a flaming halo. And within it lay a tiny smiling child of wondrous beauty holding out its arms to some one. A mother with deep, softly radiant eyes appeared and taking the baby into her loving arms, turned and said in a voice sweeter than a flute,

"See, He was happy even in a manger, do not envy, if He could be content with this—why not you?"

Lovely music seemed to fill the air, a chorus of angels singing "Alleluia." It seemed to smother Sarah McGuire. Glad tears rolled down her cheeks but were kissed away by baby lips, for little Mary tightly clutching her doll had climbed into her mother's lap and was rapturously kissing her while Dick, Honey-girl and dad all shouted, "Merry Xmas, Mother, you've slept here all night and it's time for five o'clock Mass."



## THE SAILOR TO THE STAR.

MARY F. JONES, '21.

O CHRISTMAS star, shine forth tonight,  
 Resplendent shine, pour out your light  
 To guide the weary sailor home,  
 Now tossed about on ocean's foam.  
 O shine, so wind-blown vessels may,  
 Be safely steered till break of day.  
 O Christmas star, shine forth tonight,  
 Resplendent shine, pour out your light.

## ROBINSON CRUSOE AND THE TRANS-STYGIAN PHILOSOPHERS.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

THE select little group of shades known as the Trans-Stygian Philosophers were holding their annual picnic in the Elysian Fields. So far the day had been a perfect success, the ham sandwiches had been unusually substantial, the lemonade seedless and not a single ant had fallen into the pickle bottle. The picnickers had reached the stage where food was no longer the Main Question and while they dalled with the last of Xanthippe's excellent lemon pie, Thales, president and general business manager of the organization, proceeded to call the customary business meeting to order. After a little heated discussion as to which portion of the Elysian Fields would make the best site for the proposed Golf Links the question was postponed indefinitely and Thales resolved the house into a committee of the whole that they might have an informal discussion on the admittance of a newly arrived shade into their organization.

It seems that while strolling on the banks of the Styx Anaximander had seen an odd looking gentleman disembark from Charon's ferry-boat and enter the Customs House. Drawn by curiosity he had called on the new arrival that evening, taking with him Socrates whose conjugal infelicity led him to take a keen interest in the newcomer as soon as he heard that he had spent twenty-eight years on an island without laying eyes on a woman—much less hearing one talk. Despite the peculiarity of the stranger's wearing apparel which was a strange and wonderful contrivance of the skins of wild animals the callers found their host most agreeable, and on their mentioning the fact that they were philosophers he said that he also claimed that title. Thereupon

the kindly Socrates urged him to apply for membership in the Trans-Stygian Philosophers and promised to use all his influence in his favor. The object of this kind attention, who had given his name as Robinson Crusoe, thanked his friendly caller most profusely and expressed himself as being most anxious for the honor of admittance to any organization which boasted such members as Socrates and Anaximander.

During the following week Socrates, with the assistance of Epicurus, carefully prepared a set of resolutions, and having set them down carefully on parchment he read them to his assembled companions over the remains of the picnic feast. It is truly unfortunate that there is extant no verbatim report of Socrates' resolutions and of the discussion they entailed among the hearers; but the fact is, that Anaxagoras, who had been appointed to act as recording secretary, carelessly left his wax tablets in the sun while he applied himself to the picnic lunch and in consequence found himself without writing material when the time came for recording the business of the meeting. However, I have verbal reports of the affair from both Empedocles and Leucippus, (I had hoped to hear from Plato but it seems that he was distracted at the time by a sudden question which presented itself to him as he viewed the remains of the feast,—whether the doughnut *and* the hole had had previous existence, or only the doughnut.) But to resume, I consider the testimony of the other most trustworthy and will lay the case before you as briefly as possible.

The purpose of the Trans-Stygian Philosophers, Socrates reminded his companions, was to provide such enjoyment and improvement as might arise from an exchange of thought and opinion. Aristotle nodded approvingly at this and Democritus gave utterance to an amused irrelevant chuckle. For several thousand years, Socrates went on, the Elysian Fields had been brightened for him by this social intercourse, and he felt sure that each and every one of his companions would echo his sentiment. The required echo, in the form of an assenting murmur, was immediately forthcoming. But, the burly philosopher ventured to hint, in time,—not then of course, but in the dim future, there might come a time when they would become saturated with each other's opinions and a few thoughts from a new source might be necessary to act as leaven

should their society ever become heavy,—not that such a thing was ever likely to happen, he added hastily, for Thales was looking at him dubiously, wondering no doubt if the word saturate had any reference to his famous water theory. Now who, continued the persuasive orator, could be better fitted to supply this desired element than the lately arrived Robinson Crusoe? True, it was argued, he was but an ignorant man, a common sailor when a chance storm flung him the sole survivor of the whole company of the wrecked ship, upon the shores of an uninhabited island. What did he know of philosophy? But these objections were quickly met by Socrates who argued that although Robinson Crusoe was but an unread man when he began his twenty-eight year sojourn upon the Island of Despair, this was really a point in his favor and one of the factors in making him the original thinker he became. Here was a most excellent test of the capability of the intellect. Crusoe had been given only the raw materials for thinking and his thoughts were his own, uncolored and unaffected by the opinions of others. Never before, perhaps, and never again would there be such a perfect opportunity of testing the introspective faculty of a man, for what philosopher, however ardent, would be willing to absent himself from human society for twenty-eight years? Here Diogenes withdrew a little farther into his tub as if to indicate that he could very well dispense with the company of his fellow men for fifty years if necessary; Socrates, however, was not abashed and, after taking a sip of lemonade to refresh himself, he went on.

Robinson Crusoe not only worked out a clear, logical philosophy of life for himself, but so definite were his ideas that he was able to communicate them to a cannibal so forcibly that he redeemed him completely from savagery. In this last work he had merited the title of teacher, and his work was all the more praise-worthy because it was not done according to any time-worn pedagogical method, but followed out lines laid down by Crusoe himself. As proof of the excellence of Crusoe's reasoning, Socrates gave the example of his speculation as to the origin of the footprint he found on the shore, and his final arrival at the conclusion which he so clearly and completely summed up in the words: "I presently concluded . . . that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the cur-

rents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away to sea; being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have them."

The Trans-Stygian Philosophers, at first sceptical, had become attentive, then convinced. But little more was needed to make them enthusiastic, and this little was supplied when Socrates concluded his speech by quoting from the writings of his candidate "How strange a checkerwork of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as different circumstances present! Today we love what tomorrow we hate; today we seek what tomorrow we shun; today we desire what tomorrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of." When the murmur of approval occasioned by this had died away Socrates quoted again: "Under the dread of mischief impending a man is no more fit for a comforting performance of the duty of praying to God than he is for repentance on a sick bed; for these discomposures affect the mind, as the others do the body, and the discomposure of the mind must necessarily be as great a disability as that of the body, praying to God being properly an act of the mind, not of the body." Pagan as his hearers were, this sentiment won them even more completely and the final victory was achieved by the final quotation: "All the good things of this world are no further good to us than they are for our use . . . all our discontent about what we want appeared to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have."

Robinson Crusoe was immediately voted into the Trans-Stygian Philosophers by a shout which, although quite unparliamentary was satisfactory to all, even to the unsociable Diogenes.

The chance visitor to the Elysian Fields (unless he has read the foregoing) may be considerably surprised and even doubt the accuracy of his eyesight when he sees on the banks of the Styx a group of togaed philosophers accompanied by a strange figure clad in skins, wearing a great cone-shaped hat and carrying a most remarkable umbrella. But there is no need for the spectator to doubt the testimony of his senses—what he sees is only Robinson Crusoe showing Socrates and his companions how to hunt for turtle's eggs while they converse sociably as to the whence, the why, and the whither of all things.

## THE GUEST OF HONOR.

KATHARINE DOLAN, '21.

WE found the longest tree in town,  
For this first Christmas eve,  
And twined the finest garlands round,  
That we, for him, could weave.

And when it is in readiness,  
I'm sure that he will know,  
Although he's only four months old,  
It's 'cause we love him so.

## PARADISE LOST—AND REGAINED.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

SAM BURKETT read the telegram again as he ran back to his barracks, and he forgot about the depression that had shrouded the camp for so many weeks, he forgot that so many boys were dying, he forgot his constant dread of the influenza. He could think only of the words in that telegram, her words; and to make sure that he was not dreaming, he read them again,

"Mother and I arrive at three, Thursday. Meet us. Millie."

It didn't really sound so important, but to him, it meant that the one girl of whom he had thought and dreamed for the past year was coming across the country to see him before he sailed. It meant more than that; for she had once told him that should she ever come to see him she would marry him. It meant that at this time tomorrow, Millie would be Mrs. Samuel Burkett.

It was going to be pretty hard to get permission at such a time to go to town, but Sam was willing to storm every department for that permission, and he felt sure that if the officers knew what a peach Millie was and how much better he could fight Over There because he was sure of Millie back here, they would not refuse him at least a short leave. Perhaps old Colonel Carter did know something of what was running in the boy's mind. After Sam had blurted out a lengthy account of Millie's attributes, the Colonel with a queer little smile wrote a few words on a card, stuck the card in an envelope which he sealed and threw it across the table. As the exultant Sam rushed out of the room, Colonel Carter called after him, "Remember Boy, be

back here at six." Sam did not hear the chuckle that followed this, nor did he give the usual groan which such a command calls forth; for three hours with Millie loomed big to him, and Sam could afford to be grateful for small favors.

The following day many a fellow sighed with relief when Sam the light-hearted and light-headed put the final touches to his preparations. A glance in the little trench mirror assured him that most any girl would approve of his appearance. Sam reached the station at least a half hour before train time and it seemed an eternity before plump pink-checked Millie jumped from the step into his eager arms.

Sam could never tell just what happened in the crowded hour that followed. He only knew that a little band ring slipped on Millie's finger in the presence of a smiling clergyman had made his world a very different world. The thought of that ring had made it easier for him to see Millie and her mother board the train an hour later. The ravages of the influenza made it unsafe for them to stay too long in the town and since Sam would get no further leave of absence before sailing, it was useless for them to wait.

When Sam dropped from the train at the gate of the camp, the snow which had been falling steadily all day had become so blinding that he did not see the colonel waiting there for the outgoing car. But the colonel saw Sam and exclaimed in amazement,

"Why, what does this mean, didn't you find her?"

"Sure thing," said Sam with a hasty salute, "But you know I have to be on duty at six."

"What about that leave I gave you?" growled the old man impatiently.

"Oh, I've got that" said Sam, pulling it from his pocket, "You see I didn't bother about opening it 'cause I knew what was in it." As he spoke, his smile vanished and even in the blinding snow his pallor was evident to the other man. "Colonel" he muttered incoherently, "D-d-did you really m-m-mean three days?"

But the old man was already swinging onto the outgoing car and he did not quite know whether his muttered "You fool" was meant for himself or for the disappointed boy. However, he had little time for such thoughts; for scarcely had the

train reached its first stop, when a messenger rushed aboard with a wire for the colonel.

"Colonel" he said breathlessly, "No. 10, north-bound is caught in the snowdrift and it's got important Christmas mail on it, and the Governor wants you to have some of those fellows from the camp come in and dig her out."

It took the officer a very few minutes to issue his orders over the wires and an hour later Sam's division, busy with shovels was making the snow fly from about the wheels of the north-bound express. Sam and the other boys had no idea what train it was. They were there simply to obey orders. And Sam had no interest in knowing what train it was; for he could think only of one train and that was, he felt sure, now speeding north, and taking with it all his happiness. He was terribly blue when he straightened up from his work to shake the snow from his broadbrimmed hat. As he lifted his eyes, he gasped. There above him, a pink nose was pressed against the frosty glass of the pullman window and a pair of tearful blue eyes eagerly scanned the faces of the soldiers. A moment later, the blue eyes met Sam's and both Mrs. Samuel Burkett and Mr. Samuel Burkett made a wild scramble for the pullman steps, and so hearty was the greeting that a shout went up from the surprised companions of Private Burkett.

The shout of the boys had attracted the attention of the colonel, who now approached the group who were awkwardly but eagerly shaking Millie's hand and trying to congratulate her. When Sam saw the officer, an idea came to him and he cried excitedly,

"Colonel, does that three days' leave still hold?"

"It surely does," he said, and a hearty shout went up from the boys. They gave three cheers for Mrs. Samuel Burkett and the Colonel, too.

#### THE CEDAR TREE.

GEORGE WOODS, '21.

CHILLING, eternal youth is mine,  
Whose sturdy limbs are mantled ever green;  
sterile, unchangeable my heart,  
Whose fine sheltered tent benign  
Where fierce sun, pure snow play their part;  
& Buddhest am I—passive and serene.

#### SOUND AND SENSE.

THELMA CONDON, '23.

HOW oft the strength that one employs,  
The least results will bring,  
The parrot makes the loudest noise,  
And never says a thing.

#### AN OLD MAGAZINE.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

THE last bow of red ribbon had fastened the sprig of holly to the last Christmas box. My shopping was ended, and I surveyed the objects of many searches with a comforting approval.

The snow had been falling steadily for several hours, and had velveted the street with soft pearly feathers, while their pure lustre was the garment Christmas eve was spreading over a world of joy and sorrow. I could not resist an eagerness to see the faces of that tired world hurrying to homes that would be bright with Christmas joys, or sad for the joys of Christmas gone by.

As I started toward the door the knocker made a sharp snapping noise. My caller was impatient. From the window, I saw that he was small, a boy of seven or eight, perhaps, with a round rosy freckled face, a pert interrogative nose, and a mouth that an unrelenting smile curled. When I opened the door, he dangled a tattered, brimless hat against straight seamed trousers that were, obviously, of great ancestral possession.

"Would you buy a magazine, lay-ee-dy? It's only a nickle." Then I saw the absence of front teeth. I emptied my coin purse into his hand, and he bowed himself away with the extravagant gestures of profound gratitude. (He was clinching five nickles instead of one.)

After he had gone I examined my bargain. It was a bundle of soiled torn pages. On one of them which was still partially readable I found *Delineator*, August, 1907.

An hour later, I pushed my way through the crowd that swarmed from the closing doors of Woolworth's. Someone pulled my sleeve, and turning, I saw my afternoon caller. He was showing me a pair of gaudy green glass earrings. The card bore the mark "25 cts."

"See," he giggled, "I bought 'em fur muver." The crowd surged on, and carried him with it.



## JOAN OF ARC.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

WARRIOR Maid!  
Firm, unafraid!  
That I may be  
Armored like thee,  
I pray thine aid.

Of courage made,  
Humility,  
And purity;  
These virtues three—  
Please God and thee—  
My armor be.

Least sin or fear  
Vanquish me here,  
Help me guard well  
My Citadel,  
For Christ, most dear.

## FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

MARY F. JONES, '21.

WELL, now that I am back at school, hibernating as it were, three whole days before the holidays are really over, I have time to think of the whole affair. I guess I'll write it down in my memory book (small chance of its being forgotten, though); "disgraceful affair" was the term mother used. And Sis said it was quite dreadful, the notoriety that I always brought the family in for. I honestly think that Sis is just a wee bit jealous of my experience.

To get on though—when I arrived home for Christmas, Mother and Sis were in a regular hubbub of charities, it was the "Belgian relief," "Bulgarian babies," and benefits for fifty other nationalities.

On the day after New Year's, Stanslau Kominski, the Polish tenor, was to sing and the proceeds were to be for the Polish children. Mother was chairman of the committee—so of course Stan (you see I got to know him pretty well) had frequent conferences with her as she had charge of the funds.

Oh, Stan was so soulful, I knew that he liked me from the minute he met me. When he sang he looked so lovingly at me. He was such a noble and sensitive person,—think of devoting one's talent for the good of the refugees!

The afternoon before the concert he came to see mother but mother wasn't home so I went down. He told me (in that romantic way of his) of all the good he could do with the money from the concert, and that he knew he could apply it where it was needed most, were he handling it. But it seems that mother was chair-

man and therefore she was to dispose of the money.

The way he spoke of those poor starving children and country men of his was pathetic. I was so carried away with it all that I volunteered to get the money from mother so he could dispose of it himself. He in turn said that I was an angel of mercy and that my name would be revered in Poland.

The concert was wonderful, we easily took in \$1,000. After mother had gone up stairs, I took the money from the desk drawer. Of course there was nothing really wrong in that because I wasn't stealing, I was just making it possible for the good to be done sooner and avoid all the red tape. Stan explained all that to me when I gave him the money, he also said he'd come up and see mother in the evening.

That evening we were all sitting in the living room and I was anxiously waiting for Stan to come. The folks must have noticed how nervous and restless I was—I kept watching out the window. When Johnny Vance rang the door bell I dashed madly to the hall to see who it was, thinking it would be Stan but it was only Johnny. Johnny has been coming to our house ever since I can remember, I guess he comes to see Sis, but he never seems to care much who's there; if Sis isn't home he talks to mother, or me, sometimes he and dad will talk business for a whole evening. But anyway Sis was there this night and she bawled me out right in front of every one, saying: "Mother, can't you make the child be still, she is as nervous as if she had a guilty conscience."

Johnny gave me a funny knowing look and commenced whistling: "What's in the Air To-day." It made me so mad for that's one of "his" songs and it just hurt me to hear Johnny jazz it like that.

Well, nine o'clock came and it was getting along towards ten and yet he hadn't come. Finally, mother got up and said she must go see about the money that had been taken in at the concert. Believe me, I was really excited then. I decided I'd better not be down stairs when the storm broke. I went to bed—but alas, not to sleep! I could hear an awful commotion downstairs as if the family were searching for something, then mother came up into my room but I closed my eyes and breathed like I was asleep. I realized that mother was in no charitable mood—she didn't disturb me. But pretty soon father came up and he said, "Did you want to see me, lassie, perhaps you had something to tell me?" Well, dad and I have always been pretty good friends so I just told him all about it and how I'd given the money to Stan, etc. And he said it would all come out all right.

However, you see, mother had telephoned the police when she couldn't find the money and somehow a reporter got the story and the next morning the "News" had a big write-up. "Prominent manufacturer's daughter assists in mother's Charity work." Of course everyone in town was talking about it. (How was I to know that the Polish children were his own sons and daughters!)

Mother said I would have to go back to school early, it would be a good lesson for me, but I didn't care very much because I was rather tired of all the Christmas festivities. And anyway, when I got back to school I found a five pound box of chocolates from Johnny Vance with a note, saying he would be out Sunday p. m.—and also that he would beat up that reporter on sight.

#### THE SLEIGH RIDE.

VERONICA WOLLER, '23.

WHAT'S better than a bold ride  
Upon a frosty night?  
The sleigh is cozy, full of straw,  
And the stars all shining bright.  
But oh, what's worse than walking!  
The long cold miles back home,  
When that doomed bob tipped over  
And put stars in my "dome."

#### FRIEND O' MY OWN.

CATHERINE JOHNS, '22.

FRIEND O' My Own,  
The sweetest friend I've ever known,  
The tenderest friend when the world seems gray,  
The happiest friend when the world seems gay,  
Each day and hour you grow more near,  
Friend O' My Own, *you*, my dear.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S HUMOR IN SERIOUS PASSAGES.

VERONICA McCABE, '22.

ONE of the pleasing characteristics of Shakespeare's plays is the humor which softens the darkness and lightens the tension of his serious passages. This humor not only makes the works more entertaining, but also makes them more true to life.

Although this is more evident in the serious plays, we may find it also in his plays which were written in a lighter vein. In "As You Like It," even Orlando's serious love-making becomes a farce when Rosalind, in disguise, shows her lover how to press his suit. Earlier in the same play, Touchstone, the jester, makes the cousins Rosalind and Celia forget their worries concerning their father's difficulties, when he tells them to "swear by their beards." In "Love's Labor Lost," we hear Costard, who was solemnly sentenced to a week's fast, declaring that he would prefer to "pray a month on mutton and porridge than to fast a week on bran and water."

The serious plays give us much more striking examples of this method of relieving tension. Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," after his recital of the many abuses which he had received at the hands of Antonio, asks, with ironical humor:

"Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,  
With hated breath and whispering humbleness,  
Say this:  
Fair sir, you spit on me Wednesday last;  
You spurned me such a day; another time  
You called me dog; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Later at the trial scene, we hear him exulting in his success, with the words: "A Daniel come to

judgment! yea, a Daniel!" In a most sarcastic tone these words come back to him from his enemies when the tide of success turns:

"A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word."

Richard III exhibits even more instances of humor, brought forth in the midst of trying circumstances. When Lady Ann stands beside her father-in-law, who has been murdered by Gloucester, she attacks him with the words, "No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity." These Gloucester turns off lightly, with the remark, "But I know none and therefore am no beast." When at the death bed of King Edward, Gloucester states to those assembled:

"I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,  
Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine;  
I am too childish—foolish for this work."

and later: "I thank God for my humility." We feel that the hypocrite is inwardly enjoying a good laugh at the expense of his hearers. Even his mother's blessing is not solemn enough to keep him from adding these words in jest.

"Amen, and make me die a good old man!

This is the butt-end of a mother's blessing,

I marvel that her grace did leave it out."

"Julius Caesar" is opened by the free jesting of the tradesmen and Casca soon after says that when Cicero spoke Greek, that it was Greek to him and that Caesar was almost choked by the foul breath of the multitude, when they offered him the crown.

"Othello," another very serious play, is brightened by bits of comedy from the clown. When the musicians play before the castle, he comes out and says: "Here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you for love's sake, to make no more noise with it." However, he tells them, if they have any music that cannot be heard that they may proceed with it. In a later act, he has a humorous dialogue with Desdimona.

Desdimona—Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown—I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Desdimona—Why, man?

Clown—He is a soldier and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing."

"The Tempest," has some instances of humor in strained circumstance such as that of Gonzalo, at the time of the shipwreck.

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death."

When the others are worried concerning their fate, Trinculo and Stephano drink and make merry with the slave Caliban.

"Lear," of course, sparkles with the wit of the "faithful Fool." No time is too trying to make him forget to use it. These are a few of the ways in which he brightens the dark hours through which Lear passes:

"Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb."

Lear says: "Dost thou call me fool."

The fool answers,

"All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with."

In another place, he says that a snail has a house "to put his head in, not to give away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case."

The humor of the Porter in Macbeth stands forth most prominently because of the darkness and horror of the setting of the scene. While, his master and mistress, who have just accomplished their bloody deed, are thrown into a panic, at the sounds of the knocks, the Porter entertains himself by an amusing soliloquy before he opens the gate. He muses on how much it would age him, had he to stand as Porter at hell-gate and admit the arrivals. At every knock, he admits a fancied individual: "The farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," the equivocator "that could swear in both the scales against either scale," who committed treason enough for God's sake, and yet could not equivocate to heaven, and the "English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose." He closes with the words, "But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire, Anon, anon! I pray you remember the porter," and he opens the gate to admit the nobles upon the scene of the murder.

Thus does Shakespeare, by means of sparkling bits of humor, passages of ironical humor, play on words, and burlesque, strive to break the strain and lighten the gloom of situations which would otherwise be monotonous and untrue to life.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PUPILS OF

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NOTRE DAME, IND.

*Entered at Notre Dame Postoffice as Second Class Matter*

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DECEMBER, 1920

### OF VACATIONS.

Mr. Webster defines vacation as an "intermission of activity, employment or stated exercises, of some length as for recreation, a holiday." And far be it from me to disagree with the Honorable Mr. Webster.

Vacations are differentiated in kind and in degree, as well as content and extent.

The common or garden variety of vacation is usually termed Summer vacation. It probably offers more variety than any other of the species. This specimen of vacation thrives the last part of July and the entire month of August. Though the young, teachers, and professors have an elongated vacation usually of three months duration.

Some people who are limited to two weeks vacation (with pay) sandwich a month of work in between the two parts and thus attempt to convince themselves that they have had two vacations.

Next to the summer vacation, Christmas vacation, technically termed, Xmas holidays is the most popular, yet the most strenuous and nerve racking.

In ~~schools~~ and offices this sort of vacation is ephemeral, in schools great diversity is shown in the matter of content.

Another form of the vacation is the vacation by request. This is a very misleading name to

attach to this particular kind because one reading or hearing it might believe that the person who gets the vacation is the requestor, but quite the contrary, he is merely objective, the requestee, the one requested. This kind varies greatly in extent.

Vacation is a broad subject and an appealing one, one which to treat in its detail would take more space than an editorial should occupy. Sufficient is it to say, that the vacation is an old and honored institution,—may it forever flourish!

### THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

Christmas is the miracle season of the year. Its magic touch leaves transformations everywhere. If it were possible for us to seek escape from the thrall of Christmas, were would we hide? Not where the woodsman is rifling the forest for the pines destined for tinsel and candlelight. Not in the business world where everyday merchandise is overflowed by a wave of holiday goods. There is no getting away from the spirit of Christmas, for it is in everything and everywhere, and, like all great things which make their dwelling-place in the heart and in the home, its charms are irresistible. But the gladdest and most striking feature about Christmas is that in all circles, under all circumstances it is the season that is celebrated as the signal for home-coming, which has always been associated with Christmas.

### SANTA CLAUS.

In the Christmas issue of *The Ladies Home Journal* I remember reading an editorial called, "Is there a Santa Claus?" At that time, being an ardent and most sincere believer in the "good Saint Nick," I read the article—and no doubt looked upon it, to use the modern terminology, as wicked and insidious propaganda against the world-ideals of children. As I recall the substance of the writer's exposition of this child-mystery, it was something like this:



"There is no Santa Claus with reindeer and bells, but there is a beautiful and real thing that he symbolizes;—it is the spirit of Christmas.

We mortals are still children—if loving the mysterious and symbolic be childlike. Always, it is the sign rather than the fact that arouses our interest. The spirit of Christmas,—love of mankind because a God for love of us all, became as a little Child and the least of men,—surely that is the real meaning of Christmas. But for the child Christmas revolves around the "jolly old man" who comes to good children and brings gifts in memory of the wise men who brought beautiful presents to another—but perfect Child. Santa Claus is to the English-speaking child what the wooden shoe filled by le petit Jesu, is to the little French boy and girl,—or the whispered promise from the sweet Ninos Dios to the Mexican Baby. The coming of Santa Claus makes so deep an impression that Christmas must be—always, a time of true "peace and good will to men," when the years of life bring forth a belief in the holy spirit of Christmas to which the child's love for Santa Claus is but the beautiful prelude!

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#### "CHRISTMAS SHOPPING."

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When Christmas comes it brings with it the old custom of "giving." There is something about this season that seems to reach all hearts and makes them generous. People have looked upon Christmas holidays as days full of the busy purchasing of little gifts for friends. The days are full of busy, hurrying crowds who are anxious to get finished early. But it is for this crowd to remember not to be thoughtless about the shop-girl whose business it is to see to these purchasers. Christmas, for her may mean just a number of days, long, tired ones at the end of which she is hardly able to stand. It would be real Christmas generosity to help her to make her Christmas a happy one by being kind and thoughtful of her always.

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

---

The time for the giving of gifts is near—only three weeks until Christmas. Too often this selecting and buying of gifts is overdone. The giver spends too much time and worry in choosing the gift. But at Christmas time this gift can be made a pleasure by the giving of a part of one's self to his friends. The letter right from the heart of a friend is worth more than any gift one can buy. If love and true friendship can be found in the letter on Christmas morning, what gift can compare with this? For the love of a friend is worth a million dollars, and how little it costs to give, and, oh, how much it is worth to receive it,—for the only way to have a friend is to be one.

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#### CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

---

Do the children of the North appreciate their Santa Claus, who comes gliding over the snow covered ground in his sleigh pulled by his eight famous reindeers, any more than the children of the South? I am sure they do not, for even though the children of the land of sunshine and of evergreens have never known the beautiful white Christmas and the sparkling, feathery snow-flakes, they have the holly and mistletoe that means everything at that season of the year.

Santa Claus comes just the same, in his sleigh, pulled by reindeers,—instead of coming over the icy ground, he sails through the air and lands on the roof of the house. He descends, his customary way, down the chimney. There is the thrill of a life time when one wakes up to find Santa standing over the bed, and—I believe you could even hear the sleigh bells ringing if you listened real hard. Those children do not know what it is to have a cold Christmas. It is the customary day when all the little ladies take their dolls on dress parade. They do not have to be bundled up so uncomfortably, instead they can go forth and show off their newest dress and nice new shoes and pay their respects to all the neighbors. I think they have a grander time than the children of the North, where everything is so bleak and cold.

## CURRENT POETRY REVIEW.

—  
NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

Many critics have agreed that in love songs, English poetry abounds more richly than that of any other language. This may be principally due to the noble spirituality of the English-speaking people. It is certainly a natural source of pride. However, unlike the English, Greek love songs of antiquity are inexhaustively passionate; but, although the pictures are drawn by their admiration for physical beauty, they are sublime in imagery. More closely related to the old Greek, than any modern expression, is a recent translation from the old Chinese, "The Mirror,"—a street song of Mongolia in *The Literary Digest* for November 20th, 1920. Noticeably pure in tone, and entirely free from any suggestion of sensuality, the beauty is, however, entirely physical. Yet its glowing intensity and ardent warmth of feeling are freely expressed in a sparkling and gentle fancy. It has probably lost much of its native charm in translation; nevertheless the strange rhythmless metre emphasizes the picture, and blends a lustrous tender melody with the majesty of,

"The moon flashing in the sky  
Like a great mirror of silver."

While the street song sheds, as it were, a shimmering veil of loveliness over all of life; another poem, "Matter" by Louis Nutermyer in the December *Century*, would make all of life horrible, shrouding it in the dark must of the grave. In a review of Mr. Nutermyer's work, an admirer points out his keen attention to the beautiful, and his ability to carve a thing of beauty out of stone-like words, as well as engrave it in a cameo. Regarding his former publications, the compliment was deserved; regarding "Matter," the only redeeming beautiful feature is the five pairs of masculine rhymes. One of them is false. If the last stanza of this poem represents Mr. Nutermyer's sane reflection on life, it were better that he follow his proposed "stolid indifference" in silence, than impose his hopelessness on unsuspecting readers. The poem is devoid of all the lusty energy and fierce experience that made his former poems delight-

fully spontaneous and dynamic. It surely has no "saline humor," and there is not even legitimate satire in its climax. Imagine a dead man enjoying this as a fitting revenge for a failure in life:

"And now as I lie here  
Feeding this tree,  
I am more to the world  
Than it is to me."

Or is Mr. Nutermyer following Steven Leacock, and poking fun at the fashionable, pessimists? We hope so!

Louis Nutermyer's popularity attracted attention to his unworthy production, so the meritorious efforts of Gale Young Rice were at once noticed. In December's *The Century* is "The Great Seducu," a charming poem of the tune of the sea in which Mr. Rice reveals his sympathy as well as fear for the dreamer. Artistically, it is powerful because he has found the great awful human yearning, for what is never *here* but *there* in a place that never can be reached. In figures that gather their strength from the mighty bonds of tender pathos and deep sincere understanding, Mr. Rice has reached the center of human sympathy. He may write more pretentiously, but he can never write more truthfully. For he has pictured the dreamer of life who sees in the "mad, wide, cold sea," is the "fingers of sharp foam," reflections of what he strives for. And in his dreams, he follows it. But he follows "the wind, sateless"—the poet says—"to disillusionment." Yet that disillusionment is but the seeing of man's nothingness perfect in the mirror of God's completion.

\* \* \* \*

FLORENTIA M. CLARK, '22.

Two exquisitely sympathetic little poems are found in the *Pictorial Review* for November, Margaret Sangster deals with a much hackneyed and abused subject in a refreshingly sweet and unaffected manner. "Honeymoon" is quite free from any taint of sentimentalism and is altogether a delightful piece of work. In the short space of two four-line stanzas Charles Hanson Towne has embodied a beautiful conception of the passing summer. "In November" is the title of the poem which is written with all his

usual felicity of expression. Summer is not dead, it only sleeps; this is the burden of his poem and he sums his thought up into a comparison. Summer is like love, for:

"Love sleeps—but always love remembers."

A bit of apt and pointed allegory is found in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for this month, the title is simply "Arden," the author, Benton Bralley. The pathetic little story of two lovers who set out for "Arden" but failed because their touring car was too wide for the road is a well-aimed stab at the modern curse of pleasure-seeking that sacrifices everything, even love, for luxury.

In reading "I Like Thanksgiving" without noting the author one would be likely to attribute the authorship to Edgar Guest for it has all that "homely homeyness" and simplicity of treatment that belong to his special province. However, the author is not Guest but Katherine H. Taylor and she has succeeded so well that one cannot read the verse without wishing that the little girl at home who "licks all the spoons" were not so many years behind.

Even the heights and deeps of things may be expressed in a simple, human and appealing way, as proof, read "A Prayer" by Lucy Gertrude Clark, appearing in *The Catholic World* for November. The second stanza is eloquent in its burning sincerity and its selflessness.

"Teach me to turn my every hurt and pain  
Into white blooms of tenderness for Thee,  
Teach me to make each earthly loss a gain  
And, do I fail, be patient, Lord, with me."

#### THE BUILDING-FUND CONTEST.

An interesting program was given, Friday evening, December 10, by the students of St. Mary's College and Academy. The occasion was the close of the Automobile Contest for the St. Mary's Building Fund.

The contest was a demonstration of salesmanship—a rival test among the departments. A beautiful Honor Flag was awarded the collegiate department for first place.

Victors representing the departments were: College—Miss Patricia Sullivan, Casper, Wyoming; Miss Mary Belle Van Heuvel, Mobile, Ala.;

Academy: Miss Monica Kaul, Merrill, Wis.; Miss Ruth Tennes, Chicago, Ill.; Preparatory: Miss Margaret Wellington, South Bend, Ind.

The automobile, itself, was awarded to St. John's Hospital, Anderson, Ind.

Close competitors were: St. Mary's Academy, Austin, Texas; B. J. Cooke, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Brady, Danville, Ill.; Miss P. G. Pratt, South Bend, Ind.; Miss Dorothea Wagner, Decatur, Ill.; T. B. Himidy, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Mr. Fred Dennis, of South Bend, directed the contest.

Mr. A. R. Erskine, of the Studebaker Corporation, donors of the car, honored St. Mary's with his presence, giving commendation to the work of the school and in the name of the Corporation expressing its interest in the institution, and a willing assistance in furthering so worthy a cause.

Among those present were: Mrs. W. G. Crabill, Mrs. Fred Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. W. Holland, Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Olney, Mr. and Mrs. G. Stephenson, Mrs. L. Clauer, and Miss Helen Holland, a few of the many persons, who so generously served on the committee of directors during St. Mary's recent bazaar.

#### WAY DOWN EAST.

By the thoughtful courtesy of David Wark Griffith through his management in New York, "Way Down East" was given in St. Angela's Hall on the morning of December 8. The presentation of such a film at St. Mary's is a rare privilege and one gratefully appreciated by the faculty and the students.

"Way Down East" is not only a master production in screen work but it also carries a forceful lesson, a lesson worthy of careful scrutiny by men and women of society today. Prophet-like it points and questions, "Art thou the one?" It compels its spectators to scrupulous self-examination of act, of influence, of failure to protest against. By its moral it would incite the conscience-stricken to turn again to his better self and once more follow the higher, nobler promptings of his exalted nature.

The orchestra accompaniment to the picture was an additional treat. The exquisite music made doubly impressive the thought presented and the scenic effects were typical of Griffith—the artist and master.

## NOTES.

—Special sermons given at the Sunday Masses during Advent were: "The Last Judgment" by the Rev. Charles A. J. Maddox, C. SS. R. of Grand Rapids, Michigan; "Envy" by the Rev. Francis Wenninger, C. S. C.; "Reading the Scriptures" by Rev. George Marr, C. S. C.

—During "Educational Week" special exercises were held in the several classes.

—"Merely Mary Ann" was the title of a delightful screen picture that came to St. Mary's on Dec. 1, with the compliments of Mr. George Hines of the Auditorium, South Bend, Ind.

—St. Cecilia's Day was observed by the members of the vocal department. After the customary program of music and song, enticing refreshments were served.

—Among the guests of distinction who entertained at St. Mary's since the last issue of the CHIMES were: the Rt. Rev. J. Shiel of Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia; the Revs. J. M. O'Brien and J. W. Melody of Chicago; the Rev. T. A. Clement, C. S. C. of the Oratory of St. Joseph, Montreal, Canada and Thos. Kearney, C. S. C. of Holy Cross Mission House, U. N. D.

—On Nov. 18 the Junior collegiates were guests at a dance given by the Second Academics.

—On Nov. 15 and 17, Basketball honors were won by the higher classmen—Seniors vs Freshmen and Sophomores vs Third Academics.

—Is your name MARY? Have it, or that of your relative or friend inscribed on the MARY SOCIETY Yearly dues—One Dollar.

—The Film "Rip Van Winkle" was shown at St. Mary's on the evening of Nov. 21.

—Under the skillful management of Misses Margaret Lacey and Leah Slininger the entire school enjoyed "Cards, or Dancing" on Dec. 8.

—In the aftermath, Thanksgiving holiday remains a happy memory; the joyous anticipation of the Christmas vacation looms exceedingly great.

—On Nov. 27, the Second and Third Academics presented an amusing comedy, "The Open Secret." The cast showed remarkable talent for

acting, and it is rumored that the play, itself, was original.

—The Misses Hazel Weinrich and Catherine Johns inaugurated a series of delightful entertainments at which individual students and not class groups presided.

—On the afternoon of Nov. 13 the Seniors entertained a group of N. D. men at dancing during which buffet luncheons were served. We hope the occasion was but a prelude to many such gatherings to be enjoyed next semester.

—The Misses Marie Broussard, Mary McNamara, Leona Voris, Catherine and Gladys Rempe were among the student-guests recently welcomed by St. Mary's.

—The Rev. George McCarthy of the Great Lakes Training Station was the guest of St. Mary's on Nov. 14, when he gave the students some "Familiar Incidents of Army Life." The talk was a review in part of Father McCarthy's book "Greater Love," just published.

—Mrs. Maud Clifford Casey and Miss Anna Hunt made a short visit to St. Mary's during the month.

—More than twenty-five St. Mary's students attended Thanksgiving dances in South Bend.

—Announcements of marriage received from former students were those of Martha Matthews to Mr. Peter E. Manley of Reedsburg, Wis.; Florence Eva Strassheim to Dr. Charles L. Conroy, of Chicago, Ill., and Gertrude Boyle to Mr. Eugene E. Kremer of Fond du Lac, Wis.

—The Latin-Americans and the students of Spanish presented an original play, "The Rehearsal" on the evening of Dec. 12, at which they netted a neat sum for the St. Mary's Building Fund.

—In reply to notices received St. Mary's has sent words of love and sympathy to bereaved relatives for the death of Mabel Barry-Hanley, Gertrude Gonzales-McCarthy, the beloved mother of Mary Lightfoot and the devoted husband of Florence Montgomery-Keck.



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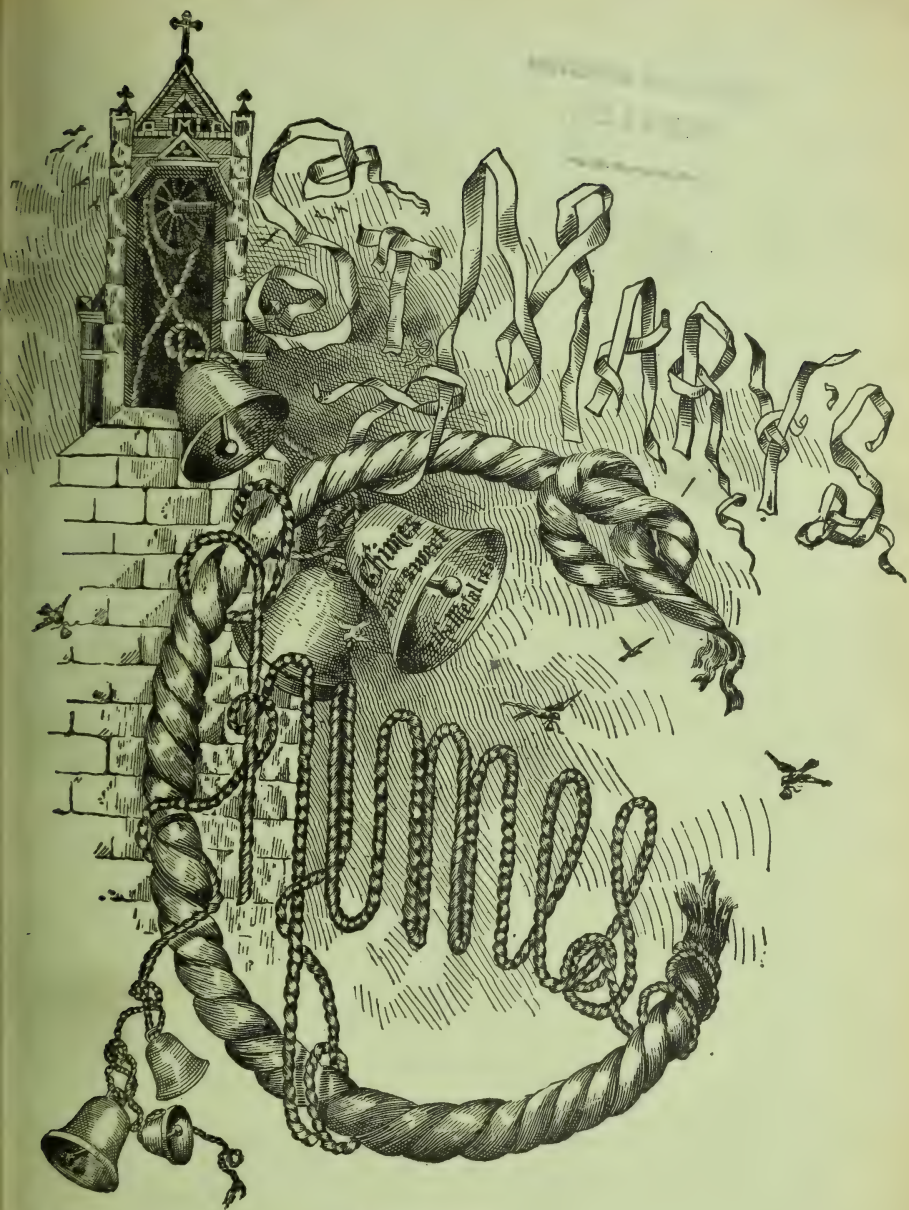
*My dear Mr. Secretary:*

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

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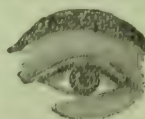
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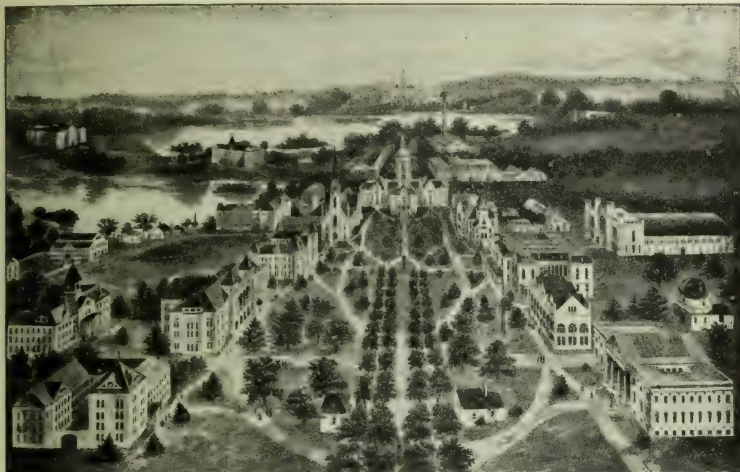
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The Prince Of Peace.



# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., January, 1921

No. 6

## THE NEW YEAR.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

A CROSS the shining snowclad hills,  
Agglitter in the pale moonlight,  
The triumph of the New Year's birth,  
Is borne by ringing bells at night.

Ah! let us all make new resolves  
And Heaven—high hopes upbuild once more:  
For Time is but a babe again—  
We've naught but memories of before.

## A SINGER IN A GREAT STILLNESS.

BERNICE O'MELLA, '20.

ROMAN classical comedy was well characterized by Terence, its most representative exponent, when he wrote of himself, "I am human; all human nature is my business." So broad was the scope of this statement that of necessity, human frailties were almost as essential to the characters as their few redeeming virtues. In response to the popular demands, dramatic poets of the classical period drew suggestions from common daily life, basing these upon the questionable ethics of a slave-ridden, dissolute Rome. Yielding standards of conduct offered ample dramatic opportunities to skillful artificers, thus making the entire species of Latin comedy, an impartial presentation of ordinary life, often good, more often shameful.

Following the decline of the classical drama, came long centuries in which the barbarian hordes from the North practically stifled any sparks of productive genius which might have been kindled. It is then the more remarkable that during the tenth century when all the Muses upon the continent were stilled, a sweet voice should be heard singing clearly within the walls of the convent of Gandersheim in Germany. This, an obscure nun, to whom we occasionally see the name Hroswit or Hrosvitha applied, has been variously called "the loud voice of Gandersheim," "the Christian

Sappho," and "clamor validus." Passing centuries of neglect have so dimmed the memory of the courageous woman, that today few, if any, recognize the literary significance of one who was the greatest woman dramatist of the Middle Ages. A writer of recent times, in appreciation of her importance unhesitatingly declares, "Hrosvitha has earned a place apart in the Pantheon of woman poets and writers. She alone in those troublous times of the tenth century recalls to our minds the existence of dramatic art; her name, indeed, deserves to be rescued from oblivion and to become a household word."

As happens so frequently, the facts of the life of Hrosvitha are buried with those of most early poets; we know far more of her works than of her own personality. Quite certainly, however, Hrosvitha was the daughter of a noble family and the possessor of a broad education, in a day when it was thought that the only books for women should be a thimble, some thread, and needles; that for her, education was only a source of temptation and sin. Contrary to the general attitude Hrosvitha stated her belief, "Not knowledge itself, but the bad use of it offends God." When still young Hrosvitha entered the Benedictine convent of Gandersheim, famed throughout Europe for its learning and asceticism. Here her

marked genius was carefully fostered by the accomplished abbeß Gerberg, who hoped in the development of the young nun's muse "to contribute something to the glory of God." Thus it was that Hrosvitha was encouraged to add her share of literary activity to the period when the Emperor, Otto the Great, sought to emulate the splendor of that of Charlemagne. Now brought forth from obscurity by Conrad Celtes in the fifteenth century, these early dramas written entirely in Latin, from the pen of an unassuming yet brilliant woman, offer hours of delight to lovers of poetry.

While primarily a dramatist, Hrosvitha did not confine her genius to this one form of expression, and were it necessary, could achieve no inconsiderable praise from her religious narrative poems alone. These are eight in number, chiefly commemorative of incidents in the lives of the Blessed Virgin and Our Lord, together with pious legends of saints and martyrs. In one of the latter poems, "Theophilus," may be found the germ of "Faust." It is characteristic of Hrosvitha, that she wishes all nature to manifest that same love of the Blessed Mother which is so much a part of her own life. In "The Birth of the Savior and the Flight Into Egypt" she writes:

"And now, young Mary, wearied by the sun,  
Paused 'neath the giant palm tree's kindly shade;  
Gazed on the rich o'erhanging fruit, and spoke:  
'Thy branches groaning with their troubled load,  
Delight me, were I now to taste their food.'"

Whereupon the palm tree bent its head to the ground in acquiescence to the will of Mary, offering humble nourishment to the fugitives.

Of some historic value are a number of chronicles, which Hrosvitha wrote in obedience to the request of Gerberg. Text books today on medieval history look to these for information on more than a few subjects, and their accuracy and attention to detail have rendered them reliable sources.

It has been inferred that in her dramatic poems Hrosvitha is little more than a servile imitator of the Roman Terence, achieving nothing more estimable than an expurgated version of that classic poet. To disprove any such intention on the part of Hrosvitha, one need only translate her "Prooemium;" to prove her own dramatic worth, it is necessary simply to read her plays. Brilliant in her purpose "not to let the

world, the flesh, and the devil have all the good plays to themselves," she thus challenges Terence: "Go, aged poet, for I scorn your song!

Be silent, I command you, ancient tales;  
You do naught but debase!"

With the valiance of a true Crusader, Hrosvitha attacks the subject matter of her master; but with gentle simplicity, remembering that fine Terentian fluency and polish, she then pleads, "Sir, I pray you, may your wisdom make me wise!" Thus determined to succeed where the Roman had failed, she carefully chose from the traditions of the Church, those legends of the martyrs which would most certainly add to the glorification and advance of religion. Such a choice of theme has caused the criticism that Hrosvitha wrote with a pen in one hand and a rosary in the other; yet even this does not signify that she destroyed in her own writings, all the delightful humor so characteristic of Terence. In the "Dulcitius" there is a strange combination of the ludicrous and serious when the centurion, Dulcitius, having attempted unsuccessfully to force three Christian virgins into marriage with three of his Roman friends, imprisons the former in a kitchen. With conceit quite worthy of his type, Dulcitius explains to his companions, "I'll win these timid maidens with fair smiles!" Accordingly, he attempts by stealth to enter the room; but God strikes him blind, whereupon he flounders helplessly about among the sooty pans and kettles. Unaware of his begrimed condition, he furnishes many opportunities for amusement during the rest of the play.

At no time is Hrosvitha at a loss for dramatic situations, and never does she display the least inability to handle them skillfully. Perhaps the most gripping and powerful instance of any of the six dramas, may be found in "Calimacous." As a depiction of horror, it could not easily be equalled, and a sensitive reader would experience many a shudder over its gruesome suggestions. The scene is laid at the tomb of a martyr, where the hero, Romeo-like, is carried away by earthly passion for the beautiful girl buried there, and among the terrors of the sepulchre, meets his death. Hrosvitha with keen dramatic sense, here introduces the noble character of St. John, who by his kindly, quiet demeanor, creates a soothing atmosphere, directly opposed to that of the foregoing incident. Such a balancing of the

emotions and relieving of the tension shows the instinct of a true artist.

From the viewpoint of technique, it may be judged, "Gallicanus" is the poet's best, and, therefore, most representative piece of work. This drama is based upon a legend of Constantine's daughter. Gallicanus, about to leave upon a Scythian expedition, asks for the hand of Constantia in marriage upon his return. She, although she has taken a vow of virginity, yields to her father's urging and consents to the marriage, confident, however, that God will save her before the time for fulfilling the promise arrives. This is no poorly constructed drama, disguising a sermon, but a daring combination of effects, founded upon dramatic principles. Laws of rising and falling action, climax, suspense, are carefully observed by Hrosvitha as by her Roman teacher. Gallicanus, who is a pagan, sets out for the wars, secure in the hope of marrying the Emperor's daughter on his return, while she, left at home, spends her time in prayer. "How much more efficacious is sincere prayer than human presumption!" comments Hrosvitha. The scene moves to the battlefield, where the Emperor's forces, far outnumbered by the enemy, are being overwhelmed, and no exhortations of the chief, Gallicanus, can keep them from surrendering. He, deserted by his men, of a sudden turns to the Christian God, and begs for relief. Instantaneously, at his prayer, an angel host springs up at his side, and the foe is overcome. So filled is Gallicanus with burning devotion for the God who has aided him so miraculously, that he gives public thanks, releases Constantia from her promise, and he himself becomes an ardent Christian and martyr. Instances of true Christian teaching which make the plays essentially different from those of the pagan poet, belong inseparably to her characters, and to divorce them from the dramas would be to destroy the whole atmosphere.

These plays, designed chiefly to be read aloud or recited by the Sisters of her convent, with no further view to publication, might be expected to emphasize rather their moral content than any sort of poetic form, but Hrosvitha was too thoroughly artistic to weaken her inspirations in this way. Following neither the measure of verse exclusively, nor a prose style, she compromised by inventing a form of her own, partly

poetic, partly prose, intentionally varying that of the Roman. W. H. Hudson, an authority on the drama, writes of her, "It is on the literary side alone that Hrosvitha belongs to the classic school. The spirit and essence of her work belong entirely to the Middle Ages; for beneath the rigid garb of a dead language beats the warm heart of a new era. Everything in her plays that is not formal but essential, everything that is original and individual, belongs wholly to the Christianized Germany of the tenth century. Everywhere we can trace the influence of the atmosphere in which she lived; every thought and every motive is colored by the spiritual conditions of her time. The keynote of all her works is the conflict of Christianity with paganism; and it is worthy of remark that in Hrosvitha's hands Christianity is throughout represented by the purity and gentleness of woman, while paganism is embodied in what she describes as the vigor of men—"virile robur!"

How far the dramatic works of Hrosvitha were isolated phenomena of her age cannot be known, but from our perspective of elapsing time, we can discover in this melodious singer a visible bridge between the comedies of classical antiquity and the miracle and morality plays of the Middle Ages. It is one of fate's jests that she is like the flowers we know as snowdrops; "In the very midst of winter they lift their heads of pure white, but they die long ere the advent of spring, and there is none to remember them." Hrosvitha has not been spared the usual tribute that Shakespeare is supposed to have borrowed from her writings. Beyond doubt, however, by her vigorous assertion that her purpose was her own, Hrosvitha has earned for herself a unique place in literature, as the most successful writer in utilizing the forms of classical drama for Christian purposes, and as the greatest of woman dramatists.

#### TO YOU.

GERTRUDE GREENE, '21.

COULD I a wishin'-fairy be,  
I'd wish myself to you  
And come, a tiny snowflake through  
Western winds to northern heavens blue—  
But magic is unknown to me  
So I send wishes heartily  
To Northern you from Western me!

## TO MY MOTHER.

CAROLYN L. TOBIN, '23.

I CANNOT write with gilded ink,  
Or graven letters fine,  
No priceless gifts or treasures rare,  
To give away are mine.

No robe of jewelled threads have I  
To throw beneath your feet,  
And even dreams are feeble things  
A lovely queen to greet.

My love is not in poetry,  
Or precious gifts, my dear,  
But in the simple way I wish  
You joy this coming year.

## A MODERN CRITERION OF TRUTH.

CHARLOTTE VOSS, '20.

MODERN thinkers are accused of exaggerating their own importance in the universe and, when they want the last word on any subject, of seeking it in themselves. This accusation is not unfounded. In religion the repudiation of dogma for purely subjective reasons has contributed to the rise of many contradictory doctrines, among which is Theosophy which teaches the necessity of a personal divine revelation concerning what each one is to do and believe. Another indication of this tendency is the exploitation of the personal, which is often trivial, in memoirs which are so intimate that they can have only a limited influence. Modern poetry is almost completely lyric. This form essentially exalts the self. The poets assume unto themselves the office of prophets not merely by expressing themselves but by claiming that they are seers. Certainly there have been such prophets by compulsion of their gift. This is shown by Francis Thompson's "Lillium Regis," but there are few modern poems to compare with this. Succeeding events have shown that this poem was true of world significance, but perhaps we read more into it than Thompson meant. The authors of all the books on, say, Economics, cannot think they are discovering new truth so each must think that his choice of theories is the correct one. They present each theory with no other excuse than the plea to try it to see whether it works. The same may be said of Politics, Sociology, and the Industrial Arts. The psychological output on all questions is enormous and there is no phase or period of life left undisturbed by these investigators. Even the domain

of childhood has been invaded, although it is known that experiments here may always be interpreted according to the foregone conclusion of the investigator. Because of the substitution of these variable criteria for an unchanging one many have despaired of ever finding the truth and as a result Scepticism is gaining ground.

The intrusion of self in Epistemology has led to Pragmatism, a method originated by C. S. Peirce to end what he considered the unfruitful questions with which the speculative intellect constantly disturbs our complacency. He says that the truth or falsity of a judgment must be decided by the resulting mental habit, by its effect upon our actions, that is, its working or pragmatic value: whence the name Pragmatism. In America this was taken up and enlarged by Dewey and James; in England by Schiller; in France chiefly by Bergson; in Italy by Papini. This doctrine is plainly anti-intellectualistic since the usefulness which it advocates as the test of truth is the object of the will, not of the intellect. It took its rise from the fact that during the nineteenth century, when science was making such great progress, theories were taken up and discarded so rapidly that it became easy to regard them only as working plans.

We may take James as the leading American exponent of Pragmatism and his book "Pragmatism" as a fair example of its teachings. Thomas Verner Moore, C. S. P. characterized this book exactly when he said that it "reads like the plea of a skillful attorney for a criminal with every *prima facie* evidence against him. James says "Truth is a property of certain of our ideas. It means their agreement with reality." This sounds like the traditional definition of truth yet we find it entirely perverted when reality is defined as nothing more than mental states. Agreement with reality means, "to be guided either straight up to it or to be put in such working touch with it as to handle either it or something connected with it better than if we disagreed." But reality means "The whole body of other truths already in our possession." Therefore, fitting a concept with one's past experience making it agree with reality, is essentially a personal thing and must vary with each person. The whole theory is thereby laid open to the error of Subjectivism. Then there can be no truth since in this theory truth does not depend on accuracy or representation; but on workability, e. g. "the possession of true thoughts means everywhere the



possession of invaluable instruments of action and . . . our duty to gain truth . . . can account for itself by excellent practical reasons." The possession of truth, so far from being here an end in itself is only a preliminary means toward vital satisfactions. . . .

Later on, in the same passage, he points out a second test, utility. "The practical value of true ideas is thus primarily derived from the practical importance of their objects to us. Their objects are indeed not important at all times, . . . yet since almost any object may some day become temporarily important, the advantage of having a general stock of extra truths . . . is obvious. "This utility view is epitomized in a later statement, "the true,' to put it briefly, is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as the right is only the expedient in our way of behaving . . . expedient in the long run and on the whole." Since the useful must differ for each individual, Pragmatism makes truth to be something relative and changeable. Truth must make a beneficial difference in our actions! One kind of beneficial difference is to feel better. In this case the emotions are a criterion of truth. Now the useful may be permanently advantageous, but emotions change from moment to moment in the same person. Granting that an emotion is an all conquering reality as long as it lasts, which emotion should be the test, and when? Personal convenience would be quite as certain a criterion. Pragmatic truth varies with the individual, according to some teachers, and with the development of the race, according to others. If utility is truth, truth must conform to the progress of human existence in all its phases; but if utility is merely an indication of truth, then truth is still conformity with reality and we have the Scholastic notion of truth which Pragmatism set out to interpret.

"True ideas are those we can assimilate, corroborate, validate and verify." This is the answer to what James considers the essential question about truth. What is the practical difference which truth makes? Assimilation is a purely subjective process and so is corroboration if experiences and realities are subjective as he defines them to be; validation and verification put us in working touch with reality, but reality is subjective by his definition. The truth of an idea is, the "process of verifying itself, its verification," and yet he realizes that we cannot verify the greater number of judgments which we accept as true, so he says that indirect verifications must

serve as well as direct verifications, making verifiability as good as verification. These incomplete truth processes lead us to the objects and then we are so sure of verification that we omit it. Another test of truth then is verifiability. Since James admits that necessary truths are true before they are specially verified, if we have classified our objects correctly, these important judgments fall beyond this test. Verification, we are told, should lead to some practically useful consequences, yet it is difficult to see what practical difference it will make in my actions whether I believe the wave theory or corpuscular theory of light. Empirical truths, however, cannot be established apart from their application and in this process of application the mind may make a mistake. We claim that the mind cannot make a mistake in knowing an axiom of the ideal order, not that it cannot err in applying it. If verifiability be the test of truth there is a tendency to scepticism because every one will be offering contradictory applications as true and confusion will be the result. Father Walker says this subjectivism is due chiefly "to the substitution of 'utility' for 'correspondence' in the definition of the relation of truth to reality. If truth can in no intelligible sense be said to 'copy,' 'correspond with' or 'represent' reality what other relation can it have to reality except that of leading to useful results? And if these results are never experienced as they are objectively, but only as modified by purpose why should they not be judged by the total state of satisfaction or dissatisfaction to which they give rise? The whole question turns upon one point: Is the true, subordinate to the useful and the good? Does the seeker after truth merely aim at satisfying a purpose and gratifying a need?"

The intellectualist says that the true is not subordinate to the good; that the seeker for truth is attempting to satisfy a desire for knowledge based in his very nature. There are three kinds of truth, but we are concerned only with logical truth which is defined as "the conformity of the mind judging about reality or of the mind's judgment about reality, with the reality to which the judgment refers." This conformity is unique and cannot be defined but has been described as mental representative. This conformity is expressed only in an act of judgment, not in mere passive sense or intellectual awareness. The judgment puts us in possession of truth, but it is not an adequate representation of reality since our minds are finite and so, incapable of exhausting

the knowable. Reality means extra-mental being and the formal act of judgment is the expression of a "relation of identity or diversity between two formally distinct, objective concepts or aspects of reality." When we identify or separate the concepts of objective reality in accordance with the exigencies of what the senses present for representation we are said to have made a true judgment. This is not a subjective process since only one term of the relation is the mental state following the judgment, while the other is the objective reality as immediately presented to consciousness. A test or criterion of the truth of a judgment is that which enables us to decide whether it is true or false. A motive of certitude determines the intellect to assent firmly to a judgment as true. Scholastics say that the supreme criterion of truth and the ultimate motive for certitude is objective evidence. This need not be of such a character as to compel assent, but only sufficiently clear to exclude all prudent fear of error.

Evidence originally meant the property of a material object by which it could be clearly seen (*e-videre*) by the eyes. Because the reason is the eye of the mind the phraseology has been transferred to mental apprehension and its objects so that whatever is objectively clear to the intellect is evident, and the thought-object or concept is evidence. The truth of a judgment is evident when the mind clearly apprehends, in the reality, ground for the relation which the judgment states. The ground or evidence is not merely the criterion of the truth of the judgment, but also a motive of assent to it. Broadly, evidence may be; perfect evidence, that which compels assent and evidence which excludes all prudent fear of error; immediate evidence in which the relation of subject is revealed in the objective aspects of the present reality, and mediate evidence in which this relation is not so revealed, but must be deduced from relations already apprehended between them and other concepts. Evidence must be tested in the sense that appearances must be examined for their real significance and in this the intellect is guided by the clearness with which the evidence is presented. In this examination the intellect may err, but it possesses the power of reflection by which it may always correct erroneous judgments. The immediate objective evidence of axioms of the ideal order is the ultimate motive for all certitude; but this does not mean that all judgments are of this cogency or that they can be reduced to such. It means

merely that in some of our judgments reality is intuitively revealed to the intellect and thus we are saved from scepticism.

James has not entirely rejected the copy view of true knowledge but applies it only to sensible objects. He does not see that a concept is true representation of reality, is adequate because of the fact that the process of forming concepts consists in ignoring the accidental qualities which characterize the individual thing so that the result may apply equally well to the whole class. Bergson calls the concept an "average image" and so confuses it with generic image to the narrowness of which he confines it. Sens intuition is the beginning of all knowledge, but the judgment makes us interpret the facts presented by the sense. James gives vaguely an other intellectualist notion, the "*dictum de omni et nullo*" when he says that another reason for waiving complete verification besides economy of time is "that all things exist in kinds and not singly. When we have once directly verified our ideas about one specimen of a kind we consider ourselves free to apply them to other specimens without verification." He admits necessary truth when he says that in the sphere of purely mental ideas beliefs have an absolute or unconditional quality, and eternal character, so that if they are once true they are always true of those same mental objects. To admit an objective test such as this is the repudiation of his own doctrine that truth is constantly changing.

We do not maintain that we can obtain certitude on every point about which we think, but we do say that we can attain to it in some thing at least. For the greater part of our decisions we must fall back on probability and it is in this that we say we do not always have certitude. A workable, false theory in science is useful but not therefore true. By using it we may discover why it is false and perhaps be led to the true theory through it. The thing which is admitted to be useful is quite as freely admitted to be false, so that utility cannot be a good test because it does not apply to all cases. The practical issues which would follow the adoption of Pragmatism serve as a subsidiary test of its theoretical value. It either gives us no instruction concerning our conduct or it paves the way to mental chaos, so that it cannot be sound and true. These results are not ultimate tests, since they imply that we know what is right and what is not right, but they determine to some extent the judgment to be pronounced on a philosophy.

## THE GIFT SUPREME.

FLORENTIA CLARK, '22.

IF to me, as to mighty Solomon,  
My Lord would give command  
That I might make choice of a gift divine,  
What would I seek at His hand?

It would be—not the boundless charity  
Of Padua's sainted son,  
Not the God-like, sweet simplicity  
Of the loved Assisian,  
Not the learning vast of Augustine blest,  
Or of Catharine, favored one,—

If to me as to mighty Solomon  
He came, thus my reply:  
O Lord, my choice of thy gifts divine—  
That I to self might die.

## THE QUEST

BEATRICE REA, '21.

THE setting sun was enthroned upon the Judean Hills and it was evening in the valley below where lay cradled the village of prophecy—Bethlehem. Overlooking this scene, on the summit of the highest slope stood,—or rather leaned against a great rock—a crude, mud-dobbed thatch hut. At the threshold were two figures silhouetted against the white background of the first snow-fall. The one was Prohaceous, whom people called "The Wise Old Man of our Hills." The other, his companion, was a girl of perhaps ten years, with the slender, supple form and radiant beauty of the Israelitish child. Her expression was eager, longing, as she studied with upturned look the face of her father and teacher. The Patriarch's grey robe and flowing white beard contrasted strangely with the red dress and gay shawl of the little shepherdess who stood staff-in-hand, ready to guide her sheep returning from the pastures below, into the fold.

With eyes fixed dreamily upon the star-strewn blue of the clear sky, the lips of the seer moved as though to visualize past scenes—called up by the peace and sweet tranquility of the evening hour. "This night—twenty years ago—it was, when yon eastern sky shone with the glory of a wondrous star. It burned a golden path-way through the sapphire blue until it rested, at last, above this lonely vale—and finally went out ere the silver dawn awoke the day.

"Deep in my dreams and philosophies, I was

gazing at the heavens, the while my flock roamed a nearby hillside. In the holy stillness of that night, I saw this mystical star tremble as with a great joy—and all the place around me was flooded in its radiance. Then I heard voices, like unto musical waters, singing:

"'Angels of the King sing praises to the Lamb, for He is come to mankind to be their salvation before the Most High! In green pastures, He leadeth the way to cooling fountains. He feedeth upon the Lilies and amid Rose Gardens dwells. His voice is the Trumpet of Justice, His fleece white as the early snows, His feet gold-shod. Sing the glory of the Mystical Lamb, O ye Angels of God! Children of men earth-born, praise Him, for He is to be your Sacrifice!'"

The old man's voice quavered with age and the wonder of the story; he whispered, rather than spoke it. "I fell on my face—thinking to see the vision of the Holy One, for it was said that the Wise Men from the Orient had named this year and season for the coming of the Promised King; but the Heavenly strains of music ceased, the glorious star faded and I was left alone in the cold night."

"And you have never seen the Holy One, the Spotless Lamb?"—the child's face was alight with loving sympathy. The Patriarch shook his head mournfully; "Never, child, and this is the last time upon earth that I shall see the anniversary of the holy hour. But you, my little one, remember the words your father has spoken! Cherish the hope and seeking, always pray that it may be given you to see that which time withholds from me."

\* \* \* \*

Jerusalem, city-golden, lay crushed beneath an inky darkness. Her buildings were shattered, her very earth trembled! Thus had closed a day of revelry and abuse, when an unorganized, motley crowd followed the procession of a man condemned to die on the Hill of Calvary. They had crucified Him between two malefactors although He had been called a good man and the friend of all. Then had come the awful night with only the forms of departed souls walking the streets. The girl huddled beneath the protection of the cross, shuddered, as she recalled the scene. She had remained after the people had returned to the city, and hidden behind a moss-covered boulder, had seen three men and two women go to this tree of sorrow; and, taking down the body, wrap

it in beautiful white linen and carry it away. She remembered this dead man. He had spoken fearlessly in the streets of Jerusalem on charity and love of mankind. He had called Himself the Shepherd of souls and had said He knew and loved His sheep,—and they knew Him. The girl liked to hear Him speak in that human way. It reminded her of her own father, who had cared for her and made her shepherdess of his flock, until when death claimed him, he had sent her from Judea into Galilee where lived his own people. And she recalled the night her father had told her of the Spotless Lamb that she was to seek, and finding, was to follow always. The Vision she had never seen but she had found this Good Shepherd and He had spoken to the women with whom she had followed Him up Calvary Hill. She could have followed Him always—even to the death He had suffered! She clung passionately to the cross where He had hung and the tears of anguish and fear fell upon its rough, grey wood. Suddenly her eyes were blinded by a strange, beautiful light. It pierced the gloom about her and raising her drooping form, she saw—not the awful, blood-stained tree,—but the figure of a snow-white Lamb,—transfixed on the cross. Its fleece shone as the sun and from the wounds came an outpouring of wondrous light—beautiful, divine! Prostrated before the Vision, she heard a voice of musical waters, singing: "Behold Him whom thou seekest, The Lamb without spot, Who leadeth the way to cooling fountains, Who feedeth upon the Lilies and amid Rose Gardens dwells. He is sacrificed for thee,—Him must thou follow!"

The Light faded, the Heavenly music ceased,—again fell the terrible darkness; yet into the heart of the shepherdess there had come divine joy and a holy peace. She had found Him whom she sought—at last.

IN BOYDOM.

GENEVIEVE BOYLE, '22.

THE longest hill around our town  
Belongs to old man Jones,  
It's round in summer, but the snow  
Falls over all the stone.

And we go out with our bag sled,  
Upon the coldest day  
And are first—most before that hill—  
Ours' job, but it is gay.

#### NEW YEAR'S JUNCTION.

VERONICA MCCABE, '22.

WITH its snow-shuttered windows,  
Roofs with heavy ice-fringe hung,  
Pulls the train into the station,  
Whistles shriek and bells are rung.

"Train's off here! It goes no farther!"  
Calls the great conductor, Time.  
"Train's there waiting! Speed your step!"  
Price to carry grips—one dime!"

Some had reached their destination,  
Long ere we pulled in tonight.  
Some are called and some will answer,  
Ere the next train pulls in sight.

But the good conductor follows,  
His the eye that's always clear—  
Wishing to each weary traveler,  
Joy and peace this bright New Year.

#### NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

CLARA SE LEGUE, '21

IT was New Year's afternoon, and little Betty, having become tired of her numerous Christmas gifts—oh, the vanity of human pleasure—cast about in her always active and mischievous mind for some new form of amusement. Outside, it was raining on the remnants of Christmas snow; inside, ennui prevailed, fastening especially upon the small person of Betty. Inspiration, however, never failed her in necessity. Her attendant angel—never mind which one—whispered to her, "New Year's calls!"

She started forth, sans rubbers—sans umbrella sans raincoat, but armed with her mother's card-case, and an idea. Not for nothing had she listened to her old Uncle Dan's inspiring accounts of the glories of the old days, prominent among said glories being the custom of New Year's calls. She called at three very fine-looking mansions, to find no one at home in any of them, except the butlers, who looked, all three of them, as if threatened with apoplexy, when they discerned Betty's tiny, plump figure on the doorstep. Then she wandered into a side-street where, the farther she went, the houses became smaller and more wretched looking. Truly, this pilgrimage was not as Uncle Dan had described it: all good things must indeed belong to the



old days. Her feet were wet and cold, her hands numb. She had quite forgotten by which way she started, and there was nothing left for her now but to go on and on. She hated to stop in any of these dirty houses.

Finally she saw a house from whose windows children peered; very friendly-looking they were, too, and they beckoned her to come in. She did so in all haste. The kindly, harassed looking mother drew off the soggy shoes and stockings from the tiny feet, wrapped her in a blanket and gave her hot milk to drink. The children crowded about her, showing her their simple toys and generously inviting her to play with them. Betty had never seen such crude dolls and jumping-jacks but she wisely refrained from saying so, especially to the father.

Her hostess meanwhile, becoming anxious about the little wanderer, had telephoned the nearest police station to find out if a call for a lost child had been turned in. The answer was negative, but as the day was dull, the desk-sergeant sent an ever-anxious young journalist out to see if there was anything "promising." He found her as she was just dozing off to sleep.

"What's your name, youngster?" he demanded

Betty, with a hazy remembrance of the fact that she was paying a formal call, roused long enough to say:

"Maww Ewizabetch Stewaht,—and here's my cahd."

Then she slept the sleep of the virtuous and weary.

The next day, while Betty was in bed with a cold acquired during her rambles, she heard her father, who was reading his paper in the next room, utter an exclamation.:

"Mary," he called to his wife, "come here and look at this headline!" She did. It read: "Stewart's daughter a Philanthropist"—and below "Baby Calls on Strike Leader." Followed a lurid description of the angelic Betty winning over the man in opposition to her father, owner of the local glass works. The anxious young journalist had done his work well. The piece might well turn the fickle tide of public opinion long enough to stave off a disastrous strike in midwinter.

But Betty, as she watched the nurse gathering up some of her most cherished toys to send to her little friends in the side street, croaked hoarsely:

"Nursie, I dess Uncle Dan is wight, New Yeah's calls isn't what they used to be!"

#### A THOUGHT.

KATHARINE DOLAN, '21.

A BIRD upon the wing,  
A flower in the Spring,—  
The very smallest thing  
To us of God should sing.

#### "SOB-STUFF"

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

THERE are a lot of things in this world that seem to have been named on the same principle that Eve followed when she called the giraffe a giraffe because it "looked like one." But occasionally one stumbles upon an appellation that fits its object like the paper fits the wall, and I am inclined to think that of such aptness is the term "Sob Sister." At any rate my brief but pointed experience in the role was one long gurgling sob. To begin with, although a "news-paper woman" (of almost six months' experience) I am not a reporter nor yet a "sob sister." My job has been a tame one, book reviews, dramatic criticism, "Woman's Columns" and stuff like that. But when one works for an editor like Arthur Halleck one does what one is told, not to put too fine a point upon the matter. And so it happened that one innocent and unoffending column writer was suddenly plunged into the midst of the sob-squad to take the place of Annie Melrose who was called away by the illness of some relative right when the "News" was in the holiday rush and the big Christmas number was being made up. Now Annie Melrose was not particularly literary but she had a nose for news that could detect the merest sniffle a mile away and when her lurid Underwood got through there was a whole bucket of tears ready to be splashed all over the back page of the News. I don't believe she ever constructed a grammatical sentence in her life but her stuff could make the most hardened old sinner reach for his pocket handkerchief and wonder where the deuce he got that cold in his head. So you can imagine that my heart misgave me when I was put in as substitute. After the first few days it wasn't half bad, I managed to get along somehow and I must admit it was somewhat of a thrill to see my stuff decorated up with two inch headlines and like trimmings. But this was

only the calm before the storm; the morning of the twenty-third the editor called me into his sanctum; I had a premonition of approaching disaster but put a bold face on the matter and went in. Mr. Halleck never wasted even a syllable, he talked in grunts.

"Y've done goo' work 'n this job Mis' Langdon" he began, "I wan' yuh to ge' str'y fur Christmas News. Lo's slush, ge' me? Sob-Sob goo, ge' y'r c'py in tomor', goo' day."

I don't know how I got out of that office, I was simply stunned. The human interest story for the Christmas News! Why for years this particular sob-story had been a feature of the paper; sometimes it was a true one, sometimes it was pure fiction but it was a regular institution and space was always kept open for it right up to the last minute in case the reporter's muse did not descend with the desired alacrity. Annie Melrose had written this story for five years and in her absence I never doubted for a minute that one of the oldest and best reporters on the paper would get the assignment. And see what happened!

I was simply frantic the rest of that day, I walked all over town for a story but everyone was disgustingly well cared for. Not a single beggar starving on a doorstep, not a barefoot child in the street, not a thing that could possibly be worked up into a column. Then I tried to tap my sub-conscious mind for an idea but there were absolutely no results. Well, by the next day I was simply frantic, I did everything I could think of to work up an inspiration but it simply wouldn't come. It was then that I decided that the life of a sob-sister was a whole lot sobbier than anything she ever wrote, but this didn't help me any for the hard lot of the reporter is one thing that never gets into the newspaper. I was beginning to be pretty shaky about noon, I hadn't eaten any dinner the night before and as for breakfast, I couldn't have eaten to save my soul. I was so hurried up mentally. I was just starting out to get a cup of coffee and a sandwich when I got my big idea, I don't know where it came from, it just naturally happened and I didn't stop to wonder about it. I even forgot my lunch. Action was the order of the day. I rushed home as fast as the deficiencies of the city street-carway system would permit. Mother was just at home which was a blessing. For I am sure she never would have let me do what I did

and then I never would have—but that's getting ahead of the story. Anyhow, I was awfully glad mother's duties as president of the Altar Society kept her busy at the church that Christmas Eve. To come back to the big idea, I completed my plans while I was dragging out all the old clothes I could find and making a discriminating selection. You see I had suddenly come to the conclusion that the reason I couldn't get an idea for my story was that I hadn't any experience to draw on; so I thought that if I were to go out in the park or down to the Salvation Army Headquarters wearing raggy clothes and get cold and hungry, and sit on a park bench or stand in a doorway I would surely either see something to write about or else get an idea just from the atmosphere, see? There wasn't much time left, but I was desperate, and it was my last chance. I carried my booty from the attic to my room and when I was dressed the effect wasn't half bad. I am small and dark and awfully skinny and when I got on an old black skirt and waist and a tight little jacket and topped it off with an old black tam I had worn when I was in High School, well, I was "a pathetic little figure" and no mistake.

I didn't know whether to go to the park or the Salvation Army Headquarters, but I finally decided upon the latter. Now the Salvation Army had its headquarters in a regular old barracks of a place, a ramshackle old building about a block from the Main street. There was a whole lot of pawn shops and chili parlors and places like that on either side of the building and altogether it was a most promising location. It was after three o'clock when I finally got off the car at Main street and started walking up the side street to my destination. I tried to look cold and hungry but after about a half a block I didn't need to try because the wind went right through my thin jacket, and I remembered the lunch I hadn't eaten. Just what I intended to do when I got to the Salvation Army building I don't know, but it didn't make any difference anyhow because right on the corner of First Street and Lemon Avenue, just a few doors from the Salvation Army, I ran right into an adventure. It was big and burly, needed a haircut dreadfully and altogether looked just like an I. W. W. in a newspaper cartoon. My anarchistic friend was standing in the sheltered entrance of a pawn-shop and was regarding the motley collec-

tion of firearms in the window with a most ferocious scowl. I sidled into the doorway beside him, wondering how I would ever get up enough courage to speak to him and find out his story for I was sure he had one. I was almost warm in the little entrance and I was glad to get out of the wind for a few minutes. I was feeling kind of funny anyhow and I leaned against the window until my head should stop going round. And then things happened so quickly I can't remember them very clearly. I only know that the big bolsheviki man turned around suddenly and just glared at me from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Watcha doin' here, Lizzie?" he growled, "Move on now or I'll get th' police after yuh." Scared!—I almost fainted, I couldn't have run to save my neck, I stood still, simply pertified with fear. And then the door of the pawn-shop swung open and a young man came hurrying out. He was big and broad-shouldered, and without exaggerating I can say that he was the handsomest man I ever saw. I thought that he must be awfully poor for he had no overcoat but wore a shabby old jacket with the collar turned up, and there was the saddest look in his wonderful brown eyes. I couldn't help wondering if he were hungry. But don't think I stood looking at him as long as it takes to describe him, indeed not, I saw it all in a moment and in another moment I had done the most awful thing! I simply flung myself on his neck crying:

"Oh George! Thank God I have found you!" and then I burst into tears. Don't ask me why, I only know that I wanted to get out of that entrance and away from that bolsheviki man, and as for the rest,—well, I just felt like crying. I couldn't speak for a few moments and the young man took my arm and led me around the corner to a little dough-nut shop. It was a cozy, old-fashioned little place with a big counter and two or three little tables and chairs and a big base-burner. There was no one inside and the young man led me in and pulled a chair up by the stove for me to sit on, and when the little old lady proprietor came in from the kitchen he ordered hot coffee and doughnuts. Then,

"Tell me all about it," he said in the kindest voice. I choked back my sobs and in a few moments I was quite calm, at least as much so as the embarrassing nature of the situation would permit, for how was I to explain my strange ac-

tion to him? But "heaven will protect the working girl" they say, and my case was no exception. Right on the spur of the moment the most wonderful idea came to me and before I knew it I was telling the young man "all about it."

Now I have always been a respecter of the truth, a very necessary social or extremely jocose lie being the farthest I have ever strayed from the path of virtue. But nevertheless and notwithstanding I sat there and unblushingly told that unsuspecting and sympathetic young man the most brazen and unvarnished falsehood imaginable. I really was not conscious that I was lying, I had gotten my story at last and for the time being it was as true as anything ever could be. I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks as I told of my father who had gone suddenly and violently insane after the failure of his business the preceding summer. Between sobs I told of my destitute mother, half-blind and dying of an incurable disease, who spent her days waiting vainly for my renegade brother to return. I became very calm and despairing when I got to the part where I stood at her bedside and promised her that I would go to midnight Mass at Saint Vincent's Chapel, for she had dreamed that he would come back there this very night and I would meet him and bring him home to her for Christmas day. I described my hopeless wandering through the city in the forlorn hope that I might find him somewhere and beg him to come home, if only for a night. I had stopped in the entrance of the pawn-shop for a moment's protection from the cold and while standing there I had seen whom I thought was my brother come out of the door. As for the rest, he knew only too well what had followed my mistake.

It was getting quite dark outside when I finished, there was a heavy storm coming up, I could scarcely see across the table but I knew that he was looking at me with his sad brown eyes. The little room was very still for a moment and neither of us moved. Then the young man reached over and very gently took my hand.

"You say that your mother is almost blind?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes" I answered, almost in a whisper.

"And I resemble your brother?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, don't you think that I could go home with you tonight and pretend I am your brother? Think how happy it would make your



mother, and then we could surely find some way of keeping up the deception. Will you let me do this for her,—and you?" And after a breathless moment I whispered,

"Yes."

If I live to be an old, old lady I will never forget how that young man put me on the street car and paid my fare, although I tried to prevent him for I felt sure he was almost destitute, his clothes were so shabby. I sneaked in the side door at home, mother was busy helping Katie in the kitchen and father was absorbed in his paper by the living room fire, so nobody heard me come in. I got back into my own clothes in a perfect daze, my head was full of my story. The plot that had come to me in the dough-nut shop had grown to life size proportions and I could hardly wait to get back to the newspaper office. I went out as quietly as I had come in and by dint of frantic running I caught a street car that got me to the office just as the seven o'clock whistles were blowing. The editor was raving, but I didn't stop to pacify him, I sat down at my desk and typed as fast as my fingers could go. I didn't have to write that story, it simply wrote itself. And when the last page had gone to the copy desk and I had covered up my typewriter and put on my hat and coat ready to go home the editor came out of his office and patted me on the back and said,

"Goo' stuff, Miss Langdon! Goo' stuff, great stuff!" But I didn't care what he said, and it didn't make me the least bit glad, for now that the excitement was over I realized for the first time how basely I had deceived that young man. I couldn't bear to think of how he would wait in the cold after midnight Mass and expect to meet me and go to the bedside of that fictitious dying parent I had invented. And there I would be with my perfectly healthy and happy mother and my banker father who only let me work on the newspaper because it was good literary training! I went home in sackcloth and ashes and crept up to my room to get rested before Mass. But I couldn't rest, he was so wonderful and had such soft brown eyes—and I had lied to him!

Midnight Mass at Saint Vincent's chapel was rather a private affair, the congregation consisted of the Sisters and nurses and a very few friends of the Sisters. So you can imagine that my anxiety was aroused by the presence of two

strange persons. One was a plump, well-dressed lady whom I judged to be of middle age although I could not see anything but her back. With her was a young man whose broad shoulders and dark hair seemed vaguely familiar. However, even strange people could not distract my mind from the awful consciousness of my guilt. What would I do when I met him after Mass? I am afraid I didn't do much praying that night, but I am sure the Lord understood. At last the fatal moment came. I was almost afraid to leave the chapel but of course I had to. When we got out in the big front hall and everyone was wishing everyone else a merry Christmas I kept in the background and tried to scrooge in behind one of the big rubber plants so that I could see without being seen. Just as I reached a point of vantage the strange lady who had excited my curiosity in the chapel came out, and to my great surprise mother rushed up to her and they literally fell in each other's arms crying:

"Lottie!"

"Jean!" And then—the young man whose shoulders had looked so familiar came out of the chapel too. I took one look and sat down weakly on the nearest thing (which happened to be the tub in which one of the rubber plants were embedded), for he was the young man of the pawnshop and he had on a fur-lined overcoat!

Well, his name wasn't George at all but Steven; and his mother and my mother were schoolmates. He had been abroad for five years studying art and had come back to settle down in his mother's old home town (which was a city.) He had rented a perfectly lovely Bohemian sort of a studio on First Street and while in the process of getting settled he discovered that he had forgotten to provide himself with a tack hammer. Without waiting to put on his overcoat or even to take off the old coat he was wearing to work in he had come around the corner to the pawnshop in hopes that there might be a tack hammer in the conglomeration of utensils on display. I don't think there is anything more to tell,—oh yes, Steven, (I call him that now), keeps the newspaper clipping of my Christmas story in his upper, left hand, inside coat pocket. I will never write another story like that, for Annie Melrose is back on the job now and besides I am only going to work until the first of May because I need at least a month to get my trousseau ready.



# Odes and Oddities

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## TO MY PILLOW.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

HAIL to the geese with the feathers!  
They're dead now for many long years,  
But I hope they are happy in Geesedom  
For they must have been perfect old dears.

They left me the loveliest present  
That ever a sleepy girl had,  
And though it's surely not pretty,  
On a cold night it is not half bad.

The dreams that it makes are delightful  
And it is so soft and quite warm.  
Oh, nothing can equal my pillow,—  
Those geese deserve heaven of corn.

## TO A SQUIRREL.

MARY F. JONES, '21.

HAIL to thee, thou nocturnal visitor,  
Each night when most I want to sleep,  
Into my room you slyly creep.  
Your agility is quite astounding  
From chair to desk you go a-bounding,  
You sit upon the chandelier  
Or from a photograph you peer,  
I know not from whence you come, nor why,—  
Perhaps it is you heard me sigh,  
"Oh, for a soft squirrel coat I'd die."  
But please forget those hasty words  
If pelt by pelt it's coming,  
No longer for a coat I'd die—  
A simple choker will satisfy.

## TO COLLATION.

BURDINE TOBIN, '21.

HAIL to thee,  
Collation!  
You have saved me  
From starvation;  
No matter what you be  
Bread and jam, or apple pie  
You look good to me.  
You save my life at ten o'clock  
And then again at three  
Oh, Collation—  
Hail to thee!

## TO MY BED.

ALICE JOHNSON, '21.

HAIL to thee, white bed of mine.  
Minus slat, with spring so weak,  
That When I turn does crack and creak.  
Still, how I love thee, bed of mine.

Mornings come so bleak and cold  
Dearest then, art thou to my heart;  
Closing the window, back to thy arms I dart  
Knowing the warmth that they hold.

Summoning bells my ears annoy,  
Really now I must depart,  
Hastily then my exit I start—  
But soon again thy comfort I'll enjoy.

## TO THE STUDY-HALL PENCIL SHARPENER.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

ALL hail, O ogre of cavernous maw,  
Of greedy appetite,  
Of crushing jaw,  
All hail!

Full many a foot of yellow varnished wood  
Enclosing blackest lead  
Have I in sorrow fed  
To thee, most evil one, though seeming good.

All hail, O ogre of the racuous voice,  
Of creaking joints,  
Whom ruin date rejoice,  
All hail!

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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JANUARY, 1921

### RESOLUTIONS.

Of the making of resolutions there is no end. And were I cynically inclined, I might add, and of the breaking of them the same.

But the special season devoted most exclusively to resolutionizing (or should I say revolutionizing) is New Year's Day.

It would be interesting to know just who it was that inaugurated this habit of wholesale and promiscuous resolution making on the first of January.

It does not require much imagination to surmise that some king of ancient times, after a particularly hilarious New Year's Eve festivity, awoke the following morning and made a royal resolve, and then, not to be alone in his misery, decreed that all his subjects should make resolutions too. And from then on the custom has prevailed.

Making resolutions is easy enough; breaking them still easier. In fact the only difficulty whatever connected with resolutions is that of keeping them.

Some people make too many good resolutions at the beginning of each year and it is quite probable that when the number out weighs the matter the 31st of December finds that most of the laudable resolutions have suffered a natural death. Indeed it is rather an achievement to have kept a resolution a whole year without making the slightest crack in it.

There is only one sure way of not breaking resolutions and that is not to make any. But most of us have sufficient sporting spirit to make a few resolutions each January 1st, and some there are who even have sufficient courage and will-power to keep them.

### NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Make a New Year's resolution. Make it to keep but not to advertise. Don't tell your friends you are going to stop talking in the halls as your new resolution. Just stop talking. Let your resolution be one to your own self and not to the college department.

Don't make a useless resolution. Make one that you are likely to keep. Correct a predominant fault. Some folks allow themselves lapses from the good resolutions for special occasions. This is a good way to compromise but not good for the resolution. Don't make conditional resolutions.

Make one good, worth while resolution and consider it due your self-respect to keep it.

### WINTER SPORTS AT S. M. C.

For the girl who likes sports, St. Mary's in winter offers a wide variety, skating, coasting, snowball-fights and for the indoor girl gymnastics of every sort topped off by basketball for the person who likes strenuous exercise.

There is nothing more appealing than a wide, white expanse of snow and a really good stretch of ice for clinking ice skates with a big bon-fire to get warm by. Although St. Mary's has not had a hockey team for some years nor skating races, with a little "pep" and some management the enthusiasts could easily be banded together for some organized outdoor sport and there are high hopes of it if the winter proves long and cold. Sleigh ride parties and snow-fights have always been popular and even the old folk game "Fox and Geese" finds its place in the wide smooth spots on the campus. The outdoor sports are many but we hope for even more.

Basketball holds high place in the indoor interests. Every scheduled interclass game finds a packed gymnasium and even practice draws interested spectators. Class competition is keen and the College and Academy both have their champion teams. There will also be a clash for the school championship. At present it looks as though the Seniors will get the title for the most hotly contested game of the season with its class colors, songs, posters and mascots has been played with a 17-14 victory for the upper classmen. Other games of interest will be the Sophomore, Third Ac. clash and the Freshmen-Sophomore

trial which all goes to show that the girls of S. M. C. are just as keen and interested as are their famous brothers at N. D.

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#### METAMORPHOSES.

Ovid advertised them: schoolgirls perpetuate them. We defy you to show us another class of being so volatile and so adaptable as the maiden at boarding school. After a few weeks, she acquires, in the early morning hours, the speed and other general characteristics of the fire-horse. After this startling metamorphosis has served its purpose—to get her to morning prayer on time, even occasionally sans elaborate coiffure or collar and cuffs,—she resumes her wonted identity. In class she assumes either the contemplative or the somnolent attitude. At collation she reminds us of the primordial amoeba. Seriously, however, this adaptability is one of her greatest advantages. She must needs be a resourceful pilot to steer her bark for four years in the shadow of that lowering Vesuvius English, at last trimming her sails anxiously between the Scylla of Ethics and the Charybdis of Philosophy. And if her chamelon-like activities are at times ill-advised, let us hope that this will finally be compensated for by the metamorphosis of her mind from a “tabula rasa” into a knowing agent and of herself from a girl as such to a bachelor of science, of philosophy, or of arts.

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#### PUNCTUATION.

There is an art,—I use the word advisedly and with due deliberation,—an art, I repeat, which consists in the placing of certain infinitesimal dots and dashes so as to make “litercher” out of an otherwise rather unintelligible assemblage of words. Punctuation is the spice of the written page; as salt to celery and sage to the Christmas turkey so is the comma to the sentence and the period to the paragraph. There is a fish-story of ancient vintage which recounts the strange performance of an author who wrote an entirely unpunctuated book and inserted as an appendix several pages of commas, periods, et cetera ad infinitum. “Fit to be tied”? No doubt he was, but after all he was not so very much different from the vast assemblage of people who live book after book of unpunctuated existence, deeming it sufficient to run in an occasional page of unlearned

periods and commas and the brethren thereof. Now levity is the punctuation of life to my way of thinking. The perfect day is commaed with smiles, periodod with laughs, and semi-coloned with cheerful grins. By themselves the cheerful coterie is as inane and wearisome as the punctatory appendix before mentioned. Inserted with care and discretion they transform existence into living. Then here's a New Year's resolution for everybody, everywhere:—Let there be no page of 1921 without its punctuation.

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#### CURRENT POETRY REVIEW

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

The Crib of Bethlehem is in our very midst, did we but know to stretch our hand we might touch not only the rough straw, but even the rose-petal softness of a tiny hand. Not a few of the December poets seem to have written under the spell of the magic touch, out of them all I think Elizabeth Madox Roberts, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, succeeds best. Perhaps it is because she speaks through the lips of a little child and thus comes very near to that Child of the Bethlehem cave. At any rate “Christmas Morning” is the most fragrant blossom in Miss Roberts' “Child Garland.”

“If this were very long ago  
And Bethlehem were here today,”

—this is the whole theme of the poem. The patient cows, the clacking hens; the sweet mother Mary, the Little Jesus,—they are all here. And who can doubt but that the treasures borne by the Wise Men were no more welcome than the visit of the child who tiptoed in so softly and whose first impulse was,

“——to kiss His little hand  
And touch His hair.”

With her usual felicity of expression Laura Spencer Porter writes of:

“Casper, Melchior, Balthazar,” and the three names set the melodious swing of the whole poem. The gems and gold were not the only gifts brought that night, she says, one shepherd left his cup, another his coat and crook, and the one,

“Who had carried a lamb across the wild,  
Left that as a gift for the Holy Child.”

And whatever gift pleased the dear blessed mother or St. Joseph best, we may be sure:

"That this little Lord Jesus preferred the lamb."

We have roamed the Elysium enough, where shall we rest? The answer is easy, in "The Little House of Christmas," and we shall find it, "Halfway 'twixt the highway of Remember and Forget," an unstinted fancy and a heart full of joy of Yuletide have built this house,

"Holy-decked and sweet with fir,  
And hung with mistletoe"

To be sternly practical we must locate the little house in the December *Scribner's* and this is true inasmuch as Martha Haskell Clark's poem is printed there: But for the real "Little House of Christmas," no one can find it unless he looks in his own heart.

\* \* \* \*

CLARA SE LEGUE, '21.

The current poetry offered in December magazines presents a pleasing variety in subject and in treatment. In *Scribner's* for December is a poem of short compass which calls to one's mind everything that is holy and tender, everything that is wistful and sad about the greatest feast of the year,—the "Little House of Christmas" by Martha Haskell Clark. It is an idyllic picture, half allegory, half fact poised "between the highways of Remember and Forget." Each word is fraught with meaning and with memory; the Little House is set in its storm-blown white lane, and its guests,—

"Silk and velvet mantled Hopes rub elbows side by side  
With little, tattered, beggared Dreams that crept in  
wistful-eyed."

Can any imagery be more exquisite, more sympathetic? The author has penetrated beneath the veneer that custom has forced over the greatest of days, has forced the reader to come, as an eager child, out of the gusty storm, and across the limelane of the "Little House of Christmas," her dream and her creation.

Laura Spencer Porter, in her poem "The Gift," which appears in *Atlanta Monthly* for December, evinces a delightful appreciation of childhood. The poem is simple in diction, written in couplets, as artless as it is sincere. It tells of the gifts of the Wise Men, and then of the offerings of the shepherds, one of whom brought a lamb. The poet thinks that Mary might have liked a gem, and that even Joseph must have been pleased with the gold, but—and this she says is beyond a doubt—the little Jesus liked best of all the lamb.

In the *Century* of the month, Cale Young Rice has a poem of singular appeal, called "The Great Seducer." The rhythm, in the first place, is unusually well adapted to the spirit of the poem, and the subject is one that finds an answering response in many hearts. The theme is man's age-old, restless yearning for something he knows not. Cale Young Rice takes the sea as the symbol of all this desire. It draws a man from home, family, prosperity, and sends him forth to the far corners of the earth; and his reward is disillusionment.

\* \* \* \*

ALICE JOHNSON, '21.

The Current Poetry section in the *Literary Digest* for December is devoted to poems of national problems. Among the poems we find "Armistice Days" an anonymous poem from the *American Legion Weekly*. It compares Armistice day of 1918 to that of 1920 using the descriptive language of the American "doughboy." It merely suggests the memories that came to each soldier who was "overthere." I think that this quotes it better than if the author had written of his own memories.

Another of these poems is "Armistice Night-1920" by Curtis Wheeler, written in the most vivid descriptive diction. The five verses are addressed to the heroes who fell in the great war. The rest is a plea for the living not to forget the sacrifice they have made. This poem brings out the awful truth that in this rushing, bustling America we have almost forgotten that two years ago men were laying down their lives for us.

"Can we stand whole before a crackling fire—  
We, who have gone in peace a year and a year,  
Singing and jesting, working again for hire—  
Deaf to the message they would have us hear?"

\* \*

The cold rain falls in France! Ah, send anew  
The spirit that once flamed as high and bright,  
When, by your graves, we bade you brave adieu,  
When Taps blew so much more than just  
"Good night!"

"Santa Claus' Plan" by Pauline Frances Camp in the *Ladies' Home Journal* is a merry little lilt setting forth Santa Claus' plan for profit sharing. He asks each of the rich boys and girls to share his many gifts with the poor children. Such phrases as "his button of a nose" gives the poem the true Santa Claus spirit. "D for dolls", "R for ribbons and rattles" make it similar to a nursery rhyme and adds a swinging, swiftly moving rhythm to it.



## NOTES.

—There are two kinds of sympathy! sympathy deserved and sympathy misplaced. We will not say to which class belongs the sympathy extended to the holiday "stay-overs" by their departing friends; we will leave that classification to the readers and as an aid present the following facts gleaned from various sources.

—The "Saint Mary's Special" had scarcely left South Bend before the fifteen collegians who "vacationed" at Saint Mary's, were deep in the mysteries of Christmas shopping. Dinner at Robertson's, mid-afternoon lunch at the Philadelphia, and a last stop at the Diana proved that higher education had had no injurious effect upon certain appetites. There is little to be said of the days before Christmas, there were great quantities of tissue paper and ribbon in evidence, and much weighing of packages in the post-office.

—Midnight Mass broke the long silence of Advent with the inexpressible joy of the "Adeste Fidelis." The glory of Bethlehem lived again and made holy the day of days with its repeated Masses celebrated at an altar beside which was erected a miniature Crib.

—The twenty-seventh was the occasion of a delightful supper-party, planned and served by two loyal friends of the girls. Card parties were next numbered on the program. The collegians entertained the academics, which courtesy was returned a few evenings later. A rare privilege was afforded seven of the college girls, permission to attend "Spring Time in Mayo" with Fiske O'Hara in the leading role. Miss Elinor Herring very kindly acted as chaperon. An additional pleasure due to the weather, made the ride to and from town a real moon-light and snow-crystal treat.

—The opportunity of witnessing the beautiful ceremony of Religious Reception and Profession made, January 6th, a memorable day. As for the other days of Xmas vacation, no one seems to know where they went. Shopping trips and matinee parties and other festivities, made possible by generously accorded permissions, filled every moment that might possibly have been lonesome.

—Taking it all in all, there was only one regrettable day in the entire three weeks, and that was Jan. 11th, the day vacation ended.

—Because of illness, Ruth Healy, '21, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, was unable to meet with the class on Jan. 12. We hope for her speedy recovery and an early return to St. Mary's where an eager welcome awaits her.

—Judging from the appearance of the "Expedition" which returned from the South, the climate of Texas must be an exceedingly healthful one.

—The Misses Nancy Daly and Ada Costello were welcomed visitors during the holidays.

—On Dec. 19, the Fourth Academics entertained the student body with a delightful play. Much talent was shown and great credit is due to the members of the class, who proved themselves clever playwrights.

—Dame Rumor has among her items a bobbled party for the collegiates in the near future. We are hoping that there is good foundation for the rumor.

—One of the record breaking occurrences of year, which has it over past years, is the unusually large number of girls who returned promptly Tuesday, Jan. 11. The following morning all were in readiness with their newly-formed resolutions, indicated by the earnestness with which studies were resumed.

—Kathryn Marie Zimmer (Mrs. Dwight Elmer Williams of Omaha) is the only "holiday bride" for 1920 on St. Mary's list. Hearty wishes for a long life of blessings is our response to the announcement of her marriage on Dec. 31.

—Lake Marian is a most popular winter resort, skating there is unmarred by fear of an unexpected dip into the depths.

—With mid-term examinations over and the opening of the second semester, the class of '21 will begin to realize how very near is the end of their school days and the dawning of responsibility which awaits their entrance into the social world.

—St. Mary's extends loving sympathy to Mary Elizabeth Sheiber on the death of her beloved mother.

## RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

Jan. 6, 1921.

With the solemn commemoration of the feast of the Epiphany,—the coming of the Wise Men from the East to lay their gifts at the feet of the new born King—twenty-four young women were invested in the Habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and fifteen Novices made their final dedication to the service of God by pronouncing perpetual vows.

The ceremony took place in the Community Church of Our Lady of Loretto. It was presided over by the Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D., Bishop of the diocese. His Lordship was assisted by the Very Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., Provincial of the Holy Cross Order at Notre Dame.

At the close of the ceremonies, Solemn Mass, Coram Episcopo, was celebrated by the Rev. William R. Connor, C. S. C., with the Revs. Paul Smith of Chicago, and Robert Halpin of Kendallville, Ind., as deacons of honor; the Rev. Francis Wenninger, C. S. C. as deacon of the Mass; the Rev. John Margraf, C. S. C., as subdeacon and the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C. as Master of Ceremonies.

The Rev. W. M. Steinbach, C. SS. R. of Kansas City, who conducted the preparatory eight-day retreat, delivered an eloquent sermon on the excellence of the Religious Life. Father Steinbach's chosen text, "I have found him whom my soul loveth; I have held him and I will not let him go," epitomized the high desire of a religious as she pronounces perpetual vows, by which she voluntarily consecrates her entire days, thenceforth, to the service of God.

Music for the Reception and the Mass was rendered by St. Mary's Choir.

Among those present in the sanctuary were: Very Rev. J. J. French, W. P. Lennartz, P. H. Dolan, T. Kearney, W. Bolger, W. R. Lavin, P. J. Haggerty, W. P. Corcoran, J. Boyle, W. H. Malony, R. J. Collentine, B. Mulley, C. Haggerty, J. L. Carrico, J. F. O'Hara, J. Devers, J. Scherer, of Notre Dame, Indiana; and Rev. T. E. Dillon, of Indianapolis, Indiana; Rev. S. M. Ryan, Macomb,

Illinois; J. M. Schmitz, Union City, Indiana; J. A. Lyon, Ft. Wayne, Indiana; V. O'Brien, Mendota, Illinois; J. B. Wakefer, LaPorte, Indiana.

The young women who received the Holy Habit are:

Miss Margaret Murray, Kings County, Ireland, Sister M. Eutropia; Miss Catherine Artarey, Chicago, Illinois, Sister M. John Bernard; Miss Josephine Patrick, San Francisco, California, Sister M. Francis Rita Charles; Miss Dorothy Reagan, Huntington, Indiana, Sister M. Florentia; Miss Thelma Hoeny, Dallas, Texas, Sister M. Agatha; Miss Mary E. Radebaugh, Lancaster, Ohio, Sister M. Ellen, Miss Dorothy Wittman, St. Mary's, Penna., Sister M. Catherine Aurelia; Miss Margaret Mullen, Bangor, New York, Sister M. Teresa Amata; Miss Anna Paunicka, Cheevnic, Austria Hungary, Sister Agnes Imelda; Miss M. Grace Sample, San Francisco, California, Sister M. of the Passion; Miss Ethleen Hanagan, Palmyra, New York, Sister M. Elisavetta; Miss Ruth A. Weber, Union City, Indiana, Sister M. Lucille; Miss Marjorie Bannin, Danville, Illinois, Sister M. Jane Robert; Miss Olive Tyers, Stratford, Ont. Can., Sister M. Margaret Anne; Miss Ruth Campbell, Los Angeles, Calif., Sister M. Diomedes; Miss Loretta O'Sullivan, Los Angeles, Calif., Sister M. John Joseph; Miss Mary Purman, Waynesburg, Penna., Sister M. Josephus; Miss Clara Schwind, South Bend, Indiana, Sister M. Helen Joseph; Miss Kathleen McArdle, County Monahan, Ireland, Sister M. Anna Patrice; Miss Agnes Connelly, Salamanca, New York, Sister M. Ruth Dolores; Miss Edith Daly, Philo, Illinois, Sister M. Agnes Regina; Miss Gertrude Zills, San Francisco, Calif., Sister M. Gertrude Louise; Miss Mildred M. Heneghan, Peoria, Illinois, Sister M. Lea James.

Profession of perpetual vows was made by:

Sister M. Leonita, Sister M. Rosella, Sister M. Anna Regina, Sister M. Archangel, Sister M. Annunciation, Sister M. Elisa Maria, Sister M. Maria Luisa, Sister M. Carmencita, Sister M. Angelista, Sister M. Amadeo, Sister M. Loretella, Sister M. Geneveva, Sister M. Liguorius, Sister M. Luciana, Sister M. Martialis,

Proceeding the ceremony at church first vows were made by:

Sister Alice Marie, Sister M. Evangel, Sister M. Charlotte, Sister M. Clarice, Sister M. Dorothy, Sister M. Claudine, Sister M. Anne Gertrude, Sister M. Teresina.

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*My dear Mr. Secretary:*

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. *I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

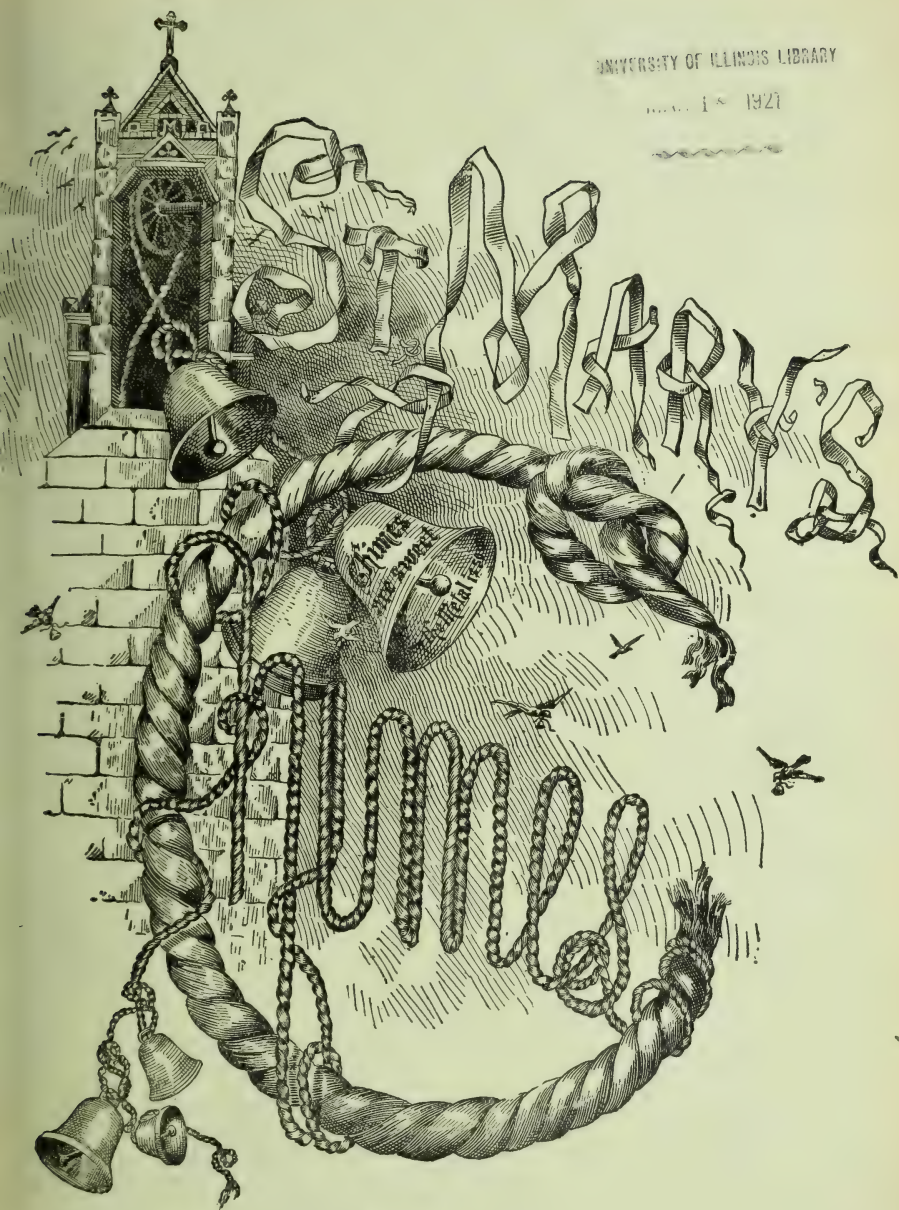
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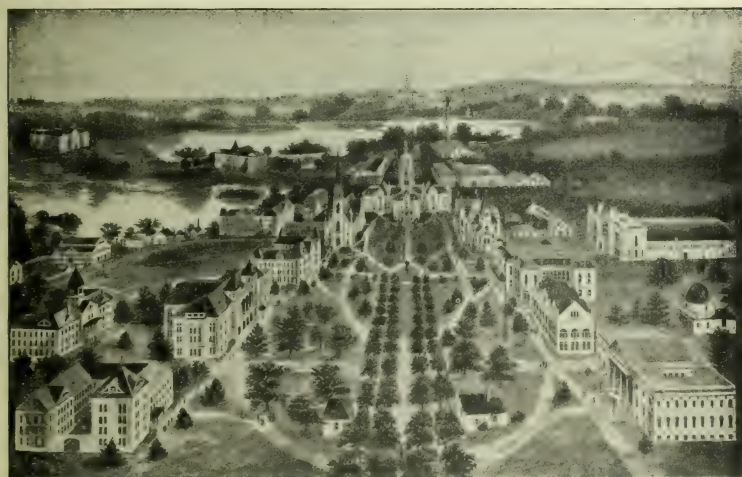
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*G. Washington*

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., February, 1921

No. 7

## THE ST. MARY'S GIRL.

BERNYCE BACHTEL, '23.

If you've essayed to find the maid  
More dear than all the rest,  
You'll know her in the homage paid  
By all who know her best.  
You'll tell her by the bonny eye,  
Her heart, so warm and true,  
But first of all you'll know her by  
The loyal white and blue.  
Of all that's best from East to West  
She is the queen, the pearl,  
The maid to whom our hearts are true,  
The real St. Mary's girl.  
Of all that's best from East to West,  
She is the queen, the pearl,  
The maid who wears the White and Blue,  
The true St. Mary's Girl.

## THE INFLUENCE OF ROUSSEAU: ITS SOURCES.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

INTO an age characterized by the squalor and restless misery of the discordant masses combined with the corruption of the clergy, the extravagance of the aristocracy, and the indifference of the rulers, came a genius whose paradoxical nature added but one more element to the seething fire of French national life soon to burst through the hollow shell of European civilization. This man was Jean Jacques Rousseau—he who fathered modern democracy and consecrated his whole life to relentless warfare against the ancient régime. Although impractical, inconsistent, jealous, suspicious, fantastic, almost a lunatic, and doubtless mad at times, he merits the name of the most passionate preacher of the brotherhood of man. To such nature, impressionable, sensitive as it was, the condition of France would necessarily have been all but intolerable. He found discontent in every degree. Those who then represented the monarchy had no regard for the common people, the common,

weal,—no regard for national interests. The established institutions of government were not in accord with the demands they vainly struggled to meet. The frame of the society which they tried to uphold was too weak. Under Louis XV., the military prestige of France did not exist. Whatever needed public service was neglected. The clergy were at variance with their superiors because they recognized the corruption existant. The arrogance, conceit, insolence, and contemptuousness of the nobility was without equal. Extravagance and immorality were the rule of their artificial society. The ignorance and listlessness of the common people made the condition more tragic. They were sorely pressed by enormous taxes from which they never received benefit. Their life was in awful poverty, when best may breed the germs of insane fanaticism and anarchy.

Of such a piteous state of life and of such parentage was Rousseau. He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1712, the son of a watchmaker. There his pious mother carefully trained him in the religious truths and principles of right living which he theoretically, if not actually, followed all his life. From boyhood, he was an outcast, hunted by the perilous dogs of poverty. Against them he rebelled with the ferocity that became his distinguishing faith and ardor; nevertheless, he always felt a deep faith in the goodness of God and man. While he lived in Geneva, he was in the Calvinistic school when theological discussion occupied every hour; there he learned to be an undaunted logician. With a characteristic fortitude, he followed his logic wherever it led him. It led him into inconsistency, but then he profoundly established himself.

At sixteen, he went to France. In 1741 he reached Paris where he was to win fame first by a system of musical notation. Several disgusting love affairs culminated in his marriage with Theresé le Vassur, an utterly illiterate, vulgar girl of low class. As soon as they were born, he consigned each of their five children to hospitals

for foundlings. Neither parent ever saw one of them again.

Rousseau's music talent and a few clever dramatic compositions welcomed him in high society. He was amusing, witty, and not at all ordinary. This excused his absolute ignorance of the usage of that polite but unsubstantial society.

One day he was dazzled by this question, whether the advance of science and arts has contributed to the corruption or purification of morals. After indescribable bewilderment during which the whole universe was to him a sea of tormentings, doubts and questionings, he launched the doctrines of his political philosophy. At first they were fragile, the product of an excited, radical mind. But their lucid meaning has since tested itself,—has written itself in the annals of all succeeding history.

With an astounding power that lay in his original ability to command the thoughts of others, he set about to arrest and excite their attention. He sought to diagnose the horrible dangers that were undermining the stability of France. Poor and obscure as he was, he drove his weapons with sureness, and into the very heart of the brilliant society that he had once amused. He was spiritualistic by nature. Consequently, he had been repelled by an innate and sincere repugnance for the cynical materialistic elegance which he had come to know as society. The social code, with its illustrated frivolity, falsity, immorality, gnawed at his sensitive mind like a cancer. He believed that they had been caused by science and arts. Against these then, did he turn the tide of his proposed revolution.

"Man is born free but is every where in chains," was his cry. He saw a superficial society made corrupt by the vanity of oppressive convention. He worshipped nature because it pointed out man's rational path—the common vocation of manhood. He believed that society and the government were purely the fault with whatever was amiss with France, and he dreamed of the time when idleness, luxury, convention and artificiality should disappear, for then would man be happy and virtuous.

To him, the unlettered peasant was superior to the man of culture because he alone retained the natural goodness of heart and disapproved social

inequality. Although he believed that the growth of knowledge and the refinement of life had made man untrue to his natural vocation, he would not have him return to primal barbarism. In this admonition, especially, he is generally misunderstood.

He wrote this to King Stanislaus, "Let us guard against concluding that we must now burn all libraries and pull down the universities and academies; we should only plunge Europe once more into barbarism, and morals would gain nothing by it. . . . In vain would you aspire to destroy the source of evil; in vain would you remove the elements of vanity, indolence and luxury; in vain would you even bring men back to that primal equality, the preserver of innocence and the source of all virtue. . . . There is no remedy now, save some great revolution. . . . Let us, then, leave the sciences and arts to assuage, in some degree, the ferocity of the men they have corrupted. . . . The enlightenment of the wicked is. . . . less to be feared than his brutal stupidity."

However, the yearning of the age, the intellectual life of which assailed all that is sacred with sneers, caused this misinterpretation of Rousseau's teachings. Although he was conscious that the society of France was deteriorating with the decay of its artificial structure, he believed that the return to primal savagery would be not only impossible but wrong. The development of man's natural endowments was, then, a duty and a necessity. True, the development had so far been in the wrong direction,—hence had come the wretchedness.

And so he diagnosed the complex sham he called French society. Of course to diagnose is different than to cure, but in establishing a cause for the result of his diagnosis, he prescribed a cure.

This prescribed cure consistently represented the movement tending to establish individualism in religion, philosophy, and politics—while at the same time it uncompromisingly opposes it. The nucleus of the cure lies with the cause of the disease. The beginning of the degeneration of the society Rousseau held to be the creation of property. The result of this was the division of labor, formation of classes, and, lastly, the awakening of all evil passions.



He proposed a political constitution granting perfect freedom of personal action but all in accordance with the principle of equality of rights. He required the education and development of each individual in order to allow the unrestrained unfolding of every natural endowment. The fundamental idea of this constitution was that the leaders should exercise the power which the people delegated to them, and which the people could limit, enlarge or abolish. Directly, the people should ratify every law. Representatives ultimately destroyed their democracy. Authority he believed to spring from the people alone, and only when they acted in their collective capacity. In this doctrine he professed to follow nature, but as a beginning he assumed that the individual man as he knew him, could be made over; and as an ending, he concludes that human nature as a whole must be made over.

Herein lies his inconsistency. He was perfectly impractical and evidently knew nothing of human nature because his political constitution would only hold successfully in Elysium. He had no bribes, no political bosses, no splitting of parties, no stuffed ballot boxes in his ideal state.

Nevertheless, his very impracticableness established his influence, not at that time perhaps, but at least, as it is now manifested. Obviously, Rousseau was not a dreamer. He willingly shut his eyes upon the repulsive civilization of his day; but he fashioned an order of society theoretically based on goodness, liberty, and equality. His doctrine seen in blinding proximity had extraor-

dinary influence on the liberal and generous souls; it seized others with the same mad frenzy that stormed the Bastille; while the novelty of it excited enthusiasm in the very classes which were most attacked.

Republican idealism is the outcome of his teaching, although it shows the tempering of a golden moderation fused with the sanity wrought by the work of generations. His was the contaminating, almost destructive radicalism that time has shaped into the doctrines which brought peace from the chaos of the French and American Revolutions. The aid which France gave the colonies then was an outcome of Rousseau's noble generosity and philanthropy. The first French constitution embodied his teaching when it sought to express the "general will". Little less is the Declaration of Independence. The preamble of our own federal constitution bears its stamp. We fought a Civil War because we had followed Rousseau's gospel of humanity. "Man is man's brother. In this world there are no masters and no slaves, or at least, there should be none. Where now there is nothing but guilty luxury on one side, and hopeless misery on the other, there ought to be equality, love, brotherhood, and happiness." Abraham Lincoln stated this principle when he declared this nation to be "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." He demonstrated the working of Rousseau's fantastical theory when he proved ours to be a nation "of the people, by the people, for the people."

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### THE PURIFICATION.

CATHERINE KENNEDY, '23.

ACCORDING to the old religious Law,  
The blessed child of Ann and Joachim  
Was brought to be renewed in grace by Him.  
So doing, blessings, graces, e'er to draw.  
When forty days had passed, the temple saw  
All glory, in the church, so still and dim,  
It seemed the angels and the cherubim  
Had filled the air with radiance and awe.

O blessed Mother, pure one purified,  
Make thy sweet folly in us fruitful deed,  
So care for us and pray that we may be  
Most modest, kind in ev'ry deed, and guide  
Us on life's journey. Do thou intercede  
That naught but good, Thy Son in us may see.

## TO MOTHER.

CELIA I. BURKE, '23.

O Mother dear, words cannot justly say  
 My depth of gratitude toward one so dear;  
 My love and wish that we could e'er be near,  
 Are in my thoughts through each successive day.  
 Thy guiding hand has lead me on my way,  
 And made Life's burden less a task to bear,  
 Showing me there is need of pain and care,  
 For in each life are hardships—come what may.  
 In future years I'll try to be like thee;  
 To fill my days with deeds made to uplift,  
 To have a smile for those who yet alive  
 Have lost their way on Life's unresting sea;  
 Sowing the seeds of love that is your gift,  
 This is the goal toward which I strive.

## PARADISE LOST.

ANNA PFISTER, '23.

UNTIL about forty years ago Great Britain was barren of critical learning, and in particular had no taste for epic poetry, so it is not strange that "Paradise Lost" was disregarded for many years. It was neglected until the time of the Whig supremacy in England when Lord Somers, the Whig leader, published an *édition de luxe* of the poem, and later Addison's paper increased in popularity.

The author of this famed English epic was John Milton, born in London of well educated parents in 1608. In 1625 he entered Christ's College and obtained his Master's Degree. The years immediately following his college life were spent at home, during which time he wrote *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus* and *Lycidas*. When he was twenty-nine years of age he determined to make an epic poem his life work. In 1641 he decided on a biblical subject. He composed the poem when he was fifty years of age, and on account of blindness he dictated it to various persons. *Paradise Lost* was completed in 1663 but not published until 1667. After the completion of the poem Milton spent much of his time in public life, until his death in 1674.

*Paradise Lost* is a modern epic, for higher grounds than

"With brethren the only argument  
 Hence, proceed."

is sought, and Milton crystallizes the religious be-

liefs of his time. The poem is written in English heroic verse, and its form is very much like prose, as Milton thought "rhyme is no necessary adjunct or true ornament of a poem or good verse." The qualities of the epic are expressed very well by the comparison which Sir E. Brydgen makes of Milton's life with his poem. He says "the life of Milton is an epic itself—he alone acted as well as wrote an epic complete in all its parts—high, grave, sustained, majestic. His life was a life of labour and toil, of purity, the life of a patriot and above all a Christian."

*Paradise Lost* derives its name from events taken from Holy Scripture. Some of the angels in heaven revolted against God because they were not so powerful as He; whereupon God thrust them out of heaven into a great pit. For nine days and nights these revolting angels poured into the land of chaos and darkness. After they awoken from their stupor, Satan calls a Council in the palace of Pandemonium, where they confer upon the possibilities of regaining Heaven and what means they should take. Some propose a battle, but Satan, having heard a report that God intended to create a new world and creatures, determines to search the truth of this statement, in hopes that in some way he may have revenge on God. This journey he takes himself, passes through the gates of Hell and discovers the great gulf between Heaven and Hell, and after great difficulty he passes through the place to the new world. God sees Satan flying toward the new world, and He foretells the Son of Satan's success in perverting man, but

since man has free-will, God's justice and wisdom is cleared. However, a chance will be given for man to redeem himself, provided the satisfaction is infinite as the crime has been infinite. The Son of God freely offers Himself as a ransom, and God is very pleased. Then the Son is told of the Incarnation, His Passion and Death and of the Resurrection.

In the meanwhile Satan alights on the outer surface of this new world, changes his appearance to that of a good angel, and asks Uriel to direct him to the place of man's habitation. Satan enters Paradise and is bewildered by the beautiful form and happy state of Adam and Eve. He hears them conversing about the tree of knowledge and immediately he decides to make them break the command given by God. Uriel learns that Satan, instead of a good angel has entered Paradise, so he tells Gabriel, who sends two angels to watch over Adam and Eve during the night, and there they find Satan tempting Eve in a dream. They take him to Gabriel whereupon he flees. In the morning Eve tells Adam of her troublesome dream. God, fearing the weakness of man, sent Raphael to remind them of the command He had given them, and also of their near-at-hand enemy, Satan.

A short time after Satan enters the Garden as a mist by night and enters a sleeping serpent. Eve asks to work alone. Adam fears the tempter will come but finally consents. Soon the serpent addresses Eve and tells her of this tree of knowledge, and Eve asks to see it. The serpent then persuades her to eat the fruit. She tells Adam of her act, and he does likewise. Satan returns to Hell after his victory and calls his Council, but instead of applause over this conquest he receives nothing but hisses as had been foretold by God. Adam and Eve have to leave Paradise, but the thought that a Redeemer will save them provided they repent and do penance, is ever a comfort to them.

*Paradise Lost* has a very great moral: obedience to the Will of God makes men happy and disobedience makes them miserable. Throughout the whole poem Milton follows Scripture rather closely, and never does he exaggerate the story of the fall of man in any way. Milton excels the other epic writers in the novelty of his characters. We have in one man and one woman as it were, four different persons, in the highest

innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. So clearly has this author given a picture of Satan that one can almost see that powerful body, so determined to have revenge on those who had wounded his pride so terribly. Of Satan's punishment received for his pride Milton says,

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak  
Is miserable doing or suffering."

The manner in which Eve's dream is realized is highly poetical. The imagery, sentiment, and language are perfect. The battle of the rebellious angel has been severely criticised as being too much of earth and very materialistic. The use of artillery in conflict is too modern for the part it plays in the poem. However, the author could hardly have used any other war implements which would picture his thoughts exactly. Beauty and hope are expressed in the scene where Raphael is telling Adam the reason for the creation of this new world. The language throughout the poem is highly expressive, and poetical, the imagery is perfect, his descriptive parts are powerful, and his unusual imagination is portrayed in the various descriptions of his characters.

The best proof of the value of a writing is whether or not it can stand criticism. As one critic has said, "*Paradise Lost* has been tried like gold in the fire." Sir E. Brygdes says that "Milton possessed the utmost perfection: all the strength of language, all its turns, breaks and varieties, all its flows and harmonies, all its learned allusions were his. In Milton there is strength with harmony, and simplicity with elevation." This poem has been spoken of as the deepest and wisest uninspired poem which was ever written. Of so great value is it that Bishop Newton thinks this poem should be read next after the Holy Bible.

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THEY DO NOT KNOW.

MARY F. JONES, '21.

THEY say that I've forgotten you  
Since you have gone away,  
They think because I do not weep  
That my sad heart is gay.  
I do not wear the sombre black,  
(You would not have it so.)  
I care not what they think, my dear,  
For I feel sure you know.

## ST. MARY'S CHIMES

MY BROTHER JIM.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

FROM out of the rays of childhood dim  
 There smiles at me my Brother Jim,  
 The little lad who shared my joys  
 And made me quite forget all toys.

Solemn-eyed, sweet, and tender, he,  
 A paragon to careless me.  
 Down childhood's years, a golden span,  
 He grew to be a noble man.

He is so fine and straight and tall,  
 His grey eyes meet the gaze of all.  
 He always wears a friendly grin—  
 That heart of man or maid could win!

He never has so much to say,  
 But fellows seem to like his way.  
 If you but knew my Brother Jim,  
 I know you'd think just heaps of him.

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 NEWMAN'S IDEA OF THE RELATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND  
 PROFESSIONAL SKILL.
 

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CHARLOTTE VOSS, '20.

NEWMAN says that whatever has its end in itself also has its use in itself; he holds that intellectual culture is its own end and so it must be useful, just as a healthy body which is a good in itself, is useful. By useful he understands not only the good, but that which tends to or is an instrument of good. The good and useful are separate and distinct yet we know that the good is always useful, although the useful is not always good. Because health is a good it is certainly worth seeking even though it brought nothing, but we always think of it as useful, as well as good. The body may be sacrificed to a specialized kind of toil, or it may be developed with respect to only one member of organ but this is not general health. Likewise the intellect may be confined to a specific profession, or the imagination or other faculty may be inordinately developed but neither training will bring about general mental health. This must be in possession in order to do the best professional and scientific work. He is not arguing against special training for such work as law and medicine, but only that there should be a foundation of general knowledge upon which to build.

Devotion to a single study by an individual improves and advances that art, yet by this concentration the individual's progress is retarded. The study of literature seems to be the thing on which to build a foundation and so would fit a man to take up whatever calling he chooses afterward. A

man's professional character is not the only one which he must maintain. He must be also a citizen, a friend, a companion, and a member of a family. A valuable aid in performing all these duties well, is the ability to speak "good common sense in English, without fear or reward, in common conversation." Language is what differentiates man from the animal and one who can use this well during a social hour to express sensible thoughts on some things besides his profession, is indeed educated.

A liberal education is also an aid to professional ability itself, since the main requisites for that ability are knowledge and cultivated faculties, the latter of which is, by far, the more important. One whose faculties are well trained can command his own. Exact and vigorous judgment is the most useful intellectual power for it gives its possessor the power to see and grasp the strong point in any subject he takes up.

Various studies are useful in aiding each other yet they are more useful in correcting each other, since each has its particular merits and its defects and only a broad acquaintance can give an intellect calm and clear enough to give them all their proper values.

I think Newman has proved his case for a liberal education beyond all doubt. It gives weight to the advice which is being given now to get a general education, and if possible a college degree before beginning to specialize in any particular field.



## TO A FRIEND.

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 MARY FRANCES JONES, '21.
 

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A wind swept plain lies desolate and bare,  
 While whispering pines loom tall against the sky,  
 Across the gray a flock of birds goes by,  
 The earth seems old and lined with care,  
 While Nature's children somber garments wear.  
     But lo—the earth breaths a contented sigh,  
     The heavens' new born blue smiles swift reply,  
 The sun shines out. Again the world is fair.

Just so, my path was desolate and bleak,  
 Until across my highway, friend of mine,  
 You came to me, and never more I seek,—  
 You came, with your ideals so high, so fine  
 That I rejoice in times when I may speak  
     These words of you: "She is a friend of mine."

## YOUTH'S FANCIES.

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 MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.
 

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A MONG the miracles that God has wrought,  
 I found a marvel in a forest glade:  
 Half hidden by the overhanging shade,  
 A brook so lovely that my fancy caught  
 Within the web of charm which swiftly brought  
 Me thoughts and fancies, quaint yet half unmade.  
 All through the day as dreaming there I stayed,  
 How many human lessons was I taught:  
 For childhood is just like the twinkling brook.  
 We chatter and we laugh all through the days,  
 Then slowly meanwhile searching crook and nook,  
 We grow to youth and learn the river's ways,  
 And to the sea without a backward look  
 We rush till death our onward travel stays.

## MOTHER MINE.

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 RUTH HEALY, '21.
 

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A tiny greeting I extend to you,  
 Mother of Mine, you are the best of all,  
 Of many other cherished friends, you call  
 For me to send you wishes good and true.  
 All through this life your needs are slight and few,  
 All your unselfish deeds I now recall.  
 I pray that harm may never you befall,  
 That God may shower His great love on you.  
 Through all my years your aid was always near,  
 In many trials, some little, others large;  
 Fond memories I'll cherish all the time,  
 In love I'll think forever of you, dear,  
 And thank our God who placed me in your charge.  
     I'll always pray for you, dear Mother Mine.

## SONNET FROM A LETTER WRITER.

MARGARET BUCKLEY, '22.

A lacy valentine of flimsy blue,  
 A cupid poised thereon with golden dart,  
 His face illumined by the painter's art,  
 Bedecked with flowerets glittering with dew,  
 The message that it bears is just for you,  
 And tells of how there is a place apart  
 For you, dear one, the nearest to my heart,  
 Of love that burns there deep and nobly true  
 I send it to you on this joyous day,  
 In hope the godly saint will plead my cause  
 Just as he did for others years ago.  
 For to your heart he surely knows the way  
 And so before I mail it, with a pause,  
 I breathe a tiny prayer for luck, you know.

## ONE NEVER KNOWS.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

"WELL, there's one thing certain," concluded General O'Niel, "a good drubbing would put 'Handsome' in his place and he certainly does need it—he's getting absolutely unbearable with all those buxom frau-leins making eyes at him."

"You're right, and I propose that we give it to him—thoroughly, too, for it is absolutely going to cause hard feelings around this mess if the beggar keeps on. These Lieutenants are human and can't take only so much. Well, I won't see you for a couple of days, must inspect Division —. Let's keep this to ourselves and see what we can do. But I must be moving. Won't miss the big party Thursday night though, even if half the Fritzie's have to be brought along for safe keeping. S'long, John, until then,—remember it's up to us to use our heads." With a hearty handclasp, General Sullivan left the private quarters of his old friend while the latter proceeded to fall into a brown study.

Thursday afternoon proved clear and cold—just the sort of day to prepare for a real lively party. General O'Niel was completing arrangements when the door was flung open and a most undignified General all but burst into the room.

"Glad to see you," greeted O'Niel cheerfully. "Things are getting into bad shape; hope you've had time to think. I haven't."

"Time to think—why, man alive, I've the product of my thoughts right here with me." Seating himself, Sullivan took a cigar and proceeded.

"It's the best ever that Col. Smith has fixed up over there at Division —. He has some

mighty beautiful chaps and what did the man go and do but send to Paris and get dresses, hair and all kinds of stuff for twelve of them. They're called the 'Flying Squadron of Dancing Girls' and he sends 'em all over the place for an evening at a time and I'll be dad-blamed if the fellows ever get next to the joke until the evenings nearly over. There's one of them called Ruth and he is one particular peach, only one drawback and that's his voice. It sounds like a young tornado in a peach orchard. Anyway, Ruth looked too good to pass up, so I brought him along for tonight. There's only Mrs. Davis and those two Madames, and all these being on the safe side of forty, Ruth won't have a spark of competition. Wells can take him in to dinner and we can 'put him next' so Ruth won't need his vocal organs. Watch 'Handsome' sit up and take notice when he sees 'her'!" The General ended with a chuckle that was drowned by the uproarious guffaw of O'Niel.

"Come on, let's get this fixed up proper. Can 'she' dance? Lead me to Ruth," he cried and fairly dragged his old friend through the door.

The dinner that evening certainly did look like a festal board—everything shone, especially young Captain Hayes, otherwise known as "Handsome" for he had received a hint on good authority that tonight "one particular peach" would be with them. A momentary look of annoyance clouded his face when, after they were all seated, Wells came hurrying in, bringing the really flawless and dazzling peach with him and then took seats just far enough away to make conversation impossible. 'However, to look was some consolation and "Handsome" made the most of it, for he stared and stared, entirely forgetting to be his own charming self. Dinner seemed interminable but it finally ended, as all things must, and the Captain fairly flew over for an introduction. Surprising as it was, Wells seemed only too willing to perform the rite. Miss Ruth suddenly grew shy and acknowledged him with only a warm smile. The tune of a dreamy waltz struck up and "Handsome" found himself gliding across the room with this paragon of beauty in his arms. How she could dance! Why should she be so silent—now was the time to make the impression—now or never!

"You are a wonderful dancer," he breathed. She merely smiled. Stump number one registered "Handsome"—she's heard that too often. Try

something else—be bold to make a "hit"—let's see—

"Do you know you are the first girl I have met that seems really, typically American. You are all girl and not a bit of this masculine type—the minute a person looks at you he realizes that he is seeing a real American girl—one that you can work with, or play with, or—"

"One never knows, does one?" boomed a deep bass voice so close to "Handsome's" ear that it seemed like an explosion. He stopped with a jerk, so did the dreamy waltz, and that with a crash. Stunned and dazed he gazed horrified as his partner slowly drew off "her" curly, black wig, revealing a closely cropped blonde head, unmistakably masculine. The whole world seemed suddenly one huge bedlam of mocking, roaring laughter—the room fairly rocked with it.

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#### FROM BROKEN TIMBER.

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AMELIA SCHLECHT, '22.

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THE rescuers stood looking helplessly at the tons upon tons of dirt and broken timber that filled a large stoep of the "Golden Dollar Mine." Under this debris were buried the bodies of thirteen men. The thundering, crashing rock had unbelievably broken the huge timbers to bits. The dense dust began to settle and the men sprang back as the second avalanche of dirt came down.

In that interval, young, seemingly worthless Jim Lorney regained consciousness, protected from the rock by the piled timber caught above him. Although badly bruised he found that he could move; but moving, he started the loose dirt into motion and clutching blindly at the timber in the awful darkness, he pulled himself to safety as the loose dirt below him gave way and fell to the bottom of the stoep. Breathless and shaking with fear, stupified, he listened to the dirt sift down between the timbers. He had been so near to death that he wondered why he had not been killed—why he had been saved a second time. In that minute all his youth flashed before him. Steady John, his brother, who had always misunderstood his carefree attitude toward things in general, had driven him to care not what anyone thought. Then resenting his mother's seemingly deeper love for the thoughtful John, he

had gradually drifted away from home, doing what he pleased. The once happy outlook on life was tinged with the cynical. He lived for himself and had answered to no one. For the first time he saw himself as he was, the selfishness of it, what his mother must have suffered. He wanted to live once more, never had life seemed so dear,—but what if he should die? The air was becoming smothering in the dreadful darkness; he was afraid to die. Then to die after being saved—he would not! Frantically he tried to regain his feet and stretching out his hands for support he touched something warm. Instinctively he drew in his hand but managed to find some matches in his jumper. To his horror he saw the body slipping with the dirt he had loosened. Forgetting himself, he worked to save the unconscious man, and exhausted, pulled the heavy body out of danger. His body was throbbing in every muscle and, lighting another match, he stared into the upturned face of John. He started back; he had not known that John was in the stoep. The match burned to his fingers and sobbing, Jim prayed as never before. If John should die—his mother. God must save John. Would He take his life but leave his faithful brother!

Jim was praying aloud in his fervor and, returning to consciousness, John stirred. The last match was lit and the two brothers looked at each other. John smiled his understanding and grasped the hand of Jim. Then the two of them were hurled apart as the second avalanche of rock and timber came down.

The superintendent, two hours later, stood facing the suffering mothers and wives of those buried underground. He had to tell them that there was no chance that anyone could have been saved. He raised his hands for silence but the shrill clang of the shaft telephone brought everyone to a tense listening. Someone was tapping on the air pipe!

Every face lit up with expectation, each one believing the tapper her own. A little mother at the back of the crowd found herself praying for a wayward Jim but thinking of what John had meant to her, she prayed "Thy Will Be Done."

The long hours of waiting drew to an end but little did Mrs. Lorney realize when she lifted the covering from Jim's bruised face that this new man was to be both a John and a Jim to her, reborn under falling timber.

## WISHES.

ANN NERTNEY, '23.

MY fortunes with my years have fully grown.  
 I am what's termed a "quite successful man,"  
 I do the things which dignified I can,  
 And still I am not happy I will own.  
 I have a huge house built of finest stone,  
 But down its halls a youngster never ran,  
 I, only, walk them, just one lonely man,  
 Alone, I walk my rooms of somber tone.  
 Just down the street there stands a bungalow,  
 And on its lawn three babies romp all day,  
 Their names are Jack and Marguerite and Chloe,  
 And sometimes with them I have stopped to play.  
 I wish that my house were that bungalow,  
 And mine were Jack and Marguerite and Chloe.

"ROMOLA"—A MANUFACTURED  
 NOVEL.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

OF "Romola" someone once said that George Elliot "manufactured" it, a more apt phrase would be difficult to find. The strong thread of the plot is woven into a background constructed with an inconceivable amount of toil. George Elliot has secured atmosphere but it is an obvious atmosphere and the mechanism of its production is open to the gaze of the reader. "Romola" is a unified novel in that every word "belongs"; there are no square pegs in round holes with regard to either characters or background. There is nothing that is not essentially Florentine, the very sunbeams that fall on the mosaic pavements are unmistakably Florentine sunbeams.

George Elliot herself says, "I began it (Romola) a young woman,—I finished it an old woman." Her's was a stupendous task, the gathering of the material, so copious and so accurate would itself be a work for boundless energy and intellectual strength of no mean degree. But after the gathering of this great mass of material the novelist faced the additional labor of forging it into a gigantic literary achievement. Apart from the mere mechanical details of landscape and architecture she had caught the current of thought and emotion of the Florence of Savonarola and the Medici. No small task was this to reach back over a period of three centuries and to find and take the living, breathing life of

the times and transplant it and mould it into a work of such strength as "Romola." Nevertheless, in one respect, George Elliot wrought better in her lesser works; for example, "The Mill on the Floss", simple as it is, is more a pure work of art than the historical novel. Florence lives in "Romola", but the book itself is not a living entity as are works of lesser intellectual quality. The great labor of the book is too easily discernible throughout. We read with intellectual delight and not a little awe at the grandeur of the work, the indefatigable zeal that must have gone into the making of it. And yet,—we can put it down and forget it at our pleasure, while a book of such simple color as Bronte's "Jane Eyre" we may put down, but we cannot pigeon-hole it mentally when we please. It is a living thing and as such carries a potency that defies us to forget it and still the thrill awakens. "Romola" was made, not born. It is the work of a great intellect and a great art but it is written with the mind, not the heart. And accordingly the reader may marvel at its beauty and the wealth of material, yet he cannot but be conscious of its lack of spontaneity,—too obviously George Elliot "does not seem to ride freely under the burden of her knowledge."

## THE LEGEND OF THE SPIDER.

BERNICE FITES, '23.

THE spider once in days long past  
 Did service to mankind;  
 He saved the infant Jewish King  
 Whom soldiers sought to find.

At God's own word, by angels sent,  
 Saint Joseph took his flight;  
 With Mary and the Holy Child,  
 To Egypt went, at night.

They stopped to rest within a cave  
 One night while on their way;  
 And Herod's soldiers seeking them  
 Drew near with great display.

Then God sent not his angels down  
 To guard the Infant King,  
 But let a spider small and weak  
 Do this majestic thing.

The soldiers at the entrance paused  
 To search there vain they deemed;  
 For on a filmy spider-web  
 The morning sunlight gleamed.



## THE STEADFAST.

HELEN EAST HOLLIDAY, '22.

THROUGH ages past those snow-wrapped heights have stood,

Old sentinels that guard the land below,  
Unlike the restless streamlet's ebb and flow,  
They keep faith ever with their trust and would  
Not leave the watch they hold o'er field and wood.  
So, venerable they stand today while snow  
Surrounds them on all sides, and winds that blow  
Would welcome chance to crush them if they could.

They look unchanged on changing ways of man  
Who from pure love at God's command knew birth;  
All Heaven is man's but for fealty  
If with free will he follows out God's plan.  
As lasting is the mountain on the earth  
So may man be for all eternity.

## TOMMY: A TALE WITH A MORAL.

REGINA WOLTER, '22.

ONCE upon a time there was an ambitious mole who wished to amount to something in the world. He was sure that there was more to the earth than the dark underground tunnels that his family inhabited, although his father told him repeatedly that there was nothing above ground worth looking at.

The moles are hard-working little people, and this particular family were employed in a mine and dug early and late for their living. One day, as the little mole was at work in a corner of the mine, he met the old gnome who employed them, and got into a conversation.

The old gnome was in particularly good humor and as there was no one about he condescended to be pleasant to the little mole boy. When Tommy, the little mole, asked him about the earth, he described it at length, the forests and meadows, the trees and the blue skies, the sun and the stars and even the people.

Tommy could scarcely wait until evening that he might tell his family the wonderful story. But his father fell asleep in the middle of the recital and Mrs. Mole was so busy that she only nodded once in a while. Tommy was discouraged, and all the next day he was turning over in his mind ways and means of seeing some of these things for himself.

One day, instead of going to work with his

father, he pretended to have an errand to do for the old gnome. He dug up and up until at last he could poke his head right out. He looked all around; then he was so disappointed that he cried.

"Everything's just the same!" he wailed.

"What is the same?"

A little fairy on her way to visit a sick bird family stopped beside him.

"The gnome said the trees were green, and the sky was blue, and everything is brown!" wailed the mole again. "Are you a person?"

"Not quite," laughed the little creature. "I'm a fairy."

"Well, you're brown, too."

The mole sat up and viewed the fairy dolefully.

"Why, I'm pink," cried the fairy indignantly. Then all at once she began hopping around in a circle.

"I know what's the matter!" she laughed. "You wait here."

Off like a flash she scurried, and just as the mole was about to go down into his hole again she returned with a pair of spectacles.

A mole is almost blind, and everything does look brown to him—that is why he thinks the whole world is like his dark, damp hole underground.

Now, these were magic specs, and no sooner did Tommy look through them than he saw all the beautiful things of which the gnome had told him, also the dainty fairy.

"I will never live underground again," he said, delightedly. And he never did. He got a position as chief clerk in the fairy bank and lived happily for the rest of his days.

## AN AIM IN LIFE.

MARY MCGARRY, '22.

ALL the best in life's the simplest,  
Love will last when wealth is gone;  
Just be glad that you are living  
And aim to help another on.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms,  
Let your comrades wear the crown,  
Never mind the little stumbles,  
Nor the blows that knock you down.

You'll be there when they're forgotten,  
You'll be glad with youth and dawn  
If you'll just forget your troubles  
And aim to help another on.

## SIMILARITIES IN THE GREEK AND CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

MARGARET AUBREY, '23.

THE Greek versatility, genius and love of beauty have given rise to a mythology and a religion whose influence extended beyond the limits of pagan Europe, and which is studied and admired in our own day. All the aesthetic loveliness and admiration of the forms of beauty which animated the Greek mind, was expressed and Greek religion and its result was the most elaborate and beautiful of ancient superstitions. Its influence was to Greek life what Christianity became to its early Roman adherents.

The Greek religion was not unlike the Christian in some of its essential features. The Olympian Zeus represented a supreme divinity, the master of the destinies of men and of all the other gods who were his attendant spirits and monitors. But the Greek mind conceived only a god of justice, who demanded "an eye for an eye", and rewarded only those who obeyed his behests to the letter; hence, their rigid observance of all the ceremonial laws of offering and sacrifice. Their ideas of a future life pictured three places in which men would spend their eternity. But for the average Greek, there was no delight in the thought of future life. Hades, the abode of departed spirits was a place of gloom and darkness where the soul wandered restlessly in search of happiness. The brightness and reality of earth held much more attraction for the healthy Hellenic mind than any such an existence

as the future promised. Only a chosen few could welcome death—great national heroes, who journeyed to the Elysian fields in the land of the setting sun. The last and lowest abode of the soul was for those who had angered the gods and for endless eternities were doomed to make some proportionate atonement for their sins in the flesh.

For the Hellenes, as for the early Christians religion was the dominating influence of their lives. Their games and sports had their origin in religious observances and festivals held to honor some deity. The Delphic Apollo and his shrine in the mountains of Phocis exerted a national influence on Greece, and his utterance to particular individuals were believed and obeyed with a zeal worthy of a better cause. All national calamities were ascribed to the wrath of an offended god; the Greeks saw gods in all the forms of nature as the Christian world saw the greatness and majesty of their God in the work of His creation.

Far apart, then, as the two religions seem to be, they possessed in common some fundamental religious beliefs; their acknowledgment of a supreme ruler, belief in future rewards and punishments, and the immeasurable part which religious convictions played in their lives. The Greek worship of nature was but a faint fore-shadowing of the universal worship of the God of nature.

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'TIS YOU.

MARY VALLA, '23.

MAY budded in all splendor,  
 God breathed a soul so dear,  
 An angel waited, trembled near,  
 His beauty to implore.  
 God's image here once more  
 Awoke in earth realms dear.  
 No dream from Heaven's sphere  
 So sweet, came to this land before.

But now 'tis I may keep this dream,  
 This lovely, lovely thing,  
 A jewel, stolen, it would seem,  
 From choirs where angels sing.  
 'Tis you, who make life's light to gleam;  
 To you my heart takes wing.

## ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PUPILS OF

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

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FEBRUARY, 1921

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## HUMORESQUE.

What is there about that theme that makes it ring in your ears? Is it that haunting, fascinating, half-crying strain that makes you listen and want to hear it again? Perhaps it is because the Humoresque is so satisfying, and again it may be because it fits our every mood. There is the sadness and the brightness and the joy.

Van Dyke has written a splendid recitation and he calls the Humoresque "so like an April day, full of smiles and tears, pleadings and laughter." He says that the Humoresque is a theme that men may mould as they will and if it be in their hearts it will contain "an infinite tenderness, a great longing, a sweetness of distance and a remembered joy."

Not alone has Van Dyke used this theme, but there is that famous piece of music by Dvorak. And again Edwin Markham has written a poem to the same theme, and dedicated it to the "Bride of Dreams", which is Humoresque. It is themes like this that appeal to us because they're a wee bit romantic and still touch our lives.

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SPECTACLES.

In the good old stone ages, man met his enemy face to face, struck him emphatically over the cranium with a stone hatchet, and dragged him away by the hair. Now, man subdues his adversary by a glance. How, you ask? The answer is simple. This is the twentieth century, and the answer to any annoying question is "Psychology." This should be pronounced in a stentorian voice, and, if the inquisitor is not unduly inquisitive, he

will slink away; if not, there are further facts to crush him. There is a psychology of the child, of the man, of jazz music, of digestion, of forgetting, of selling, of things ad infinitum, and the last, but not, my friend, the least of these, is the psychology of spectacles. It is a new science, and its rules are not definitely formulated, but if anyone cares to take up its study with a view to future ocular subjugation of others, it is our earnest wish that these few observations will prove helpful in some small degree.

A brief history of the object in question is necessary. They—spectacles—are the criterion of civilization. What Zulu, Hottentot, Indian or normal small boy has ever been known to display them? That Plato is not known to have worn them is no detriment to the validity of the argument, it merely proves that Plato was not so very civilized, after all. Horace must have longed for them as the final touch of dignity with his graceful toga. But Grecian learning and Roman power were in vain here. Spectacles were not yet.

They are the sign of civilization, but of a decadent civilization, because conquest is based on false standards. The unlettered butler may look like James Whitcomb Riley, when he is fortified with a pair of goggles. T. R. merely stared at the "dear pee-pul" through double lenses every fourth year, and the votes rolled his way like billiard balls on a hillside. On the other hand, Willie J. Bryan, who speaks with a golden tongue, but views his audience with unsheathed optics, is cheered, then dusted off, and put back on the shelf till further orders, and his mantle falls upon Woodrow Wilson, who wears an intelligent-looking piece, with a gold chain.

In society, a pair of spectacles with a handle is the sole means efficacious for separating the *hoi polloi* from the select few. A battery of diamond-decked dowagers armed with lorgnettes can do more social slaughter than a yellow journal. There is something about being viewed through a lorgnette that should make the strongest quail.

If you intend to use spectacles for purposes of conquest, a word must be said about the different varieties and their effects. If a student, and you desire to pass exams and get enviable daily grades, retire behind a sizable pair of tortoise-shell rims, assume an abstracted air, and

look intelligent. Satisfaction is guaranteed. If you are a street-car conductor, and cherish the laudable ambition to become president of the company, a necessary condition for its fulfillment is the purchase of a pair of pince-nez glasses, complete with black Oxford cord attached. If you are a professor, by all means display rimless nose glasses; they give the eyes a concentrated look, and their effect is unparalleled. These are but a few of the observations to be made in this new and highly interesting branch of science. Advice will be furnished to other professions upon request. The best way to become proficient in it is through practice, and close scrutiny of the initiated. The psychology of spectacles is crude, but thoroughly demonstrable.

#### BETTER BOOKS.

Recently there has been a campaign having for its slogan, "More books in the home", the idea being to furnish books for the children especially. We have seen during the past war that slogans if frequently repeated induce action. This campaign will most likely meet with favorable response, therefore it is important that the wording be correct.

A large number of books are possibly harmful and a larger number though lacking vicious qualities are negatively pernicious because they simply waste time, dissipate mental energy and cause the most important quality of the human mind, the power of concentration, to become dull and the faculty for attention to be frittered away. We have entirely too many trivial books and many more actually vicious books today. If the slogan, "More books for the home" is going to increase the sale of these books, a great deal of possible harm will be done, to say nothing of the influence for ill which indulgence in trivial reading brings with it.

The best selling books of our time are crude pictures of practical jokes, which is a reflection of our inability and rationality, that is not flattering to our self-esteem, or books founded on sentimental gush. Most all the books emphasize that older people are very foolish individuals on looking like a disappointment to others. Nothing could be less desirable than books of these kind in the home. Shall we have more books in the home

then? Surely not more of the best sellers. The slogan we should repeat is not more books, but better books. Lincoln read but six books before he was twenty-one and very few after, yet those six books made him one of the best writers of English and helped to develop one of the greatest thinkers of the nineteenth century.

People have been making resolutions; the best one that could be taken by parents and guardians would be to see that their children had fewer, but better books. Let us see now how many of you are looking out for the welfare of your children by carrying this work forward.

#### CURRENT POETRY REVIEW.

VERONICA McCABE, '22.

The lure of the city would exert its magnetic forces upon few of us, were we to be guided by our impressionistic poets of the month.

The harsh morning greeting of the city is well characterized by Clifford Franklin Gessler in his "Loop Morning," which was published recently in the *Literary Digest*. Certainly we cannot enjoy the early dawn when,

"Day rides into the Loop  
With shrieking of iron wheels  
Staccato of leathern heels  
And the mist over all."

Indeed we cannot find very true or deep happiness in a city during the hours of either daylight or darkness, if we are to see the city through "The Great Kaleidoscope," which is in the hands of Frederic B. Bard. This poem which was also published in the *Literary Digest*, catalogues in a very concise and impressive style, the chief virtues and vices of the city. Not by naming these, but by portraying the inhabitants of the city at their daily occupations, and by drawing clear pictures of the scenes of their activities, does he convey to us the impression which the city makes upon him. The lack of music in the free verse in which it is written, helps us to realize that the city is only a crude product of man's hand and not an harmonious creation of God's.

That the superior beauty of God's creation is to be found in the country, we learn from the following sonnets by David Morton, which were published in the February issue of *The Century Magazine*. In the first, "Moons Know No Time," he shows us how, through the Ages,



those who are no longer with us, still live on in the peaceful moonlight, on the lonely hills in the country.

"Summers gone by and laughter that is still,  
And hair whose gold is hidden from the sun  
Moonlight, remembering on a lonesome hill,  
Might half return them, one by ghostly one."

In the second entitled "Fugitive," Beauty itself is characterized as some timid thing of nature which thrives best in the solitude of the things of God as he made them.

"Behind these falling curtains of the rain,  
Beauty goes by, a phantom on the hill,  
A timid fugitive beyond the lane,  
In rainy silver, and so shy and still  
That only peering eyes of some hid bird,  
Or furry ears that listened by a stone,  
Could guess at something neither seen nor heard,  
Finding escape, and faring by alone."

Truly our poets are calling us to come out to the broad fields, untainted by the city's grime.

\* \* \* \*

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

"The Violin" by Florence Earle Coates published in the January *Scribner's* gives splendid expression to the almost human sympathy and intensity of feeling that the artist can awaken in a loved instrument. The poem suggests the elusive address of Aline Kilmer's "Violin Song". The following lines epitomize the close association between the player and his instrument:

"And I, who could not ask whence sprung his sorrow  
Responsive to a grief I might not know,  
Sobbed as the infant that each mood doth borrow,  
Sobs for the mother's woe."

Two sonnets, "Moons Know No Time" and "Fugitive," by David Morton appear in *Century Magazine*. Both are nature poems of beautiful imagery and vivid coloring. The second is particularly attractive in its picturing of Beauty as a timid fugitive, stealing about in the wake of the spring rain and only the shining grasses, as the poet says,

"Give hint of silver slippers hasting by."

Theodore Maynard's "Inscription To My Mother" is found in the January *Harper's*. It is delicate and exquisite little lyric. Such a tribute as this would surely be a joy to a poet's mother,

"To you I owe  
The blood of a Gael,  
The laughter I wear,  
As a coat of mail."

In the closing lines of the song,

"To you I owe  
My songs, each one,  
For you hushed with music  
Your little son."

CATHERINE KENNEDY, '23.

In the *Arctura*, January 29, I read "In Darkness" by Meredith Starr. It is a beautiful poem, explaining how our paths in daily life

"Are veiled in misty clouds."

Evils come upon us when we are unawares. It concludes in a prayer,

"Guide Thou our footsteps through the maze,  
Of doubtful paths and hostile creeds!"

"Angel Friends", anonymous, a child's poem, is a tribute to our Guardian Angels. Their love is greater than any human being ever knew. No one need ever fear in the wildest storm or the darkest night for God has given us an angel who will always watch over us. "Irish Legacy" in the same magazine is a lengthy poem by Edward Wilbur Mason, in which he tells about all the little things concerning Ireland which are familiar to him. Some of them are,

"The sudden rains that silver everything,"

the fairies, the rocky crags, the

"Mellow chimes, tolling clear the call of early Mass."

He has learnt these things from the songs of Ireland, and these songs form the "Irish Legacy." In the *Woman's Home Companion* for January is a pretty nature poem, "My Indoor Garden", by Margaret Steel Hard. When winter comes and the robin has fled, the columbine no longer is seen in the woods, the brooks which once leaped and ran, now flow slowly, but the author still has her summer joy. Her summer's joy is in the person of a young maiden, whose eyes are as blue as the summer skies, whose chattering is like that of the birds. It is a beautiful thought and skillfully worked out.

#### DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Feb. 5 and 9 are memorable days in St. Mary's calendar for 1921. On the first date the students were privileged to hear the Rev. Dr. M. Pace, Dean of Philosophy at the Catholic University. Dr. Pace urged strict attention to the acquisition of Correct English, whether it be for use in the classroom or in social conversation. Among the many helpful thoughts gathered from the talk were: Knowledge is valuable only in so far as it can be communicated; One is largely her own English teacher; that many graduates overlook the laws of expression, mode of speech, by which the majority of people judge them.

Dr. Pace further encouraged reading as a means of acquiring the habit of correct speech. "Love for reading," he said, "is one of the best things a student can take away from college, for through it she will be able to communicate previous knowledge and to add to what she has already learned." \* \* \* \*

On Feb. 5 Miss Mary McSweeney, sister to the late Mayor of Cork, addressed the Sisters and students in St. Angela's Hall. Miss McSweeney said she spoke to her audience, not as to voters, but to those who might become helpful to the cause of Irish Freedom by their influence in its behalf. Miss McSweeney possesses a modest carriage, a clear pleasing voice, distinct and with just enough accent to heighten the effect.

After the talk, tea was served in the guests' dining room.

#### ST. MARY'S BUILDING FUND.

Since the last issue of THE CHIMES the following report of work in behalf of the Building Fund has reached us:

On Jan. 9 the younger members of the St. Mary's Notre Dame College Club of Chicago staged a play entitled "The Belles of St. Mary's", in which they scored great success and added a neat sum to the amount already deposited for the Building Fund. The play was written especially for the occasion by Mr. J. P. McEvoy of the *Chicago Tribune*, a former student of the University of Notre Dame, hence greatly interested in the Chicago club. Messrs. Maurice Cooney, Austin McNichols and Joseph McGinnis, also former students of N. D., were among those who gave kindly and efficient assistance to the management of the evening's entertainment.

Through the gracious courtesy of Mr. Harry Powers, the use of the Blackstone Theatre was granted for the performance.

Kaplan's Orchestra furnished the musical program.

During the month Mesdames Adelaide Terry Lewis, 4525 Beacon St., and Emma Herbert Finkle, 138 Norwood Ave., entertained at cards for the benefit of the Building Fund.

The Editors are grateful for the report and will take great pleasure in printing news regarding the progress of the Fund at any time.

#### BY REQUEST.

At the special request of Mrs. M. S. Miller of Holy Cross Academy, Washington, D. C., THE CHIMES calls attention to the appeal in behalf of the "Monument of Thanksgiving at Lourdes, France, to be erected in memory of the Soldiers and Sailors of the Allies who fell during the Great War."

Kindly address all communications to

THE REV. OLIVER DABESCAT, A. A.

557 West 156th St., New York City, N. Y.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

On Feb. 2 the following delightful program was given by the Ensemble Class:

Quartette No. 3.....	Chas. Dancla
First Violin—M. Blanco, E. Forschner,	
Prof. R. Seidel	
Second Violin—M. B. Van Heuvel, M. Keown	
Third Violin—L. Gleason, F. LaPointe, A. Buckley	
Fourth Violin—C. Burke, L. Eilers	
Larghetto-Allegro, Op. 100.....	Dvorak
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	
Piano—Miss L. Riley	
Song Celestial.....	Severn
Chaconne.....	Durand
Violins—M. Blanco, E. Forschner, L. Gleason,	
M. Keown, M. B. Van Heuvel, C. Burke,	
Prof. R. Seidel	
Piano—Miss H. Weinrich	
Allegro Vivace.....	Schubert
Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	
Piano—Miss H. Bauman	
Chant d'Amour.....	Zarzicky
First Violin—Misses C. Burke, F. LaPointe	
Second Violin—Misses M. Blanco, E. Forschner	
Viola—Prof. R. Seidel	
Cello—Miss A. Schlecht	
Dramatic Overture.....	Isenman
First Violin—M. Blanco, M. B. Van Heuvel, L. Gleason, C. Burke, E. Forschner, M. Keown.	
Second Violin—F. LaPointe, A. Buckley, L. Eilers	
Viola—Prof. R. Seidel	
Cello—Miss A. Schlecht	
Pianos—Misses H. Daily, H. Kelly	

\* \* \* \*

The Fourth-year French Class scored a wonderful success on the evening of Feb. 6, when they staged "Le Moulin Des Ciseaux," "opera comique en deux Actes". The class is to be congratulated on the ease and perfect naturalness with which they commanded a foreign tongue and sustained their parts by characteristic gesticulation.

#### PERSONAGES

Prologue.....	N. L. Holt
La Comtesse d'Hermontal.....	D. Doran
Sa Compagne de Voyage.....	F. Guthrie

#### FERMIERES

Mère Catherine Durand.....	J. Ryan
Jaqueline Durand.....	D. Ryno

## SES PETITES FILLES

Rose.....	C. SeLegue
Rosette.....	D. Mendon
Petit Pierre (Tambour du village).....	E. Hamilton

## PAYSANNES

Lisette.....	E. Buell
Jeanette.....	L. Gleason
Alice.....	L. LaPointe
Yvonne.....	H. Minahan
Mariette.....	M. Johnson
Catherinette.....	K. Pendleton
Camille.....	H. Cleary
Anne.....	A. Pfister
Germaine.....	A. Cook
Madelon.....	J. Schill
Mignon.....	V. Salerno

## ACCOMPAGNATRICES

Miss Estelle Broussard	Miss Helene Bauman
<i>Violon</i> —Miss M. Blanco	

\* \* \*

On the evening of Feb. 10, the following Impromptu Program was given by the Department of Expression:

Jane Jones.....	Alice Kearns
The Last Joy.....	Genevieve Lang
(a) Snakes.....	Eileen Cusack
(b) Two American Men.....	
Violin—Selected.....	M. del R. Blanco
	<i>Piano</i> —Estelle Broussard

Selected.....	Margaret Williams
Sue Water's Housekeeping.....	Mary Wirthman
Song.....	Helene Eisenhauer
Robin Red Breast.....	Irene Dehler
The Cremation of Sam McGee.....	Helen Minahan

\* \* \*

The first of the Graduate-Recitals for the season was given on the evening of Feb. 16, by Miss Mildred Miller of Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

## PROGRAM

## A MUSICIAN'S SPIRITUAL BOUQUET

*A garland of tone-flowers I weave  
 Garnered with love and perfumed with melody,  
 Entwined with the chain of hope's sweetest harmony  
 This simple gift, O dear God, receive!*  
 M. L. Lennon, '21.

2nd Suite in F Op. 27.....	F. Rics
	<i>Violin</i> —Prof. R. Seidel
Scherzo, E-flat minor.....	Brahms
Barcarolle, Op. 6.....	Schuster-Seydel
	<i>Harp</i> —Miss M. Shea
Preludes.....	Chopin
Reading—The Great Guest Comes.....	Markham
	Miss H. Minahan
Quartette, Op. 188.....	Chas. Dancla
First Violins—Misses M. del R. Blanco, E. Forscher, Professor R. Seidel	
Second Violins—Misses M. B. Van Heuvel, M. Keown	
Third Violins—Misses L. Gleason, F. LaPointe, A. Buckley	
Fourth Violins—Misses C. Burke, L. Eilers	
Am Meer.....	Schubert-Liszt
Andante Religioso.....	Gillet
	<i>Cello</i> —Miss A. Schlecht
	<i>Piano</i> —Miss H. Bauman
Allegretto.....	C. Burleigh
Moto Perpetuo, Op. 21, No. 4.....	C. Burleigh
	<i>Violin</i> —Prof. R. Seidel

Song—By the Waters of Minnetonka.....	Lieurance
	Miss F. Guthrie
	<i>Violin</i> —Prof. R. Seidel
	<i>Piano</i> —Miss E. Broussard
Gondolliera.....	Liszt
Faust—Waltz and Chorus.....	C. Gounod
First Piano—Misses N. L. Holt, R. Kramer	
Second Piano—Misses H. Weinrich, L. Riley	
	<i>Violin</i> —Prof. R. Seidel

## NOTES.

—The annual Octave of Prayer for the "Church Community" began at the High Mass on Jan. 16. The Rev. William R. Connor, C. S. C., explained the observance and the indulgence attached to the devotion. After recommending the Way of the Cross as an appropriate means of reparation, Father Connor announced the intentions for the several days of the Octave.

—Miss Dorothy Rippe of Salt Lake City, delightfully entertained the Sisters and students by a Harp Recital, Jan. 16.

—Wednesday, Feb. 2, the Rev. George Finnegan, C. S. C., of Holy Cross Seminary, N. D., gave the student body of St. Mary's an interesting and practical talk, preparatory to the First Friday and the coming of Lent. Father Finnegan dwelt on the Feast of the Purification, its meaning to the world and the perpetuation of its ideals in Catholic womanhood. In regard to Lenten practices Father Finnegan stressed the fact that obedience is better than sacrifice and pointed out the merit to be found in doing daily duties well. He concluded his remarks with an appeal for an increase in the number of daily communicants.

—One Tuesday, Feb. 1, the seniors entertained at tea. The occasion was to honor the Misses Nellie Lee Holt, Dorothy Hackett and Mary Louise Lennon on the —? anniversary of their birthday.

—The purchase of a new moving picture machine resulted in the showing of the film, "Always Audacious", starring Wallace Reid. The story was good and Reid's acting, as usual, was up to the standard.

—With the Misses Genevieve Broussard and Kathleen Sullivan as hostesses, the seniors enjoyed a delectable buffet luncheon on Feb. 5.

—The Devotion of Forty Hours was opened on Quinquagesima Sunday by Solemn Mass of Exposition with the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C.,

as celebrant. In his sermon the Rev. William R. Connor explained the history and significance of the devotion. Solemn Mass of Deposition was celebrated by Father Connor on Tuesday and the devotion closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 8 P. M. It is the privilege of the preparatories to take part in the procession during the ceremonies. On this occasion every child carried a calla lily, which, later, was placed on the Altar.

—Among the visitors welcomed during the month were: the Misses Marie Broussard, Helen McCarthy, Dorothy Hayes, Helen Walters, Mary English and Edith Hessel.

—St. Valentine's Day was duly observed in the separate departments. In addition to the numerous crimson hearts whose protestations of affection were manifested publicly, the Fourth Academics gave their annual entertainment in St. Angela's Hall, which was appropriately hung with symbolic hearts and vari-colored balloons. The senior collegiate were guests of honor.

—A unique entertainment was given on the evening of Feb. 5, by the members of the Sophomore class. An original dramatic performance filled the intervals between the numbers on the dance program. The separate acts were entitled, "A Bachelor's Dream," "A Royal Tragedy" and "Darling."

—June 1921 marks the first anniversary of the organization of St. Mary's Academic Reunion. It is presumed that a large attendance will demonstrate the devotion of all former graduates of the Academy.

—Announcements of the marriage of Anne Dillon Connor to Mr. Ruben Ambrose Brown of Wilmington, Illinois and of Henriette Brossau to Mr. Frederick Morris Stowell of Pasadena, California, have been received and the girls' names have been recorded with the title Mrs. (as it happened) be upon their future life.

—"Luring Shadows" is the title of a screen picture shown in St. Angela's Hall on Feb. 24. The picture is illustrating the Catholic view-point of "sinism."

—The groundhog tricked us into disbelief when after Feb. 2 spring weather appeared. From the present outlook, we shall have the six weeks of winter after all.

—"Sanctifying Grace" and "All you that pass by see if there is any sorrow like to my sorrow" were the subjects chosen by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher for sermons which he delivered during the month.

QUES. Were it proper to institute a libel suit for the audacity of announcing to the public in print (bold or otherwise) that a certain St. Mary's student is a Nut?

ANS. Verily, a clear case of Libel—Culprit's fine—?—and costs.

"O, learned Judge! A Daniel, come to judgement".

I thank thee, Prof., for teaching me the word—Libel

—"Fine Feathers," a three act play recently presented at St. Mary's, though mediocre in merit, contained a serious lesson and a warning well worth the heeding.

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—The announcement of the death of Very Rev. Thomas E. Shields in Washington, D. C., on the fifteenth instant, caused keen regret to his many devoted friends at St. Mary's. As a result of his close connection with the Sisters' College, for which we are indebted largely to his untiring zeal in the cause of Catholic education, and his noble spirit of self sacrifice, Dr. Shields has a friend in nearly every convent in the land, and there is no doubt of his receiving many a *God-speed* on his way to the reward of those "who instruct others into justice." The Sisters of the Holy Cross, to whom the contents of many of the first drafts of papers and lectures since given to the public, were imparted in informal talks and round table conferences many years ago, have lost a friend, whose kindly interest, they trust, has gone with him to the world beyond where only their "peace to his soul" can repay the debt they gladly acknowledge.

The death of Anna English at Columbus, Ohio, on Feb. 5, adds another name to the Obituary of St. Mary's loyal and devoted students.

Notice of the recent death of a time-honored friend, Mrs. Maurice Francis Egan came to St. Mary's, and we hasten to offer our sincere sympathy to her bereaved husband whose kindly services in the past are most gratefully remembered.

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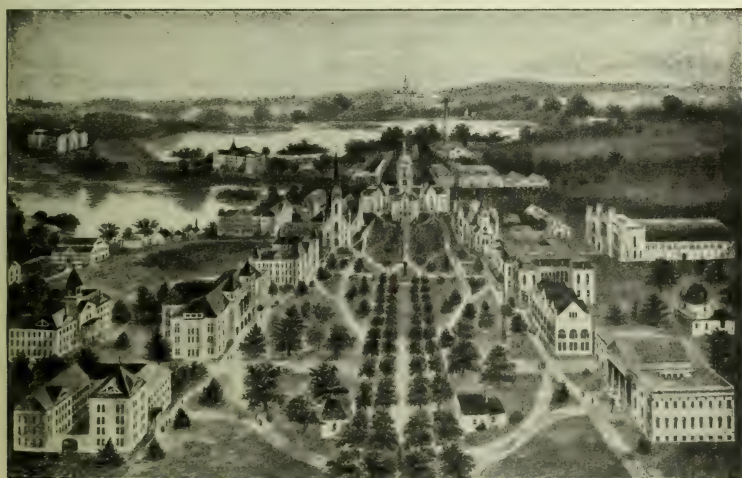
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# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., March, 1921

No. 7

## THE AGONY.

MARY VALLA, '23.

DISMAL is the night,  
The moon is cold and white,  
Prostrate, alone, He prays.  
Illumined is the face,  
Watching the starry space,  
In bloody sweat, He weeps.  
In agony untold  
God we behold—  
Jesus, His night-watch keeps.

## THE SOCIAL SERVICE OF DICKENS.

S. M. A.

THERE is much talk these days about social service and the good of humanity. Many millions of dollars are collected in the name of charity; there are relief committees and boards; there are slum workers and uplifters; and still there remains much suffering and misery. Is, then, nothing accomplished? Certainly, many persons are relieved, but it can be only a comparatively small number of the millions who at the present time, for instance, are in want all over the world. If Charles Dickens were living today, he would see a discouragingly large amount of reform and charity work to be done, but, no doubt, he would bravely attempt to write books that would be as effective in present needs as were those which he wrote in the last century. His service to mankind, we are thankful to say, does not necessarily end with his life, for his moral influence is still felt and his works are as true today in their sound philosophy as they were when they were first written and read by an admiring public in England and America.

Charles Dickens, "the unsurpassed interpreter of humble life," was born in England, February 7, 1812 and lived until June 8, 1870. He had an unhappy childhood for his father was cast into a debtors' prison, the Marshalsea, when Charles was but ten years old. At this early age, after every family possession had been pawned and he

was in danger of starving, he found work in a blacking warehouse. Among uncouth street-waifs he felt the degradation and humiliation of pasting labels on jars when his ambitions were to study. He had very little schooling but in his miserable youth he had ample opportunity of experiencing and observing the sufferings of the poor and oppressed. He studied the inmates of the debtors' prison and the very poor of London when he himself, living only in a back attic, shared their trials and miseries. This period of his life is faithfully reflected in his novel "David Copperfield". Happily, by the time he was nineteen he was in better circumstances and began the life of a writer as a journalist. Thus the longing of his heart began to be realized. His first printed book appeared in 1835, "Sketches by Boz". He was married in 1836 to Miss Catherine Hogarth just after his first number of the "Pickwick Papers" had proved a great success. When this was published in book form the next year, he was assured of fame and a salary and could peaceably go on writing. He published books thereafter at intervals for thirty-three years. The names of his novels are known to all, for many of his characters and sayings are household words and everyday allusions. For the purpose of showing what social service Dickens rendered in England and America, we shall study but a few of his works in which can be plainly seen the pictures of the worst features in English life which he desired to aid in correcting and what in American life he felt worthy of criticism. In this selection are included "Nicholas Nickleby", "Oliver Twist", "Little Dorrit", and "American Notes". It must not be concluded, however, that these were his only works written with a purpose beyond that of mere entertainment. His theme was always the oppressed and persecuted. He was so plainly the advocate of the victims of debtors' prisons, the ill-treated boys of the Yorkshire schools, the inmates of the workhouses, and above all, of poor neglected children, and pleaded so well for all, that Sidney Lanier calls him "a preacher who takes up the slums and raggedest miseries of London and

plumps them boldly down in the parlors of high life, and, like the boy in the fairy tale whose fiddle compelled every hearer to dance in spite of himself, presently has a train of people following him ready to do his bidding in earnestly reforming the prisons, the schools, the workhouses and the like, what time the entire train are roaring with the genialest of laughter at the comical and grotesque figures which the preacher Dickens has fished up from the London mud."

The first book we shall consider is "Nicholas Nickleby", which swept like a whirlwind over the schools of the north of England and caused any number of schoolmasters to threaten suing Dickens for libel. In this story Nicholas Nickleby hired himself as assistant to Mr. Squeers, head of a boys' school in Yorkshire. The name of the school was Do-the-boys Hall. The new teacher soon saw examples of the cruel policy of flogging and starvation which dominated the methods of Mr. Squeers. When he first saw the bare, cold classroom crowded with pale and haggard boys, many of them deformed, stunted and helpless, he almost despaired of ever being able to benefit them. They looked as if they had never known anything but cruelty and neglect. Long before the hour of class, they were assembled and Nicholas noticed how sad and silent all seemed to be; there was no boisterous play, but all sat crouching and shivering—all except one boy, the son of Squeers, who amused himself by stepping on the toes of the new boy whose shoes he had donned that morning. When the hour for lessons arrived, it appeared to be the usual order for a boy, after spelling a few words, to be sent out to perform the experiments in philosophy; for instance, the boy who spelled bot-tinney, botany, then went out to weed the garden. Mr. Squeers had just made his half-yearly visit to London, so, after keeping the boys in anxious expectation all morning, held a sort of meeting of the whole school to read the letters and messages he had received for them.

"Let any boy speak without leave and I'll take the skin off his back" were the mild words that opened this meeting. The boys who were fortunate enough to be remembered heard brief summaries of their letters with comments on them, but the ones whose relatives had failed to pay, received a sound flogging. Any clothing or spending money was "taken care of" by Mrs. Squeers, the able wife of the schoolmaster. This

business despatched, a few slovenly lessons were heard, and the boys left in care of the new usher in the cold room where after dark a meal of bread and cheese were served. A little of the table talk of the schoolmaster's family will reveal the whole situation as perceived most unerringly by the childish mind of the son and heir.

"Am I to take care of the school when I grow up a man, father?" asked Wackford, junior, suspending in the excess of his delight a vicious kick which he was administering to his sister.

"You are, my son," replied Mr. Squeers in a sentimental voice.

"Oh, my eye, won't I give it to the boys!" exclaimed the interesting child, grasping his father's cane. 'Oh, father, won't I make 'em squeal again!'

"It was such a proud moment in Mr. Squeers' life that he pressed a penny into his son's hand as he and his wife gave vent to their feelings in a shout of approving laughter."

The climax of cruelty was reached in the flogging of poor Smike whom Nicholas had befriended and who had attempted to run away. But one desperate cut had fallen, succeeded by a scream of pain, and the lash was lifted for a second blow when Nicholas Nickleby started up and cried "Stop" in a voice that made the rafters ring. The scene ended with his flogging the schoolmaster and then departing to be met a little later by Smike. In this manner Dickens, in keeping with the spirit and method of the times, cries "Stop!" to the abusive schoolmasters—and they did stop. He says in the preface to this book that the descriptions of the Yorkshire schools, so far from being exaggerations are but faint and feeble pictures of the reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should seem impossible.

The book, "Oliver Twist", was the first denunciation of helpless childhood and also was a denunciation of the abuse of authority in the workhouse. There were many poor depending upon the state in those days due to causes remote and proximate, among which may be named the closing of the monasteries, the Industrial Revolution and the return to the practice of Inclosures. By the latter, many farms and small towns were taken for sheep pastures and the people were thus reduced to pauperism through no fault of their own. Now, in some chapters of *Oliver Twist*, Dickens truthfully pictures the existing conditions. Oliver was born in the poor house and

from that time on received but scanty attention. When an infant, he was placed with a Mrs. Mann some three miles off, who took care of "twenty or thirty other such juvenile offenders against the poor laws". She, too, had her system of economy in food matters, but Oliver managed to reach his ninth birthday, a pale, thin child, "somewhat diminutive in stature and decidedly diminutive in circumference." Then he was removed by Mr. Bumble, the beadle, to the workhouse where he began immediately to work; for the New Poor Law was in effect which gave no outside relief except in sickness and required those who received relief to live at the poor house and work. The many boys in this place suffered the tortures of slow starvation till they got so wild with hunger that they held a council and drew lots for one to ask for more of the thin gruel doled out to them so sparingly. The lot fell on Oliver.

"Please, Sir, I want some more," he said. The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralyzed with wonder, the boys, with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, Sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more." The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arms; and shrieked aloud for the beadle. The board were sitting in solemn conclave when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said, "Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, Sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

"There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For more!" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, Sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung." For his punishment solitary confinement and numerous floggings followed till he was apprenticed. Then, ill-treatment was still his lot. Finally, the beadle was summoned to give him a sound flogging, after which Oliver Twist ran

away to escape the so-called relief of poor house authorities.

Another of the social evils that Dickens made felt by the reading public, was that of the debtors' prison. The principal scene in his novel, "Little Dorrit", is the debtors' prison, the Marshalsea, in Southwark, the very prison where Dickens' father had been incarcerated and where Dickens, when a small boy paid frightened visits every Sunday. Here, Mr. Dorrit of the novel resided ever since he had lost his means through complications of a business partnership which he could not understand. His pitiable state of feeling was shown on his entrance there by the ever recurring action of putting an irresolute hand nervously to his trembling lip. He was most anxious about his wife and children. They came to live with him in his one little room as there was no place else for them, the children playing with many others in the yard. In this dismal prison Little Dorrit, as she came to be called, was born and spent the first eight years of her life till the mother, at length worn out, died. The father was for a time desolate at this loss, but recovered and came to be so accustomed to prison life that he took a certain pride in the title given him, "Father of the Marshalsea". He even came to have an ingenuous way of soliciting and a most dignified manner of receiving "Testimonials" of money or gifts which were used for the needs of himself and family. At the time of the opening of the story, Little Dorrit was twenty-two years old and earning money as a seamstress to support the poor father, lavishing upon him every possible attention that love could suggest, even saving for him her own meals. Not only was she the support of the father, but was a solicitous guardian to her worthless brother and frivolous sister, for both of whom she secured means of earning a livelihood. However, "the shadow of the Marshalsea wall was a real darkening influence and could be seen on the Dorrit family at any stake of the sun's course". At length, after a quarter of a century, Mr. Dorrit was released, having come into an estate, and then he spent a brief time of wealth and prosperity. So strong an impression, however, did this long period of darkened existence make upon his mind, that when his last few days had come, he fancied himself in the little close room of the prison and handed over one rich article after another to Little Dorrit to take



to an imaginary pawnbroker's. He was quite pleased that he was making the most methodical and provident arrangements. In contrast to the slight offense of being in debt and its consequent long punishment, there was the murderer who was acquitted because the law could not prove the murder to its satisfaction, though the people knew it so well, that they tried to tear him to pieces. There is also another contrast in guilt which evades punishment in the picture of the rich swindler, Merdle, and the Barnacle family who preside over the Circumlocution Office, reducing to a science the way "Not to do it" in legal proceedings.

We come now to Dickens' endeavors outside England. As a great social reformer, Dickens might be said to attack errors wherever he found them; so our own country did not escape his pen. He made two visits to America where he was keenly observant of good and evil. After his first visit in 1842, he published a volume of "American Notes" with a dedication as follows: "I dedicate this book to those friends of mine in America, who, giving me a welcome I must ever gratefully and proudly remember, left my judgment *free*; and who, loving their country, can hear the truth when it is told good humoredly and in a kind spirit". The "Notes", however, were not well received; the Americans were quite indignant over his remarks, just as in England those at fault made outcries of "exaggerated and distorted statements". Time has obliterated the feeling here as the truth of his assertions became clear; and reform and improvement gradually took place. In the first chapters of the book in question, Dickens praised much of what he saw in our prisons, asylums, and other public institutions of charity, and also the courtesy he noticed at the Custom House in Boston. After visiting Lowell, Worcester, New York, and Philadelphia, he came to Washington. Here is where he found so much to displease him—so much that he called Washington the headquarters of tobacco-smoked *saliva* and never left off his mention of the offensive tobacco habit. His next important attack was on the condition of the public roads in Virginia which he graphically satirized in the account of the stage coach getting across a particularly swampy place, which account he concluded with the words:

"And so we do the ten miles or thereabouts in

two hours and a half, breaking no bones, though bruising many, and in short, getting through the distance 'like a fiddle'." In the chapter on Slavery he was most severe, but claimed to give only that of which he had ample proof. After showing three classes of slave holders, he said they were all slaves of Public Opinion. He then cited newspaper advertisements of runaway slaves, such as:

"Ran away, Negress Caroline. Had on a collar with one prong turned down."

"Ran away, the negress Fanny, much marked with irons."

After these, he gave a long list of items on murders, duels and personal encounters, in order to show the moral effect of slavery on the slave-holders themselves. It is worthy of notice that at the end of this volume of "American Notes" is a postscript added after his visit in 1868 in which he declared that he observed amazing changes on every side, one being a change in "the graces and amenities of life"—all changes for the better; but in one thing the Press was mistaken, namely, in saying that he was writing another American book. He also acknowledged that he was not unchanged himself and that he was not so arrogant as to suppose he had nothing to learn or no extreme impressions to correct.

To have enumerated these reforms that Dickens advocated and secured both in England and America, is to tell only a part of his invaluable social service. Even aside from his books, what an amount of good he did! He visited prisons, workhouses, schools and cheap lodging houses for the poor "to enlighten the lot of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten and too often misused."

He never let pass an opportunity of helping the distressed, of befriending young writers and artists, and of continuing assistance to their widows and orphans. Many a time he personally looked after the property of the poor for whom he acted as counsellor.

"Dickens' motto was: 'Don't stand and cry, press forward and help remove the difficulty'." Many delightful incidents are told of his kindness in carrying out his motto. On one occasion a friend who was walking with him through a snow storm suddenly missed him. Upon looking around, he found him assisting an old man who had fallen; Dickens' watchful eye had seen the accident though it happened across the street.



If we look for expressions of appreciation from those whom he helped, we shall find an overabundance of them and we shall find that the numbers helped by his sympathy can be counted only by millions. A few examples will serve to show the opinion of the humble class for Charles Dickens. One man wrote to him in 1869 saying that he owed his success and education to the encouragement and cheerfulness he had found in Dickens' books and begged him to accept part of his fortune. When this offer was declined, the man sent him a present of two silver table ornaments, and from one which was originally supported by four figures representing the four seasons, he had that of winter removed, as he thought only the *cheerful* seasons were appropriate. The author was most gratified by this event. "A simple-hearted citizen of Dublin once said to him, 'God bless you, Sir, not only for the light of your face, but for the light you've been in my house this many a year'; and a lady of Edinburgh, her eyes filled with grateful tears, once asked him if she might touch the hand that had filled her life with so many friends." The spirit breathed in these sincere tributes shows what was really Dickens' greatest service to society—namely, his lesson of *kindheartedness*.

It is corroborated by Hamilton Wright Mabie, who says: "It remains true that as the best business organization without a strong brain behind it, is headed for bankruptcy, so organized charity without the warm heart behind it is mere machinery, set to do work which demands deep and tender human feeling."

Finally, the social service of Dickens is permanent. Though his most efficient instrument, the pen, was laid aside fifty years ago, nevertheless the golden message of Hope which it traced will grow but brighter with Time's burnishing.

---

#### THE SHAMROCK.

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN, '21.

GOOD luck to all good Irishmen  
And every sweet colleen,  
Who wears upon a loyal heart,  
A spray of shamrock green!

The Irish will not have a care  
What else you are a-wearin'  
But the shamrock must be seen  
If you came from old Erin!

#### A MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

ALICE JOHNSON, '21.

HOW I love the skies of blue,  
Hovering closely over you,  
Nestling there among the pines;  
Refuge from care, my heart enshrines  
Your humble walls above all earth—  
Peace hovers there, my soul's rebirth.

---

#### CHARACTER PORTRAYAL OF MEN.

BEATRICE REA, '21.

A GREAT deal of appreciative study has been given to "The Ladies of Cranford" as well as to that quaint little Cheshire village in which the "Amazons" held sway. But very small attention is paid to those equally wonderful individuals of Mrs. Gaskell's inventive genius—the "Men of Cranford". This neglect may be out of deference to Miss Jenkyns, presiding priestess at the shrine of "Elegant Economy"; under whose rule were begun those frugal tea-parties and formal evenings at cards. Miss Deborah Jenkyns spoke with the authority of absolute power when she gave forth repeated ex cathedras to the effect that "a man is so much in the way in the house". Miss Jenkyns thus stated her attitude at the aforementioned intervals and all Cranford followed meekly, genteely in her train.

With such sentiments running rampant in the little town whose white hands bore no spot or taint of degrading commercialism, and whose purple veins were free from the industrial germs, Mrs. Gaskell presented to us—Captain Brown. She depicts with wonderful insight the very startling effect of such a personality on the dainty, old, thin-China ramparts of the Cranford society. And yet he was so courteous and gentle with all, from his own daughter to the beggar on the street; so gallant and soldierly at the evening affairs, that it was deemed fit to include "The Captain of the Royal Reserve" and his daughters into the bosom of Cranford's aristocracy. His strange propensity for helping poor old women with their burdens and the booming tones in which he spoke of such earth-smelling things as poverty and finance were beyond the powers of Cranfordian comprehension. Also he had dared

on one occasion to oppose the "daughter of the Honorable Rector" in literary matters. That lady never fully recovered from her frozen attitude towards the Captain after such a shock to her queen-ship in Letters; but it was she who said on the occasion of the noble Captain's death,

"God forgive me, if I ever spoke contemptuously to him!"

It is Miss Pole who reveals to the reader a buried romance between her cousin, Mr. Holbrooke, and Miss Mattie—sister to the "Daughter of the Honorable Rector". With infinite delicacy and tenderness does Mrs. Gaskell unfold the girlhood love of the kindly, gentle Miss Mattie, for the eccentric and rather uncouth man from the country. In Mr. Holbrooke we have a character who scorned the pretty irksome bonds of social custom and aristocratic prestige. His soul craved the bigger, more beautiful things of nature and her power. There is something very touching in the persevering fidelity of this dear old lady, Miss Mattie, for a man who wore the same shoes in the fields and in his dining room, whose knife figured prominently in his scheme of table etiquette, who was neglectful of material things in the pursuit of intellectual and phenomenal wonders. That Miss Mattie, the personification of Cranford ideals should love this man through all the years of her lonely maidenhood is the greatest tribute Mrs. Gaskell could pay to Mr. Holbrooke.

Showing the same artistic skill and ingenious intuition are the masculine sketches that appear throughout all the pages of Mrs. Gaskell's literary masterpiece. There is "Mr. Hayter", the respectable but seedy rector, who lives in per-

petual dread of being brought before the matrimonial altar as a sacrifice to the conqueror, Miss Pole. He appears at the evening performance of the juggler, Signor Brunoni, "grinning broadly" amid a safe bodyguard of his schoolboys. Miss Pole is divided in her attentions between the actions of Signor Brunoni, whose "wonders" she professes to fathom, and Mr. Hayter whom she professes to despise. Then there is "Jim Hearn" who first won the love of Martha, Miss Mattie's maid—and then the sincere respect of Miss Mattie herself, although the latter did say that "men (speaking of her masculine tea customers) had such sharp, loud ways, and counted their change so quickly!"

Perhaps the child of the author's greatest care is "poor Peter", the idol of his mother, and pride of his father, the stern, "honorable Rector." Peter, the carefree, mischievous boy who seemed to realize not in the least the grandeur and the majesty of Cranford society, appears only in the girlhood reminiscences of Miss Mattie. He returns near the close of Cranford's recorded history as the India planter, Aga Jenkyns from Chunberbadad. In such a role he is hailed as the greatest hero that the village has ever produced. His flowing beard wins the title of "Father of the Faithful"—from the admiring Miss Pole; his kindly cheerfulness and good fellowship break down the fortification of the Cranford aristocracy, and his tender, loving heart brings sweet joy and contentment to the "Miss Mattie" who loves peace and kindness. Thus ends the recorded history of the "Men" bound up closely, and adding to, the life of the "Ladies of Cranford."

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#### IRELAND.

TERESA STOCKER, '22.

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I SAW a lovely isle that nestled on the sea;  
 Its slopes of softest green were set with jeweled lakes;  
 Fair were the maids, and good the men that lived  
     thereon.  
 But as I closer gazed these things were lost to me,  
 I only saw the gleam of quartered arms, the brakes  
 Were filled with those who had no beds to lie upon,  
 And blood and slaughter, pillaged homes, and famine's  
     grief  
 Destroyed the land once fair beyond belief.

## FAIRY GOLD.

MARGARET AUBREY, '23.

AN' have ye ever heard tell  
 Of the treasure in the dell  
 By the fairies guarded well  
 Night and day?  
 An' the venturesome Johnneen,  
 Who, for love o' his coleen  
 Many, many times, I ween,  
 There did stray?

No? Then list, an' I'll repeat  
 How this maiden, fair an' sweet,  
 But so wondrous indiscreet,  
 Coaxed the lad;  
 If he'd find the fairy gold  
 Which the Little People hold,  
 She would wed him, so I'm told,  
 Good or bad.

So by day an' dusk he passed  
 Back an' forth across the grass,  
 Watchin' fairy lad an' lass,  
 Till, one night  
 Through the dark he heard a-sighin'  
 An' he started out a-pryin'  
 Till he found a fairy cryin'  
 All afright.

'Twas the Little People's queen,  
 That was lost upon the green,  
 An' the kindly lad Johnneen  
 Led her back.  
 In the dell she told him true,  
 "One wish I'll grant to you,  
 An' that very thing I'll do  
 That ye lack."

Said Johnneen, "Then show to me,  
 Under just what mullen tree  
 The fairy gold might be—  
 This I ask."  
 An' the queen was sore afraid,  
 But a fairy's word to aid  
 Must forevermore be paid  
 To the last.

So a mullen stalk she found,  
 Wavin' high above the ground,  
 On a grassy little mound  
 In the dell—  
 "Under this," she told Johnneen,  
 "You'll find gold for your colleen,  
 But beware of fairies' spleen,—  
 Mark ye well."

An' he, to mark the place,  
 Tied a ribbon at its base,  
 Through the intervenin' space  
 Till he'd return.  
 An' he took him home to bed,  
 Feelin' happy in his head,  
 Thinkin' of the girl he'd wed  
 An' such concerns.

Next mornin' just at four  
 He stepped hummin' from his door,  
 An' out to the field he bore  
 Sack an' spade.  
 But 'twas woe that met his sight,  
 For each mullen stalk o'er night  
 Waved a winsome ribbon white  
 All arrayed.

So the story it was told  
 'Round the town by young an' old,  
 An' the colleen faced him cold  
 When they met.  
 But she proved a wond'rous scold  
 In another lad's household,  
 So Johnneen grows gray an' old  
 Without regret.

## SISTER MINE.

MARY LOUISE LENNON, '21.

O'ER downy meadows rich with springtime hue,  
 We wandered gleefully; and romped and played  
 In nature's glorious array, well laid  
 With shades of green against clear skies of blue;  
 When Mother Earth is kissed with morning dew,  
 Through lonely woods and happy dales we strayed,  
 'Till evening's crimson afterglow displayed  
 Its mystic charm, its fair, enchanting hue.

Dear one, with eyes of blue and golden hair,  
 Your cheery smile has brightened many days;  
 Now, memories of happy hours entwined  
 About me close: and ever shall we share  
 Their sweetness. Though the future part our ways,  
 I'll love and pray for you, dear Sister Mine!

## ROBINSON CRUSOE'S UTOPIA.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

IN his first, frenzied outburst of emotion, Robinson Crusoe gave the name "Island of Despair" to the solitary haven, which to many a philosopher in similar plight would have seemed the realization of his Utopian dream. In the early days of his exile, Crusoe, haunted by the horror of the shipwreck and frightened by the great stretch of unspotted sea, awakens the deepest pity in us as we picture him sitting on that desolate shore weeping like a child. But as he begins to adapt himself to his strange, new existence, our pity must give way to something akin to envy; for within his grasp is the making of a real Utopia.

In his desolation, Crusoe turned to God and sought consolation in the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me". And God did deliver him, not from his exile, but from himself. God drew him away from his own troubles; He showed His bounty upon him; and as the days passed into years, God revealed to Crusoe the unsurpassable peace to be found in solitude. And Robinson learned, indeed, to glorify God. In an old chest, he found a few books, among them a Bible. This he read each day and in his own words we have the effect.

"By a constant study of the Word of God, I had gained a different knowledge from what I had before. I was removed from all the wickedness of the world here. I had nothing to covet;

for I had all that I was now capable of enjoying."

He tells us that he became easier in mind and body and that gradually the craving of his heart became satisfied.

Crusoe soon had a well-built home, a fine crop of barley and corn, plenty of game, sufficient goods to supply all his wants. He had to work to keep him busy. He could survey this vast domain with its delicious valleys, its broad, green savannas, its numerous brooks, its abundance of fruit trees, and he could lift his heart in gratitude to the bounteous Providence that had given him all things necessary. As we picture the solitary islander with his Bible on his knee, his pipe in his mouth, and his faithful, old dog snuggled close to his side, we can feel only the tranquility and peace enveloping such a life and we dislike to think that atmosphere was ever broken by the loneliness so often expressed throughout the story and never really dispelled until the coming of the savage Friday. Crusoe tells us,

"I was happy in all things except that of society."

Doubtless it was hard for an average man, as Crusoe was, to live away from all human contact. And yet was he not amply compensated for the deprivation of the God-given gift of friendship in being spared the keenest of sufferings which are inevitable in the association with one's fellowmen; since it is man's misfortune to view all things through his own human nature, as through a glass darkly, the shadow of his own imperfections too often dimming the glow and stifling the spark of noblest aspiration in another's heart?

Almost thirty years of such a life had done wonderfully good things for Crusoe, and he tells us that he learned sufficiently to know the value of retirement and the blessing of ending his days in peace. Having learned to know God and having so long enjoyed the deep contentment of his strange existence, he found it an easy matter to prepare for his last great journey to the only real Utopia.

## MARCH.

HELEN HOLLaday, '23.

THIS March! Her winds that blow across the plain,  
 How mournful are their sighs and moans,  
 And though sweet spring is drawing near,  
 They seem to chant the close of winter's reign.



## WHERE GOD IS.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

COME out! Come out where the winds blow free,  
 Where the air with the drone of the pollened bee  
 Resounds, Come out to flower and tree;  
 Where silver clouds fleck a turquoise sky  
 And the song of a bird as it hastens by  
 Is caught by the wind and lifted high.  
 Come out where the trout in the laughing stream  
 Leaps up to the dancing rays that gleam  
 On his crystal palace's roof and beam;—  
 For here, God is!

Come in, Come where no happy breeze  
 Is heard as it laughs in the verdant trees.  
 Come in where the tired eye never sees  
 The sun-lit world. Come into the gloom  
 Where God's great shuttle, a mighty loom  
 Weaves human lives. Come into the room  
 Where Sorrow has rested her sable wing,  
 Where slow waning days no gladness bring,  
 And voices seem purposed to weep, not sing,—  
 For here, God is!

## A TALE OF EGYPT.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

THE wind is singing its evening song to the Nile, the most beautiful of rivers. A tiny barge is drifting gently with the current and the rhythmic sound of the oars splashing in the water mingles faintly with the low sighing of the wind. Within the barge, half hidden by silken cushions and rich Tyrian shawls, is seated a lovely maiden. Her fingers are resting lightly upon the strings of a lute. She has just finished playing a plaintive melody, and now she is listening to the last note dying on the breeze. At the rower's place sits a youth, her companion. His hands are resting idly upon the oars, and his eyes seek, now the fair face of the girl, now they scan the shore with its thick palm groves and masses of ruined masonry and fallen columns—the remains of the once great city of Thebes.

The girl, divining his thoughts, speaks,

"Keefa, have you heard the tale of the poet of Thebes who sought a cure for love?"

"Nay," answers the youth, "but if I am worthy to hear the tale from your lips, it should be twice welcome."

"Listen, then, Keefa. In the days of the glory of Thebes, so the story goes, there dwelt upon a beautiful island in the Nile, a poet. Child was he of the Nile and the sun-god Re. Each day of the boy's life was like the unfolding of a rose and the great Re himself was jealous of the beauty and wisdom that were lavished upon the child. So in godlike wrath he forsook him and upon the isle confined him.

"But the Nile, his mother, watched over him and imparted to him all her secrets, for great

was her power! And because the child was thus abandoned, she named him Alon, which means 'lonely one'.

"Alon grew in stature, beauty and wisdom. Even the lotus flower envied him his beauty. The great palms nodded their plumes in reverence when he passed them.

"At twenty Alon first saw the princess Iris, daughter of Khufu, the Pharaoh, termed 'the immortal, the unconquerable'. For Iris descended the Nile on a journey southward, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Osiris. On the way the small army of barges passed through the island, for it was enchanted and not visible to the human eye.

"But woe the day that Iris left the courtyards of the palace, and the home of her father! Alon loved the princess, even before he set his eyes upon her. God though he was, and wise and powerful, he could not assume mortal form, because the sun-god Re had stolen this power from him. But a spirit he was and every night when sleep crept upon the fair brow of Iris, and closed her beautiful eyes, Alon would whisper of love to her while she was dreaming. He would fan her flushed cheek with the balmy Nile breezes. And in the mornings when dawn woke Iris, she would whisper to her maidens.

"Ah, have you not seen, have you not heard? The prince of my dreams!"

"But the maidens' reply was forever disappointing.

"Nay, princess, we have not seen, not heard."

"Days fled along. The princess lost her spirits and though still beautiful and good, she was no

longer happy. She did not play or sing or romp in her father's gardens. Alon suffered more, for his love was surpassingly great, for he was a spirit. Now every night, prostrate before the god Osiris he would pray.

"Osiris, god of all things, take this burden from me! Naught have I done to offend thee, nor have I deserved this curse at thy hands. Sacrifices have I made and burnt incense at the early hours of morning. Know, then, that my love is consuming me! Like a flame of fire, it burns deep into my heart! Osiris, I pray a cure, a cure!"

"But Osiris heard not. Even Luna wept copious tears in sympathy and like raindrops they fell upon the Nile. The Nile, his mother, deeply touched, said,

"Go, Alon, to the land, westward, to the vast desert. Among the tombs of thy fathers thou canst find thy cure."

"Alon left immediately. On the winds he flew, and with the speed of the swiftest birds. Never should he know the pain his departure cost the Nile, nor how aged she grew because of his absence.

"But Iris languished day after day. Now, no more did the prince visit her in her dreams. Khufu, seeing her wan cheeks and disconsolate smile, was exceedingly sad. He ordered his vizier

to search the kingdom for a cure for his daughter. The vizier was a man of profound learning. He knew that the illness of Iris was incurable, for her malady was love. But he set out with a great caravan to the desert.

"Alon found the tombs in the heart of the desert. When he rested his feet upon the golden sands his heart felt lighter than it had for many a day. But many days did Alon search for his cure. After many nights only did he find the potion for which he sought. He found it in a tomb far beneath the earth. Above the spring from which flowed the waters of which he drank were the words, 'Drink, 'tis the cure for love.'

"And Alon drank, long and deep, and he sank into the sleep of forgetfulness.

"The vizier, too, found the tomb and spring. He carried the water from it back to the princess, and she, too, drank long and deep, and fell into the sleep of forgetfulness.

"Seeing her dead, all Egypt wept. They carried her body in state to the royal tomb, to the pyramids of Gizeh, the tomb of Khufu, her father—but a smile was upon her lips.

"So ends the story of the poet of Thebes, who sought a cure for love."

"It was death that cured their love?" asks Keefa.

"Ay," said the girl, "they met in the land of spirits."

#### CUPID AND THE BEE.

CAROLYN TOBIN, '23.

IT was once upon a time,—  
For so the legend goes,—  
That naughty little cupid  
Went a-sleeping in a rose.

His yellow, curly head  
Nestled deep within its breast,  
When suddenly his lips  
Were by a bee caressed.

He waked up with a jump  
And then he started crying,  
And to his mother went  
On dainty wings a-flying.

His mother felt so sorry,  
And wiped his tears away;  
But the bee sting was still a-smarting,  
As if it came to stay.

"Don't fret, my sonny dear,"  
The lovely Venus said,  
"It's Nemesis who hurt you,  
So hide your pretty head.

"Your arrows sting all lovers  
The long, long ages through,  
You really dare not care much  
Because the bee stung you!"

## TO SPRING.

ESTELLE BROUSSARD, '21.

HOW gladly do we welcome Spring,  
 Its air, its sunshine, and its flow'rs,  
 Its grassy coverlet of green,  
 Its golden happy joyous hours!

Its azure clouds in drifting slow  
 Paint passing pictures on the sky.  
 And all the bird once more have come  
 To build their homes in tree tops high.

## THE PORTRAIT OF A WISE YOUTH.

CLARA SeLEGUE, '21.

MEREDITH'S "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" is a gallery of choice portraits. The beauty of them is that Meredith, ever the profound psychologist, pictures the mind of each as vividly as the body. The portrait of the Wise Youth holds a conspicuous place between those of the Scientific Humanist and the Hope of Raynham. For the Wise Youth is a superb bit of artistry, and his creator must have been quite proud of him, in his way.

He bears the name of Adrian Harley, and is the second nephew of Sir Austin Feverel. His principal characteristic is sagacity; his tenets, epicurean; his problem of life, to satisfy his appetites without rashly staking his character. He is an intellectual aristocrat with no intimates except Gibbon and Horace; enjoying an unearned reputation for virtue as something additional. He is a rotund youth, who "lives in eminent self-content, as one lying on soft cloud, lapt in sunshine." This is the somewhat revolting picture of the man whom Sir Austin chose to superintend the education of his son at Raynham, the "wise youth."

Long years later, when Richard, looking over the wreck of his hopes, felt a sting of miserable rage blacken his brain, and sought to fix the blame for his disaster, he was unable to do so. "The blame was here, the blame was there; it was everywhere and nowhere, and the young man cast it on the Fates." He was correct, inasmuch as Adrian Harley represented the Fates. Indeed, the wise youth did possess the peculiar attributes of a heathen God. "He was a disposer of men; he was polished, luxurious and happy—at their cost." And as a secondary cause of the mischief

wrought by Adrian, we might indict Sir Austin, who, himself an intellectual egoist, had chosen as his son's instructor one who had no morality, only intellect, misguided by a perverted will. Therein lay one of the causes of the failure of the System. Nothing based upon human nature can be successful unless it takes into account morality. No two human beings can stand in so purely an intellectual relation to each other as Sir Austin expected Adrian and Richard to be.

If Sir Austin wished to be Providence to his son, Adrian must have desired the role of the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. His position in regard to the System was quite neutral; he had no faith in it, yet it was interesting to observe. Consequently, he had no aversion to throwing sand into its cogs, now and then. He mildly desired to keep Richard out of trouble, but in doing so, he chose the devious path. For example, he tried to bribe Farmer Blaizes' witnesses in the affair of the rick-burning, and almost defeated his own purpose. When Lucy and Richard were in the first fervor of their young love, Adrian played the spy upon them, quite respectably, and maneuvered so cleverly as to bring "heavy Benson" into distress for the same offense. It seems that he never failed in his little schemes. When Lucy and Richard were spending their honeymoon in the Isle of Wight, Adrian descended upon them a benignant looking Angel of Discord, a wolf in sheep's clothing. He it was who dissuaded Lucy from going to the baronet, who would undoubtedly have yielded to her charms. He it was who subtly contrived that Richard be tempted by Mrs. Mount, upon the safe plea that "Sir Austin wished his son to know the world." He it was who had infuriated the whole Feverel clan by the judicious distribution of the wedding cake. And yet nobody thought of blaming him. Not undeservedly did he bear the title of "the wise youth."

If one is inclined to wonder how this is possible, how such unmitigated malice and hypocrisy could stalk hand in hand, unpunished, even unrecognized, the answer is not far off. So long as the world, with false standards, worships brilliance without worth, a great mentality minus ethical restraint, so long can men like Adrian Harley flourish. George Meredith had a purpose in placing his portrait next that of Richard Feverel.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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### A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

Personal success, in whatever field—spiritual or material—is counted as one of the most agreeable emotions of life and as bringing gratifying happiness. But were anyone to seek for the “key” to its secret treasury, he would find himself confused by the possession of several rings-full. In fact, nearly every trolley-car roof, Christian Science bulletin, Socialist pamphlet and country town “general merchandise” show-case presents its own private views on the subject, and its own receipt. Accordingly then, the average search for the means of success, is often as unsuccessful as the objective process thereof. Perhaps, nevertheless, one more theory will not disarrange matters much further. Success appears to mean the unattackable acquisition of what others lack. But when success is genuine, not merely temporary, when it is correlative with genuine happiness, not merely self-complacency, it follows from the exercise of faculties for their proper end—guided by an intelligent sense of proportion. That may all be very abstract unless one considers in how far this sense of proportion is the invaluable use of discretion in the living of every day. For, only with daily life as a means, can success and happiness come. To develop this means and to finally realize this end, has been the motive of the development of our elaborate educational systems. To be educated is to have a keen sense of proportion. But even that state may lose its fine balance, may become painfully and chronically fanatical. The natural result is ridiculous. To include a sense of humor as an essential ingredient, its stimulating flavor as it were, is to recommend an indestructible balance of power.

When Spring and Youth combine, the result is most unusual, even startling, and they often call their capers “fads.” They try to do something unconventional—something to mark the first spring days. At St. Mary's the result is very evident in the style of hair-dressing. The elaborate and highly built coiffeur with the colored pins is a thing of the past and in its place of popularity is the bobbed-head. If the maiden be of small and slight stature, the effect is often particularly becoming. But alas—we cannot see ourselves as others see us—so all types of girls from the curly-haired blonde to the Spanish brunette have likewise followed the quest of fashion. There are two favorite models—the babyish—in which the hair is cut short and curled under, and the camouflage—in which the hair may be either worn up or down. The latter often gives the effect of a careless and temperamental Bohemian. Woe to the maidens when this fad is over—but youth listens not of tomorrow or of consequences and is quite content with just today. We may sigh, but unconsciously we say—“Oh well, variety is the spice of life.”

### THE JELLY-FISH.

I rise, figuratively, in defense of the jelly-fish. It is the only animal that can come right out in the open and admit that it has no backbone—and get away with it. Perhaps it makes this admission with a note of pride, and that note in its accustomed wiggle rather than a fervent voice.

Sir jelly-fish can not drink and ambulate at the same time; neither can that acme of animal perfection, man—unless he is in a dry state.

When a woman is peeved at her husband because he has not courage enough to go down to the kitchen and fire the cook, she calls him “a spineless jelly-fish.” This is doing the jelly-fish a great injustice, for the jelly-fish always does the appropriate thing regardless of circumstances. The jelly-fish, with its one and only cell, accomplishes its life work with just as much ease and grace as does the average man aided by Pullman porters, fireless cookers and nuxated iron.



The jelly-fish never goes outside the sphere destined for it by an all-wise Providence. It never dabbles into politics, never argues about religion, and never tries to revolutionize the social system under which its fellow jelly-fish have got along tolerably well for a number of thousand years. There is a biblical injunction to "go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise," but why not turn the spot-light away from the over-advertised and on the jelly-fish, and get next to yourself.

### TRAINS.

Trains—there are several varieties—in fact they seem to be right popular with most folks. There are trains of thought—*i. e.*, day dreams—they can get you anywhere if there is intensive action behind them,—but the majority seem to be like my own, very lovely, but just nice to sit and contemplate when you have a little spare time.

Then there is the verb *train* which usually implies exercise that tends to make a person "fit." Again there is a train, that hank of goods that travels along after the "vampire" as she makes her sinuous way across the ball room. Most sane minded members of the female sex don't indulge—they are too much like wire entanglements and an evening spent among one is rather wearing.

The most absorbing, most discussed, and some times without the *dis*, sort of train in creation belongs to our dear old railroad system—famous now for nearly a century.

There is something fascinating about a train. Even a slow going old freight, chugging away with its long string of battered cars, is likable, and its hoarse whoop seems a welcome to just you. A tramp isn't really to blame for hopping one to ride into the land of Far Away, for the way the old iron ladder hangs down from each car and beckons is an irresistible invitation.

One ambition of my life that I've a sneaky feeling will never be fulfilled, is a trip in the little red house with the porch and its impudent flag, that scampers along after a freight—and the man who sits there with his feet on the railing

and a pipe in his mouth, calmly looking the country over, is the envy of my life.

There is, also, a time when I desire to throw stones, big, hard ones, at the people who look out of the Pullman windows of some big flyer as it sweeps by. And my heart is always with the small boy who stands along the tracks and yells "ya—ya" in jealous anger when one passes him by—when I happen to be the person cooped up and so I give him a grin of sympathy.

For Pullman cars are in truth a fearful bore with fussy old ladies wearing a display of the family diamonds who keep the porter on the jump every minute; the fidgety traveling man who sits with his watch in his hand, and the fond parent who allows her three "adorable" tikes to climb over and smear candy on everything and everybody in the car while she sits back and smiles at the originality (?) of their pranks.

I suppose the giggling school girl should also be classed with the pests but for various reasons I refrain.

Possibly the most interesting phenomena of the railroad industry (if there doesn't happen to be too much garlic about) is the American day coach with its red plush seats. This is a real innovation peculiar to America alone for Europeans are not so "clubby" as to use a vehicle capable of such promiscuous contents. But a day coach is a sort of glorified meeting house where the young, the old, the sick, the well, the lame, the halt, the blind all share the same comforts—or shall I say discomforts? They buy peanuts, popcorn and "chewin'" gum from the same "ingrown-faced" vendor. The little pic-aninny enjoys the sight of the old man who sneaks his false teeth from his mouth to his pocket as much as the banker's son does. And every grown person in the car takes a secret enjoyment in the discomfiture of the bride and groom when rice keeps rattling to the floor as they try to hold hands secretly.

If the trip is a long one, folks get very chummy in the crowded atmosphere and many friendships are made and many pockets picked in a day's travel. So that, taken all in all, a train ride is just as entertaining as the envious small boy thinks it.

## ON CHAIRS.

Most people take chairs as much for granted as they do the air. It is all very well to say that the savages did not have them and got along splendidly, but now in this age of civilized hurry, chairs are a blessing.

Chairs may be divided into two classes: to the former class we consign those stiff, straight-backed chairs that were never for humans to sit upon, but merely for ornaments. Here we find those one-armed chairs of the classroom which make us feel as tho we were not properly balanced. However, each time we move we encounter an angle that jabs us into paying attention to the dryest of lectures.

There are also those abominable camp chairs that take much time and energy to be adjusted for use and then, just as you sit on them, collapse and leave you slightly ruffled and thoroughly disgusted.

But entirely different is our attitude toward the other class of chairs.

There is the deep-seated swivel-chair in which the business man spends most of his office hours. Probably it has a cushion in the seat and the back is bent to fit the curve of his back, so that in his daily work there are no angles to cause him bodily discomfort and distract his attention from the problem at hand.

After business hours are over and the formality of dinner gone through, this same man lounges in the deep Morris-chair and relaxes his tired mind and body. The smooth soft cushions lend themselves to his comfort and there he rests until the large clock on the mantle announces that it is time for bed.

The rocking-chair is a real friend to a tired mother. When the last task is done and it seems that each bone in her body aches more than the other, she sinks wearily into her favorite rocker and from force of habit begins the quiet rocking that steadies her and makes it possible to think of the duties of the coming day. For grandma sitting by the fireside the rocker is indispensable, as in memory she re-lives the days of the past.

Have you ever noticed how a baby likes to be rocked to sleep? The slow motion lulls him into slumber and sweet dreams. And in the few short years of childhood whenever trouble comes, how

and consoled until the world looks gay and happy once more. Do you not recall the first chair that Santa Claus brought you for Christmas? Perhaps it was red, trimmed with yellow stripes and was just big enough for you to sit on and have your feet reach the floor. When you tired of sitting in one place you could move it yourself and not get hurt or angry trying to push it as you would, a larger chair.

There is one chair that holds a particular fascination for me: it is the big black leather rocker in my room. It makes no difference that the "solid oak" has come off one of the arms and the leather is turning brown, or that it is sadly in need of varnish. In fact these things only add to its charm, for there, after a day of classes, I can lounge and rest. It is there after many a stormy scene that I regain my peace of mind, for its age assures a complete understanding.

And so we all hope that Prohibition will never be extended to our best friend, a comfortable chair.

## A PARADISAL DAWNING.

O White Ship of the King, weary with wandering  
Over the pathless sea, gladly I boarded thee;  
Straight then fled all my fears, golden have been my  
years—

White Ship, thy proud sails fling, precious thy burden-  
ing,

Swift be thy sailing— thou bearest my soul to the King!

Those of us who had the privilege of participating in the golden jubilee celebration of St. Mary's well-loved friend, Father Fidelis, O. P., waited eagerly for the publication of *An Awakening and What Followed*, a book which he finished while he was spending a few weeks here with us during the fiftieth anniversary of his profession of faith. When he stood at the altar, having thus attained the zenith of man's power and honor, I always was forcibly reminded of a noble ship that has weathered many storms but now rides in peace in the harbor, fastened to an immovable rock. Hence I was glad to find that he used the simile in his story of conversion.

James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D., awoke to a bright vision, 'a dark morning in the autumn of 1868', and he knew that the glory of God was its splendor. When the vision faded he had resolved to be true. That resolve cost him dearly

for it led to the ultimate surrender of earth's fairest gifts—yet it bought for him a nobler heritage. With the simplicity of true greatness he has told us the story that followed his awakening; yet in the telling he made us aware of many other things. There are passages of impassioned prose that make lovers of poetry sigh to inveigle his literary genius into their fertile fields; there is minute but ever-interesting and convincing explanation of Catholic doctrines; there is an accumulation of evidence to support his principles gathered from outsiders—always more convincing to outsiders than the most learned arguments of our theologians; there is none of that arrogant knowledge that not only despises its former errors but tends to ridicule those who still abide in those errors;—in fact, there is only one criticism that can be made concerning the book. This criticism will, however, probably never be made by other than a friend, one who knows and wishes others to know some of the wonderful experiences, the glorious controversies, the beautiful and tender living of the man himself. There are books that would compel their authors to take as their motto: "Myself am the groundwork of my book". *An Awakening and What Followed* is one of these.

Kent Stone, the eloquent young Anglican minister, who is portrayed as an active opponent of the Catholic Church in the extracts from his writings quoted in the first chapters of the book, became just the kind of a Catholic he was meant to be. Mere Catholicity was not enough; he must become a Passionist priest and must travel to mission fields far from home. He would not have told us this, loving his humble hidden life so jealously, but his superior requested him to add some pages to his narrative that should inform his readers—alas, too briefly. Deeply religious, and firmly convinced that the church whose doctrines he believed, was apostolic, Kent Stone held the common Anglican error, the authority of the Roman Pontiff was an heretical doctrine introduced into the "Anglican Apostolic Catholic Church." Besides, he believed himself the possessor of an unprejudiced attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church. Discovering simultaneously that both these beliefs were wrong, he was plunged into blank desolation. "I was groping among ruins; and wherewith should I go to

work to build again?" The work of rebuilding is the subject matter of a great part of the book. These sixteen chapters are a recast of *The Invitation Heeded*, a book which was published shortly after Kent Stone became a Catholic. He wrote them for the avowed purpose of explaining the conversion to his distressed and wondering friends, and with the hope of leading some of them to the light. But it is the second part of the book that we who know and love the dear old priest, like best to read, for there we learn of his missionary labors.

Father Fidelis has been a Catholic more than fifty years, years that have gone "like a watch in the night." We would wish him as many more, were it humanly possible, for he has brought thousands closer to God. But he has reached the quiet harbor, and now awaits his Captain's word to come Home—a word we hope not soon to hear. Yet he has left his own monument in the inner shrine of all the hearts that know him, and his book will perpetuate his memory when the eyes that now read it are with his eyes looking on the Master whose books are the souls of men.

\**An Awakening and What Followed*, by James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. One time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist.

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#### THE CASE OF DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

The *Ave Maria* Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, published recently a pamphlet that presents the reader with "a well authenticated case of diabolical possession, occurring in our own times". The scene was laid in the city of Luxemburg, in 1842, and the victim was among the pilgrims who came there for the feast of Our Lady Comforter of the Afflicted. At about the age of sixteen, Maria Anna Catharina Pfefferkorn, fourth child of a pious and industrious weaver of Viller, in German Lorraine, showed signs of demoniacal possession. With the passage of time these signs became unmistakable, and their similarity to those recounted in the Gospels is remarkable. Right Reverend Bishop Laurent of Luxemburg is quoted in a realistic account of the terrible ordeal that accompanied his exorcism of the afflicted

\*THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S. A.

girl. The testimony of skillful doctors and learned priests is made use of. Though this poor girl was in no way connected with spiritism, the story is a powerful proof that demoniacal possession, too often a result of adventures in that dangerous so-called science, is a fact. The evil spirit made it known that his victim was expiating the sins of others. So effective was his terrible cry that he must burn and suffer, "*toujours, toujours, toujours*", that two of the priests who were present at the exorcism, straightway entered a Religious Order.

#### TED—A PLAY FOR BOYS.

Reverend P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., produced recently a delightful little play that is filled with the triumphs and woes of a real Boydom. The dialogue and the actions are true to life, hence the play would be easily prepared for the stage. Anyone who likes boys will like this pleasing portrayal of them, with their faults and fightings, their virtues and loyalty to each other and to "Father Nolan" who understands them and who is the author reproduced, perhaps unconsciously.

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#### THE CURRENT POETRY REVIEW.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

Magazine verse of the month presents a diversity of theme and treatment as well as a curious lack of the springtime atmosphere that one might anticipate for the month of March. Among the poems published in the latest number of the *Catholic School Journal*, is a particularly pleasing one by Henry Holcomb Bennett entitled "The Flag Goes By". The martial tone rings through every line of the poem and the reader feels a thrill of pleasure in picturing the passing flag as  
*A flash of color beneath the sky."*

The thought is also suggestive of the grim battles, weary marches, victory, and peace. While the subject matter is odd, the treatment is distinctly pleasing.

"My Prairie Sea" by Lachlan Campbell appears in the *March Woman's Home Companion*. This musical little poem gives splendid expression to the thoughts of a dreamer who sits at the door

of his cabin home and sees all the spreading green fields as a vast sea on which sails his ships of dreams.

Among the *Literary Digest* contributions of the month, one of the most attractive and striking is "The Silver Tree" by Francis Keppel. In its delicate and vivid imagery, there is a breath of the beauty to be expected from the Orient. This stanza is especially colorful,

"But when dusk folds the Citadel  
 Within Mokottam Hills,  
 To that expectant tree it brings the thrill  
 Of honing wings.

The poet has given us a real glimpse of this beautiful Egyptian tree in his closing lines,

"And suddenly the tree is drest  
 With white radiance of bloom,  
 As bird on bird drops down to rest  
 With folded plume."

\* \* \* \* \*

HELEN HOLLIDAY, '22.

Our magazine verse does not yet sing of the glories of spring which will so soon transform the winter-worn world. Throughout the poems published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in *Scribner's Magazine* is a note of longing—for a loved friend who is gone, or even for a pet dog that is lost.

"Louise Imogen Guiney" by Alice Brown, appearing in the March *Atlantic Monthly*, is written to a friend who has died. It is a pretty poem of four four-line stanzas. The picture that this poem presents to the mind of the reader is not unaccompanied by sound, for example, the lines describing the place in the people's heart that Louise Imogen Guiney held:

"Though here you struck but fitfully your halting note  
 of prelude,  
 Now your sweeping resonances surge and sing tumultuously."

The poet is confident that Miss Guiney is now safe with none to hinder her, she says,

"You are garnered up in safety in a large and lofty room".

Nancy Byrd Turner in the same magazine writes "Concerning Brownie". Brownie was her little pet dog who used to be full of life and cunning ways. Nancy Byrd Turner believes that he is still the little dog he used to be, and is willing to let scoffers doubt. She admits that he had not a soul but says that he had too much



spirit and was too real not to be somewhere now.

John Drinkwater in *Scribner's Magazine* delightfully describes the "Nightingales of Fairford" in a four stanza poem by that name. These nightingales, he tells us, come out in the daytime and sing their melodious songs in all seasons of the year. Mr. Drinkwater's Fairford is surely a very beautiful place. His verse about it is easily read, and leaves a desire to visit Fairford in the mind of the reader.

*Scribner's* also publishes "Dead Man's Wood", by Osbert Sitwell. It is a strange little poem made of verses two feet to the line—and as melancholy as it is strange. All parts of it, theme and description, blend to make one melancholy, somber impression on the reader. It breathes a spirit of sadness and loneliness. It contains good description, as,

"The rustling trees  
Shiver, shudder  
In the breeze."

and again,

"And if the sun  
Gives forth its light,  
The yellow glory  
Turns ash-white."

#### FREDERICK PAULDING AT ST. MARY'S.

The series of lectures given by Mr. Frederick Paulding during the week of March 8, were most instructive and enjoyable. The subjects: "The Great Galeoto" by Jose Echegaray, "Americanism in the Native Short Story"—a contrast of O. Henry and Bret Harte, "Cross Currents in French Literature", Anatole France and Ernest Hello, and "Genius in English Drama—The Rivals", show a variety. In all Mr. Paulding was at his best.

#### THE N. D. BAND.

The musical treat of the month was a splendid concert on March 2, by the Notre Dame Band, with Mr. Charles Pearrent as director. The program was varied, containing patriotic, Southern, and classical selections to an interpretation of the true meaning of "jazz". The feature numbers: "From the Cotton Field", George Green's banjo and cornet solos, and the sextette were especially enjoyed. St. Mary's is hoping for a repetition of the band's visit in the near future.

#### COURAGE A LA CARTE.

APPROPOS OF NOTRE DAME'S GHOST.

MARGARET WILLIAMS, '24.

WHAT, still afraid, ye mighty men,  
Of ghostly form ye dinna ken,  
Of flitting shadows now and then—  
What, still afraid?

What, still afraid, ye sturdy boys,  
Of mourning wails and weird strange noise  
Of rustling sounds among your toys—  
What, still afraid?

What, still afraid of ghosts and things,  
Of goblins black with horned wings  
And icy fingers' beckonings—  
What, still afraid?

#### NOTES.

—The Junior Prom, given on Washington's birthday, has been pronounced the most successful of the many charming social events of the year. St. Angela's Hall was tastefully decorated to represent an old-fashion garden, gay with hollyhocks, sunflowers and Japanese lanterns. There were many novel features which added to the pleasure of the dance program. The Seniors and their escorts (members of the Junior class) arrived in automobiles, that found traffic heavy between the college entrance and the dance hall. The Grand March was lead by a petite couple, George and Martha Washington, who later in the evening distributed special favors (the envy of all) to the fair graduates. Another novelty, was the minuet by the Juniors, which harkened back to the colonial days. Charles Davis' "Syncopated Five" furnished music for the occasion. Elaborate refreshments were served in the tea room. The many distinguished visitors assured the Juniors that "their party" had been a delightful one.

—That the spirit of Lent has found place in the hearts of the students of St. Mary's is evidenced by a great number of those who attend daily Mass and receive Holy Communion.

—Two notable sermons were those on "Justice", by the Rev. Leo Heiser, C. S. C., March 6, and "The Ceremonies of Holy Week", by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., March 13.

—Strawberry Short-Cake, on Feb. 23? Who could believe it? Fresh berries, too! Seventy-five quarts of them! That was a treat enjoyed by the students of St. Mary's with the compliments of Mr. O. E. Clark of Kable's restaurant, South Bend. A bushel of thanks, is our acknowledgment.

—During his recent "call" at St. Mary's, the Rt. Rev. Joseph S. Glass, D. D. of Salt Lake City, spoke to the students in St. Angela's Hall. His Lordship stressed the obligation on the part of students of a Christian school to avail themselves of its advantages. He also emphasized the work to be done in the world by the Catholic women of today.

—High Mass of St. Patrick's Day was celebrated by the Rev. W. R. Connor, C. S. C., chaplain, and the sermon was delivered by the Rev. C. Hagerty, C. S. C., of the University of Notre Dame.

—The Students of Expression under the direction of Miss Butler presented "Beyond the Gates", a morality play, on the evening of Feb. 21. The play demonstrated that the short and narrow path is the only path to Life. The work done by the class was admirable.

—One of the best dramatic entertainments ever given at St. Mary's was the presentation of "The Man of the Family" by the Preparatories, on Feb. 29. The play was a demonstration of Christian Reid's book, and was the work of the students of the Normal Department. The youthful actors are to be heartily congratulated on the success of the performance which netted the neat amount of \$110.00 for the Irish Relief Fund. The children of the parochial schools of South Bend and the Minims of St. Edward's Hall, Notre Dame, attended the matinee. Credit is due to the normal students also, for their efficient work.

—On the afternoon of March 8, Chas. C. Gorst, the "Bird Man", gave an entertaining and instructive lecture on "Birds". Mr. Gorst used pictures of his own workmanship (copied from nature) in illustration and in addition displayed a wonderful art in the imitation of various bird calls and songs.

—"For Rent—William" was adapted to our own conditions and staged by the Seniors on the evening of March 13, in St. Angela's Hall.

—Mrs. Sadie Smith-Wales (class '95), and Mrs. Loretto Smith Wehe of Milwaukee were recent guests welcomed at St. Mary's. Jennie, Nellie, Mary and Sadie, the "Smith Girls", are among Alma Mater's devoted children who have contributed most generously toward the Building Fund. Mrs. Wehe, though not a former student, is also a benefactor.

—The Third Academics' contribution to the Bengalese Benefit on March 6, was an original one act morality play entitled "Every Catholic". The scene showed Every-Catholic's room in any Convent Boarding School, and the Time—always. The play was one of a series of entertainments given by the different classes for the Bengalese Missions.

—The Lenten entertainments have been chiefly philanthropic in design, and the students have done good work. Contribution to the Irish Relief Fund amounted to \$1,300.50, and the aggregate sum for other charities is in keeping with it.

—The Misses Catherine Rempe and Helen Mills of Chicago, earnest workers for the interest of St. Mary's, were recent visitors to the College.

---

—The death of Mary (mis-printed Anna) English, at Columbus, Ohio, last month, takes from the student list one of five sisters, Mary, Agnes, Louise, Jessie and Bertha, who spent their girlhood days at St. Mary's. Students of some year past, with whom the memory of those days has ever been a cherished possession, and for whom Alma Mater holds highest admiration.

—A bereavement for her beloved ones, but saintly for herself, was the death of Nettie Howard at Guthrie, Oklahoma. A yearning for the Faith since her days at St. Mary's was gratified when during her last illness, she received the Sacraments of Holy Church.

—From the days of her graduation of 1872, Lizzie Marshall-Lamb held in loving remembrance her Alma Mater, and St. Mary's offers a mother's sympathy for a mother, to the daughter, Mrs. Alice M. Stevenson, who so touchingly announced Lizzie's death.

St. Mary's tenderly shares with Genevieve Carey her grief at the loss of a dear father.

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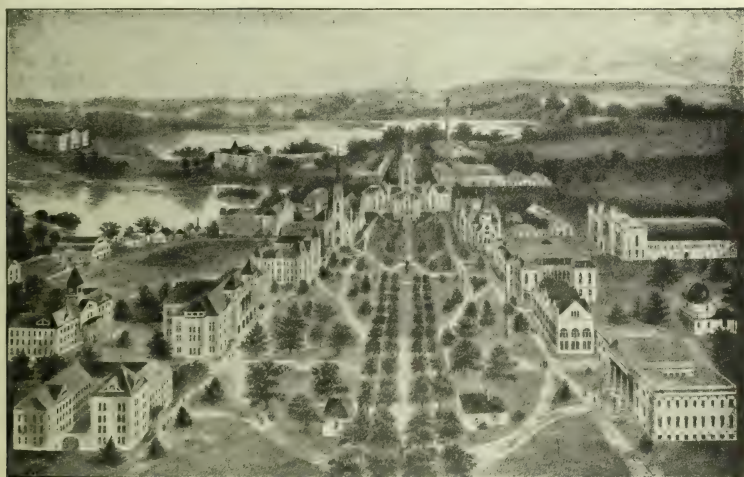
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APRIL'S CALLING.

---

MILDRED KAVANAUGH, '22.

---

A GENTLE rain is falling,  
Sweet fragrance fills the air,  
It is young April calling,  
The barren trees are budding,  
The earth becomes more fair,  
And a gentle rain is falling.

The spirit of Spring comes tripping  
From out her fairy lair,  
It is young April calling,  
A veil of green is growing  
O'er meadows brown and bare,  
And a gentle rain is falling.

Above I hear a chirping,  
A song of loving care,  
It is young April calling,  
My heart within is singing  
For Spring is in the air;  
A gentle rain is falling,  
It is young April calling.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., April, 1921

No. 8

## YOUTH.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

THE setting sun halts in yon western skies,  
Where clouds, upon its golden strings will lay  
Their rosy, angel fingers, sweet to play,  
While dreamy day its hour of passing nighs.  
Twilight, in silence, opens starry eyes,  
It hears the music of the passing day,  
Like angel voices singing far away—  
Bringing to earth a breath of Paradise.

O passing youth, could music only hold  
Your happiness and charm, your childish dream!  
O fleeting youth, could but an angel's prayer  
Life's pain delay, your innocence enfold,  
So that when twilight comes, it would but seem  
A breath of Paradise, with music there!

## JANE EYRE—VIEWPOINTS.

A NEW HEROINE.

CLARA SELEGUE, '21.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE, in creating Jane Eyre, brought a new type of heroine into the world of fiction, a heroine as different from the usual languishing beauty type as can be imagined. Jane is not a negative creature, content to occupy her place of heroine merely by appointment. She is vital.

Jane Eyre might be thought, at first sight, unpromising. She is small, plain, not endowed with social graces, with superficial brilliance, or with fortune. In the family where her lot is cast, she is unloved, unwanted, and wholly at variance. But it is fascinating to watch her development. She is like a little seed cast wantonly by the wayside, finally to bloom, and under the most trying difficulties to develop into an exquisite blossom.

The fallow soil into which the tender seed is first cast is the household of Mrs. Reed of Gateshead, Jane's aunt. There she is merely tolerated, as a matter of duty. Mrs. Reed is unsympathetic, even cruel. Her three cousins, John, Eliza, and Georgiana, are pampered little savag-

es. In this environment, Jane's sensitive nature is so crushed that she is not even actively unhappy, only passively submissive to misery. Then occurs the incident which brings out the slumbering flame in her, and rouses her mind, already well-developed for her ten years, to active revolt. It is her cousin John's brutality, continued by Mrs. Reed, that brings out two dominant traits of Jane's character, independence and love of truth. Her passivity changes over-night into outspoken bluntness. No longer can her cousin bully her with impunity. No longer can Mrs. Reed make her feel like a pariah unfit to associate with her own angelic offspring. Jane tells her bluntly. "They are not fit to associate with me!" Because she is more reflective than other children of her age, the servants regard her as a sort of infantine Guy Fawkes. She is a strange composite of strong passions and emotions, governed, however, by a natural tendency to good and always by a craving for love. Is this a conventional heroine?

During the Lowood period, with its need of pleasure and its abundance of training, Jane's character is developed. Her over-hasty temper is soothed by the influence of Helen Burns and her need of human approval is met by the friendship of Miss Temple. She learns self-control, and with her bright mind and love of reading, becomes really well educated. At eighteen, the words of her old nurse, Bessie, describe her: "You are genteel enough; you look like a lady, and it is as much as ever I expected of you; you were no beauty as a child."

And now she enters into her estate as heroine. She goes, as governess, to Thornfield. Here we learn the manifold phases of her character mainly from the lips of Mr. Rochester, the master of Thornfield. It is her very difference from other women that arouses and holds his interest. Her independence and fidelity to truth—almost to the point of bluntness—stimulate his curiosity. She has no beauty, yet when he sees her in the lane, he "thinks unaccountably of fairy tales", and in her grave, quiet air, there is something fascinating. To further contrast her, we see her in opposition to Miss Ingram, who might be deemed a fair sample of the usual heroine. This fair, high-born damsel "was not good; she was not original; she used to repeat sounding phrases from books; she never offered, nor had, an opinion of her own. She advocated a high tone of sentiment, but she did not know the sensations of sympathy and pity, tenderness and truth were not in her." What chance had she for Mr. Rochester's affection when Jane Eyre was there—Jane with her kindness, her staunchness, her true refinement.

All Jane's craving for love is satisfied by Mr. Rochester. He loves her tenderly, passionately. He has never met her likeness. "Jane," he avows, "you please me and you master me—you seem to submit, and I like the sense of pliancy you impart; and while I am turning the soft, silken skein round my finger, it sends a thrill up my arm to my heart. I am influenced—conquered; and the influence is sweeter than I can express, and the conquest I undergo has a witchery beyond any triumph I can win."

Her character indeed has pliancy; in this she is truly feminine, but above her love, her comfort, everything in life is her fidelity to conscience. Though she struggles against its dictates, indomitable is her resolve. The more solitary, the

more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God; sanctioned by man." To his cost, Mr. Rochester finds that "never was anything at once so frail and so indomitable." She has dared and baffled his fury; she eludes his sorrow. She will not blind herself to the fact that Mr. Rochester is not legally free to marry, though he reasons to himself that he is.

Jane's individuality is real. The little seed has indeed blossomed into an exquisite flower. Jane's charm lies not wholly in physical attractions, though she has these, but in her gifts of mind and heart. Through her, Charlotte Bronte has made an eloquent plea for women and to women.

\* \* \* \*

#### THE IDEAL OF LIBERTY

—  
JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.  
—

JANE Eyre has been analyzed as a woman who craved love, I would say that she was no less a woman who craved liberty. Freedom was as essential to her spiritual being as oxygen to her body, not mere personal independence, of that she enjoyed but little in her orphaned girlhood, spent first in the home of an unloving aunt and later in an institution. Always the dependent, always subordinated to others, in her servitude she was freer than those she served. The apparent impossibility of this disappears with the realization that her freedom was a spiritual freedom, by its very nature transcending every bond.

Thomas á Kempis writes of that Divine Love that "...strained, is not constrained...but like a living flame and a burning torch...bursts forth upwards and safely overpasses all." Such love must be the truest spiritual liberty since it turns all to One Thing with such compelling force that it rises above everything of lower order. It must have been something closely akin to this that animated the little governess and bred in her a power to resist temptation even though it meant giving up the only real happiness she had ever known.

To be sure, we cannot say that this spiritual power was born, fully developed, in Jane Eyre at that first moment when she defied her aunt, of which she says, "...my soul began to expand, to exult, with the strangest sense of freedom, of



triumph, I ever felt. It seemed as if an invisible bond had burst and that I had struggled out into untried-for liberty." This, however, was the first spark which was later to grow into the "living flame". In this first childish outburst was born an undying longing for freedom that was a prime factor in making Jane Eyre, poor, plain and insignificant of body, a being of unconquerable soul. There were times during those dreary days at Lowood when it seemed that the tiny spark kindled by her first rebellion was stamped out by the relentless pressure of want. But such was not the case, not only did it live, but grew the stronger because it was an inward flame. The first notable evidence of it came when Jane finally rebelled against her Lowood life and sought something new—were it only "a new servitude."

At Thornfield Hall we find her quiet, dutiful, gentle, but the same freedom-loving woman. Not only a lover of freedom, but a possessor of it for it was freedom of soul that she craved, and she possessed it by reason of the very intensity of her desire. This was the source of that intangible quality that made her, although little more than a servant in the house, equal to all occasions and all people. In the drawing room, scorned and neglected, she was nevertheless superior to any or all of the company. In the presence of Mr. Rochester she maintained without fail the indefinable dignity born of her great liberty. And more than this, her great triumph, her final proof that she was subject to no bonds even of her own making, was her refusal to prove false in the slightest degree to her principles and ideals.

Viewing her great trial in retrospect she attained a fuller realization of the blessedness of her choice of freedom, even though it were in poverty and loneliness, in preference to slavery

in a "fool's paradise." She saw even more clearly than in her hour of trial the terrible strength of the "insane promptings of a phrensiel moment", and with all the fervour of the soul whose freedom she had preserved she breathed her simple thanksgiving: "God has directed me to a correct choice; I thank His providence for the guidance!" Well she might thank Him for He had given her a spirit so indomitable that Rochester said, in the madness of his baffled desire: "Conqueror I might be of the house, but the inmate would escape to Heaven before I could call myself possessor of its clay dwelling place." And again he said: "...it is your spirit—with will and energy, and virtue and purity—that I want; not alone your brittle frame." Such a statement from a man whose previous relations with women had been of the most sensual and degrading nature was an achievement only possible to a soul with power born of perfect freedom.

Further proof of Jane Eyre's craving for freedom lies in her refusal to marry St. John. She was a woman of immeasurable capacity for affection, yet her love could not be bound save by meeting equal love. She finds no bondage in her whole-souled devotion to Rochester; it did not take away the freedom that was essential to her but was a completion of it; she speaks of this in one of the noblest expressions of the mutual and holy love of husband and wife. "I hold myself supremely blest—blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine....to be together is to be as free as in solitude, as gay as in company....to talk to each other is but a more animated and an audible thinking....all my confidence is bestowed on him, all his confidence is devoted to me."

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### SPRING.

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BERNYCE BACHTEL, '23.

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THE earth has been asleep so long  
And stilled our feathered friends of song,  
It seems that something must be wrong,  
For where is Spring?

Her coming like a fairy friend,  
The breath of youth just seems to send,  
As on our earthly way we wend—  
Somewhere is Spring.

A bird returns to build a nest,  
A child for flowerets goes in quest;  
A man decides to do his best,  
For here is Spring.

## THE ONLY LITTLE PLAY-FELLOW.

MADOLYN FAUGHT, '23.

MY greetings to that little chum,  
 Pal of my playtime joys!—  
 What gladness to my heart she brings  
 When I hear her small voice.

Wee bundle of temper that storms  
 When she can't have her way!  
 Would that I could be near her now,  
 To see her at her play.

Does she still pout when Mother calls  
 Her home at the close of day?  
 Can she not pause in busy fun  
 And think of me—far away?

## THE NIBELUNGEN LIED.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

THE popular notion of the epic is in many ways a mistaken notion. Every one admits that an epic is a narrative of some length, introducing a hero and his exploits, and explaining manners and customs indicative of the early stage of a nation's birth. This is partly true, but an epic is not always a true historical representation. Natural epics, such as the *Iliad*, the *Nibelungen Lied*, and *Beowulf* were not written at one period or by a single man. Epics are mainly traditional, and, being so, are usually exaggerated and unreal representations of the life of past centuries, although they contain many truthful elements.

The *Nibelungen Lied* is a natural primitive epic. It was handed down by bards and minstrels. The events it chronicles belong to the sixth and seventh century. It was not compiled, however, until the thirteenth century. The manuscript of the poem was discovered about the eighteenth century. Lachmann assures us that the epic consists of twenty songs of various dates and authorship. Others, while agreeing that it is the work of a single author, ascribe it to Conrad von Kuerbier, Eschenbach, Ofterdinger, and Walther van der Vogelweide. Whoever the author may be, he has our gratitude, because a true epic spirit lives in the *Nibelungen Lied*. It is "full of joyance and high rides of weeping and sorrow." The poem consists of thirty-nine adventures compiled from legends that were repeated by the German people for centuries. There are four distinct cycles: the Frankish saga cycle with the hero Siegfried; the Burgundian cycle, with

the hero Gunther; the Etzel cycle, with King of the Huns (Attila) as hero; and the Ostrogothic cycle with Dietrich of Bern as the hero. Dietrich of Bern is supposed to be Theodoric of Italy, in exile at the Hunnish court.

The *Nibelungen Lied* has been called the *Iliad* of the North. It is similar to the *Iliad* "in origin, the impersonality of its author, its realism and the primitive passions of its heroes"; but it lacks the glowing images and glowing fire of the Greek epic.

The story runs thus:

In the city of Worms in Burgundy dwells the maiden Kriemhild, famous for her beauty and gentleness. The king, her brother Gunther, guards her with jealous care. Kriemhild has a dream. She dreams that her pet falcon is torn by two eagles. Her mother interprets the dream, saying that she (Kriemhild) is destined to marry a fair prince threatened with a dreadful doom. Kriemhild resolves never to marry—but fate decrees differently.

By introducing this tragic dream, catastrophe is dimly prophesied from the beginning. The poet, as the story advances, develops this tragedy.

In Netherlands dwells the king, Siegmund, and his wife, Siegelind, whose greatest pride is Siegfried, their son. Siegfried is renowned for his deeds of valor. Hearing of the beauty of Kriemhild he resolves to woo her. He goes into Burgundy with twelve followers. Gunther is surprised and wonders what manner of visitors these are. Hagan, one of his clever scheming noblemen, tells him it is Siegfried, the invulner-

able, the conqueror of the Nibelungen treasure. Gunther treats Siegfried with all respect (as well he might so valiant a hero). While at court Siegfried never once sets eyes on Kriemhild, but she has seen him and loves him. Still he is resolved to woo her.

Gunther, now hearing of the prowess of the queen of Issland, Brunhilde, determines to win her. Siegfried promises to help Gunther to conquer the queen (for in that manner she wished to be wooed) if, in return, Gunther is willing to give him the hand of his sister, Kriemhild. The king promises, and after bringing Brunhilde to Burgundy as his queen, Siegfried and Kriemhild marry, and take up their abode in the Netherlands.

The proud Brunhilde does not know how she is deceived by Gunther. After some years she learns from Kriemhild herself that Siegfried is not a vassal of Gunther's, but is a king and greater hero than Gunther. She becomes very jealous. Gunther, Hagan and Brunhilde then conspire against Siegfried, and Hagan treacherously kills him. Kriemhild is beside herself with grief and resolves to revenge her husband's death.

She makes peace with her brother and marries Etzel, the king of the Huns. Finally in a position to revenge herself, she takes advantage of her opportunity by inviting Gunther, Brunhilde and Hagan to her husband's kingdom. Hagan has, meanwhile, succeeded in obtaining the Nibelungen treasures belonging to Kriemhild, but he loses them in the Rhine. While at the Court of Etzel, Hagan (always looking for trouble) kills

the child of Kriemhild and a battle ensues between the Burgundians and the Huns. Dietrich of Bern is forced into the conflict and with his aid the Huns conquer and the Burgundians are forced to surrender. Kriemhild, in her wrath, kills Gunther. She slays Hagan, also, because of his obstinacy in refusing to tell of the whereabouts of the treasure. One of the Burgundian nobles, shocked at the unfeminine conduct of Kriemhild, kills her. The people mourn for her many a day and lament her sad fate. Thus ends the epic. The tragedy is complete in every detail.

The poem has a good basis and organic structure. There is only one great idea set forth in it. "Remarkable," says Carlyle, "it is, moreover, how along with essence and primary condition of all poetic virtue, the minor external virtues of what we call taste and so forth, are, as it were, presupposed; and the living soul of Poetry being there its body of incidents, its garment of language, come of their own accord.

The epic is, indeed, beautifully written, and firmly put together. No other poet has succeeded in combining the supernatural and the natural so artistically. To any readers who have studied the original this will not seem an exaggeration. Siegfried is pictured with exceeding delicacy. He is made strong, brave, chivalrous, without one fault. Hagan, too, raises himself to "tragic greatness". Kriemhild and Brunhilde stand for strength and character in women. The epic has a rugged strength and we should value it not only because it is an epic but also for its intrinsic literary worth.

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#### THE THRUSH'S MELODY.

---

MARIA DEL R. BLANCO, '23.

---

THE Winter flew, and left its sordid gloom,  
 Then from a bush a thrush's loving song  
 Is heard, to bring its joy, and love so strong  
 To brighten faded Nature with new bloom.  
 It sings to buds to breathe, and then they come,  
 And sends a song to brooks which they prolong,  
 And pleads with them to sing, and glide along,  
 To merry make, for strife to leave no room.  
 The thrush's song—of symphony a part—  
 Has made the buds and brooks to sing in mirth,  
 Has given life with its unlearned art,  
 Has wakened Nature, and has given birth  
 To song, and love, and joy within man's heart;  
 And brought the Spring, to loving Mother Earth.

## A Page of Verse.

---

### A POEM.

---

CATHERINE JOHNS, '22.

---

A BLUE bird's caroled melody,  
A dawn that breaks with crimson glow  
And fresh sweet-scented grasses.  
Tell us all of Nature's joy,  
As Springtime's spirit passes.

### SIGNS OF SPRING.

---

MARY GERTRUDE MURPHY, '23.

---

WITH robins singing in a tree,  
And tiny buds a-peeping through,  
It sounds and looks like Spring to me—  
Does it not seem that way to you?

### A DAFFODIL.

---

MARGARET KINERK, '23.

---

'T WAS just a tiny daffodil,  
Its face to April's sky uplifted;  
As though its hungry soul to fill  
With dew's from the Heav'ns drifted.

### THE HOME LANE.

---

KATHERINE DUFFY, '22.

---

OF all the lanes on all this earth,  
Where youth and beauty glow with mirth,  
Where men may walk in twilight's gloam,  
Give me the lane that leads to home.

### SMILES.

---

REGINA WOLTER, '22.

---

SMILE, my little lady,  
It doesn't pay to be sad—  
You'll find if you smile just a smile a day,  
You'll be making all of us glad.

### APRIL.

---

HELEN HOLLIDAY, '22.

---

HASTE, April, daintily  
Gladden our day;  
Hide not thy girlish ways,  
Come before the May

Lighten the hearts of men  
With thy glad play;  
Draw closer to us now,  
Haste before the May.



## THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

ALBERTA V. MURPHY, '24.

SMILE through it all, though dark the night  
 And long and weary grows the light;  
 Behind the clouds the moon shines bright.  
 Smile through it all!

Smile through it all, though keen the knife  
 And deep the wound of worldly strife;  
 God waits at the postern gate of life.  
 Smile through it all!

Smile through it all! The road to right  
 Is guided by His beacon light.  
 Though far the way, and steep the height—  
 Smile through it all!

Smile through it all! Be brave—be bold!  
 Each year has its December cold;  
 Who searches, finds the rainbow's gold.  
 Smile through it all!

## A GREAT DISCIPLE OF A GREAT MASTER.

VERONICA McCABE, '22.

WHEN, for the first time, Plato made his way through the crowd, in order to hear the shabbily dressed old man question the bystanders, and when that old man, who was Socrates, first beheld the youthful form before him, little did either realize, how choice would be the fruit which was to ripen from their companionship as master and disciple. Indeed, while reading Plato's apology, the Crito, selections from the Phaedo and various sketches of the lives of Socrates and Plato, the reader might wonder what induced Plato to turn his back on a career, which already had promised him so much success, and to cast his lot with such an unpopular and self-avowed near-pauper, as was this master.

In his early life, Plato had made unusual progress in the study of poetry and was probably acquainted with some of the best poets of his time. His nature was one that loved "artistic creation and scientific research." After he had become a follower of Socrates, he was subjected to the coarse jests of the comic poets. Nor was the intercourse which Socrates held with the vulgar crowds, who despised learning, in accordance with his aristocratic nature. The Platonic Socrates admits that he is not eloquent and that he has never aspired to any political offices. He speaks frequently of the great prejudices against himself, existing throughout the city, and of the sport made of his labors at the theatre.

But the virtues which Plato beheld in his master, far outnumbered the charges which were

made against him, and gave the aspect of falsehood to the charges themselves. He saw in Socrates the reformer of Athens, and the apostle of right. That Socrates could have enjoyed wealth and a calmer life, Plato perhaps knew. The beauty that could not be found in the master's figure and face, the disciple had found in his soul. Neither enemies nor stumbling blocks in the way of political success, could keep him from the new path to which his master had led him. In the master, the disciple saw the apostle of right, when he refused to "play upon" the court's sympathies in any way, and when he refused to leave prison without the consent of the Athenians. Certainly, Plato must have drunk deeply of the vigorous virtues of his master's soul, that he became such a zealous follower and that he continued for so many years after to give Socrates credit for most of his own new ideas. Doubtless, there existed between them such a union that Plato read in the expressions on the face of Socrates, many thoughts that never found utterance.

So had not Plato been fascinated by the light of truth which gleamed from the eyes of his master, not only would Plato's life work probably have been different, but also the world's philosophical inheritance would have been more scanty. Thus we might have lost the disciple and also the true spirit of the great master, which only a brilliant and understanding friend could have fathomed.

## IF I WERE YOU.

LUCILE BARRY, '24.

IF I were you the things I'd do  
 Would almost fill a book or two,  
 I'd travel distant lands so new,  
 If I were you.

I'd sit on foreign sands all day,  
 And dream of graceful nymphs at play  
 On dancing waters, bright and gay,  
 If I were you.

I'd bathe in waters deep and blue  
 Of ocean, lake, and rock pool too;  
 With birds and trees as friends so true,  
 If I were you.

## THE SENTINEL OF THE SYCAMORES.

ELIZABETH FAY RYAN, '23.

"YOU'RE just simply a cut-and-dried old maid, Evelyn Maddox, else you couldn't be so deliciously contented in such a dead place as a boarding school. Sweet Briar or no Sweet Briar, I don't care if it's the most finishingest school in the whole world! I can't stand for people to be everlastingly watching me to see if I bat an eye. I just know I'll be a venerable old spinster if I have to live here much longer," and with that illustrative piece of temper, thrust upon an unoffending roommate struggling over a problem in Ethics, the vivacious Jerry-Ann flopped into a chair in front of her dressing table; buried a saucy nose into a fluffy powder puff and grimaced at the reflection in the mirror of a black bushy head and snapping eyes.

Jerry-Ann Tremont was experiencing her first year at boarding school, which she found to be excruciatingly dull and uninteresting compared to a gay life of teas and dances.

"How I do wish something really exciting would happen, just for once," she turned once more to her roommate, this time as for solace. A glimmer of a pout played about her mouth.

"Huh, I have plenty, rooming with you."

"You droll creature. Sometimes, Evelyn, I almost find myself wishing I were a little like you. . . . What, the bells for study, so soon! Why, I am not even dressed!"

"You must expect them to keep informed as

to when you are ready to get dressed, surely?" and the complacent and composed Evelyn left her roommate, to repair to the Study Hall. While Jerry-Ann was beginning to entertain a fear that her friend might arrive too early for admission into the pearly gates, her thoughts were rudely interrupted by a sudden banging against the door in a hurried endeavor to throw it open.

"Jerry! Oh, Jerry!" and in breezed a wild eyed boyish figure.

"My Heavens, Libby, what a cyclone you are! What is it?"

"S-s-sh—I have something for you—," whispered the excited Libby, casting about fearful glances to make certain no one was listening.

"I got it this afternoon when on a hike in gym—and,"

"Got it! Got what? For goodness sake, hurry, don't keep me in such suspense."

"Oh, sure, I forgot, in my pocket—this letter. The Cadets were on leave this afternoon when the 2:45 gym class hiked up to the Heights. He was in a Dodge Coupe with another. When he recognized me, he jumped out and slipped it in my hand and told me to deliver it to you—must go—see you in the Study Hall later—hurry—" and she was gone as violently as she had appeared.

The astonished Jerry-Ann tremblingly tore open the envelope, all the while praying it might contain something leading to a thrill.

"A note from Stanly to meet him at the edge of the Sycamores at quarter of six! Now how on earth can I ever manage such a thing! But I must—or he'll be angry at not finding me."

"Jerry-Ann Tremont, you are requested to report in the Study Hall at once." came a stern voice from the door.

"Oh yes, I am coming. Oh—dear!" She reluctantly picked up her books and hesitatingly left the room under the suspicious eye of the disciplinarian. Her heart sank to an incredible depth, for her first and only opportunity for romance had been ruthlessly and innocently frustrated.

Jerry-Ann and Libby sat together in the Study Hall and fortunately opposite the door. When the former appeared to take her place, Libby either intuitively or instinctively conceived what message the note brought and contrived to assist her pal out of her difficulties.

"Don't look so hopeless, Jerry. I'll help you

to get out, if that is what you want," consoled Libby as Jerry-Ann dropped into her seat beside her.

"Oh, it's no use, now—. How can you?"

"Well, now keep still a minute and let me think, and in the meantime you do a little yourself."

"Only fifteen minutes more! He said at a quarter of six", whispered Jerry-Ann impatiently, fidgeting in her seat. She had already been reprimanded twice for wasting time and a third for annoying her neighbor.

"Do you think I can crawl out without her seeing me?" "Her" being the disciplinarian.

"You could if you'd use your head and stop jumping around like you had pins in you."

"Oh, how can I? I just know she'll catch me. If she'd only turn around!"

"If you don't hush, she'll know what's wrong with you before you even get started!" cautioned Libby. "I'll go up and ask her a question and stand right in front of her so she can't see you, then you watch your chance and run."

Libby was as good as her word. Jerry-Ann slipped out unseen.

"Oh, what a relief! Out of that place at last. I feel like a bird out of a cage. Stanly, dear, I do hope he waits—my, what a comfort it is to be in love and especially to be creeping off to him—simply—thr-r-rilling!" and as she mused she stealthily sped down the stairs, along the lower hall and out the north door, utterly void of all thoughts pertaining to discovery and its consequences.

The north door opened upon a narrow stretch of campus leading to a grove of sycamores. A few minutes brisk yet cautious walk brought Jerry-Ann to the edge of the grove. She stopped at a huge tree, evidently the king of the grove, and began anxiously peering about.

"H'lo, Jerry," came a gentle tenorish voice from behind her. "You little brick, I knew you would."

"Well, at last! I thought surely you would have gone."

"I am sorry I am late, little girl, but just wait till I tell you something. I could have written it in that letter but I wanted to make sure whether you could get out—now since you have—Oh, everything's going to be easy."

"But what's going to be easy?"

"Just a second, Miss Impatience and I'll tell you. Listen, tomorrow Generals West and Rushing are going to review the S. M. A. Cadets and as usual a military ball will be given in their honor at the Stanton Hotel. Now, are you game to slip off and join us?"

"Oh, but—No, no, I couldn't ever do that—!"

"Nonsense, you are a piker! You came this time!"

"I am not a piker," and she stamped her foot determinedly, "you just don't know how we are watched. But—"

Oh, she did want to go so badly, it was so splendid of Stanly to think of her in that respect—besides—well, she did it once—why not try it again—?

"Stanly, I will do it," with emphasis on the do, "I'll feign a sick headache during dinner and leave the dining room to go to my room. Then, I'll dress and slip out before dinner is over—that is the best time."

"Good! Now you are talking. I'll meet you here tomorrow night at seven."

"Yes, Yes! I must hurry now, as the girls will be going over to the dining room, and I have to get there before they do." With that they were off.

Jerry-Ann was once more the happiest girl in the world. She went singing as she tripped back through the grove; oblivious of the darkness and dangers lurking in the shadows.

"Stop!" demanded a stern voice from a tall dark figure looming viciously before her from behind a tree.

Jerry-Ann stiffened with fear and was completely rooted to the spot. In this frenzy of terror she dropped Stanly's note that she still held in her hand and it fluttered to the feet of the foreboding looking creature.

The mysterious man stooped for the paper. Jerry-Ann suddenly realizing, grabbed for it but was gently thrust aside. Dread again seized her and she started to run.

"Don't hurry," uttered the deep guttural voice and Jerry-Ann found herself drawn irresistibly back. "I am not here to harm you, but to warn you!" continued the slow monotonous words, "I saw you meet the young man back in the grove

and know this is the note asking you to meet him."

Jerry-Ann was dumb with astonishment and simply stared at the man.

"Here is your note—and remember—I warn you never to repeat this secret meeting! Now go."

Jerry-Ann was such a complex combination of fear and doubt that she was infinitely unaware of how she returned and gained entrance to the dining room without arousing suspicion.

It would be doing Jerry-Ann a grave injustice to say that the strange man with his stranger warning produced no effect upon her. She was indeed exceedingly troubled and for a time had decided not to venture out to the dance. But as the time drew nearer her insatiable desire for excitement constrained her to wave aside all thoughts of the pending admonition. She divulged her secret to Libby and the latter was so enthused over the prospect that Jerry-Ann quite easily forgot everything else except the Military dance at the Stanton Hotel with Stanly Mansfield.

Libby had informed her that the disciplinarian was too busy reading "The Love Letters of Lady Lil" to have missed her from the Study Hall. If that were the case, she would not have to worry about leaving the dining room.

The next day passed quickly. Jerry-Ann's plea of a sick headache met with success. She left the table, went to her room, dressed, threw a dark cloak over her evening wraps and was out of Penrod Hall and into the grove at the specified meeting place at a few minutes before seven. She was trembling with excitement and the sheer joy of living.

It was dark. The trees emphasized the gloom of the grove and a few dead leaves stirred, rustled and were silent.

Ah, footsteps! But instead of Stanly's pleased exclamation something was thrown roughly over her head and she felt herself picked up by giant arms and borne away. She fought and kicked like a savage but was held all the more firmly in the grasp of arms.

The warning of the tall dark man came to her like a flash. It was no joke after all to frighten her. Oh, where was he taking her—what would happen to her? Oh, if Stanly would only follow them!

After about ten minutes, in this fashion, Jerry-Ann heard the click of a door knob and felt herself gently placed upon what seemed a bed. A light was lit, then the door slammed, a key was turned in the lock—and all was silent!

A few moments of puzzled speculating and Jerry-Ann endeavored to thrust off the tobacco smelling cover. She succeeded and her dazed eyes fell upon the contents of a tiny hunter's lodge. There were two doors, the one through which they entered, and the second leading evidently to another room. She tried them both but her efforts proved futile and the sole window was tightly shuttered. Her hopes of escape were blasted. She went back to the rude bed fashioned of logs and tried to think logically; but a torrent of tears intervened and she was compelled to give vent to disappointment and remorse.

She was sobbing softly, curled upon the bed, with her head against a friendly cub pillow, when the door was quietly opened and a gruff voice said:

"So glad you have made yourself at home."

Jerry-Ann bolted at the voice. She was uncertain just how to act toward this peculiar personage, who seemed to feel so confident of himself. One minute she wished to spring at him and tear out his eyes, then again he appeared so kind and gentle that she was sure he would let her go if she pleaded with him. However, she did neither.

"I have just returned from the sycamores." He paused to permit his words to produce the desired effect, gave the logs on the hearth a poke with his boot, then continued, "I met the young man—and told him you had returned to the Hall—"

"You lied—?"

"No—not exactly—just a little in advance of the truth is all." He coolly replied, straightening to a majestic attitude, "Are you ready to return? I am sorry duty requires me to interfere with your fun."

"Duty! I don't understand—"

"Yes, duty! While tending the timber for the school I prevent such as you from running off. However, I can keep secrets, but no one escapes the vigilant eye of the Sentinel of the Sycamores."



## TRAGEDY.

ANN NERTNEY, '23.

"WHAT'S the matter, little lad;  
What troubles your yellow towed head,  
Is it a cross word some one's said  
Because he fancied you'd been bad?"

Sobbingly then he answered me—  
"This morning—a great big lumber log—  
Fell off'n a wagon—n'—killed my dog"—  
My comfort was useless, you can see.

## HIS RIVAL.

MILDRED KAVANAUGH, '23.

"WELL, goodbye, Mrs. Barnes, I must be goin'. It's most time for dinner and them folks of mine when it comes time for dinner always gets pretty nervous if 'tain't ready."

"Why, Mammy, where is Rastus these days? Why don't you have him help you with the cooking? He is really very good in the kitchen and you have plenty to do with your other work. You must not try to do too much."

"Oh, I knows but you all must remember that Miss Nancy am home for the week-end and she just seems to prefer Mammy Chloe's cooking to anyone else's and I sure like to please my chile."

"That's right, Mammy. I had forgotten she was here. I should certainly have remembered it too, as Tom has been counting the hours until she would arrive."

"I reckon you should, Mrs. Barnes. That thar Tom of yours is a bright one and he sure keeps the grass worn off our road when Miss Nancy am home. But I must be off. Goodbye."

Mammy Chloe set off down the road at a brisk pace. She made a perfect picture there in the twilight of the pre-war type of dinky. Her kinky hair was thrust into a gayly colored bandana, a bright green shawl draped about her shoulders, and a basket half-filled with yellow gourds swinging from her arm. At the first cross-roads she turned from the beaten path and hurried through the woods down a lightly traced trail connecting her home with the Barnes' estate.

"Oh, dear, I must hurry," thought Mammy, as the light faded and the shadows lengthened. "I

always forgets myself when I get started to talkin' and stays longer than I 'tended to. That good-for-nothin' Rastus will never be able to find them chickens that I had ready for dinner and the Colonel is so fond of his chicken."

Coming within sight of the house, however, and finding the lamps still unlit, Mammy was somewhat reassured and slightly slackened her pace as her breath was becoming rather short from her hasty journey. She soon arrived at the back door and quickly slipped her shawl from her shoulders, drew out her bread board and was at once deep in the process of mixing biscuits. Suddenly dropping a pan of biscuits just ready for the oven, Mammy rushed over to her basket and hurriedly searched the contents. With a puzzled look upon her face she emptied the pockets of her apron, but the object of her search was not to be found.

"Rastus," she called, going to the door, "You come in here and mind this cookin'. I've got to go and hunt for somethin' I lost. That chicken will be done in about an hour and keep your eye on them biscuits."

Without further delay, Rastus in charge of her dinner, she caught up her shawl and hurried out into the gathering dusk.

Keeping her eyes glued on the path, Mammy walked briskly forward. Every few steps she stopped and scattered the leaves with her foot. Where could she have lost it? Of course just because she wanted it this evening when she was in a hurry, she would have to lose it. Rastus was, no doubt, letting the chicken burn at this very mo-

ment. She could almost smell it scorching. Hark! Was that a footstep? Mammy raised her head and listened intently. Yes, someone was coming through the trees, rustling the fallen leaves as he walked. She peered through the bushes and saw a tall man in riding clothes coming toward her, slashing the dead weeds with his crop as he walked. His face was shaded by his hat, but Mammy recognized the straight slim figure and assurant stride.

"Hello, there, Jim," she cried, "What do you all mean by scarin' a person to death, sneakin' through the woods?"

"Why, Mammy, did I frighten you? I didn't see or hear a soul. I thought I was alone with my thoughts."

"Well, you will be alone with your thoughts in a jiffy if you will turn in and help me hunt for a lost article. I lost it right 'long here somewheres and seems as tho' the devil must a' got it as 'tain't here now."

"I would be only too pleased to assist you in the search if you would do me the favor of describing the lost treasure," replied Jim with a deep bow and a gallant sweep of his hat. "I hope by no chance it could be the property of our mutually much admired Nancy?"

"Hum, I thought you was awful willin' to help. All you seems to think of is Miss Nancy. You and Tom Barnes and the rest of your crowd."

Jim's face darkened. He knew his rivals were numerous, but he did not care to have them flouted in his face.

"Now, Mammy, you know it doesn't make any difference whose possession it is," he said soothingly. "I would help you search anyway. I just asked for curiosity."

Mammy's eyes suddenly sparkled with mischief. Since Jim was so willing to help she would try him out. With all his boasting, it remained to be proved whether the nature of the lost article was so unimportant.

"Well, Jim," Mammy began, "if you really want to know what that there article was, I'll tell you. Of course it don't make no difference to you, but I was visitin' with Mrs. Barnes this afternoon and that Tom of hers, he came in and ask me to do him a favor, to bring a note to Miss Nancy for him. So I put it in my basket and on the way home, I musta' lost it 'cause when I got

home I looked high and low for it but it wasn't there. I put Rastus to cookin' and came back to hunt for it 'cause I knew Miss Nancy wouldn't eat a bite of supper if she didn't get it."

With a mischievous grin, Mammy again took up her search, poking around in the underbrush.

Jim stood back for a moment, absorbed in the contemplation of Tom Barnes, his most successful rival for the affections of Nancy Carruthers. So that was Tom's system, sending Nancy notes by faithful old Mammy Chloe, and Nancy was really anxious to get them and disappointed if they failed to arrive! And now Mammy had lost one and he had to help find it.

"Are you sure you lost it this close to the house?" he called to Mammy, who had wandered a little distance in her search.

"Yes, right 'round here somewheres as I seen it in the basket when I came across that little bridge," answered Mammy, pointing to a small bridge about a hundred yards away. They searched a while in silence. Suddenly Jim, giving the leaves an extra vicious poke with his crop, uncovered a small white envelope. Stooping he picked it up without attracting the attention of Mammy. There was no address on the envelope, in fact it was not even sealed, the flap being carelessly left open. He weighed it critically in his hand. It was not much of a note, it was too light to contain a great deal. As he stood gazing at the unoffending white square, Mammy's sharp eyes, noting his pause in the search, discovered that the lost treasure had been found.

Rushing to his side, she snatched it from his hand. In doing so the flap opened and the contents fluttered lightly to the ground. Jim and Mammy both reached for the paper, but Mammy, probably because of her shorter stature and consequently smaller distance to reach, secured it while Jim's hungry eyes saw only what looked to him like a column of numbers, each followed by a few closely written words. He was in doubt whether Tom was sending Nancy the combination to the bank safe or the diagram of the burial place of some hidden treasure. Mammy, deciding her joke had gone far enough and that it was time for her to return home, thrust the paper into his hand. With knit brow and drooping jaw, Jim looked down at the mysterious paper and beheld—a prize recipe for gingerbread.

## TO THE WILD FLOWERS.

HELEN KELLY, '23.

AWAKE, awake, for Spring is nigh,  
 The rains are falling from on high.  
 Arise once more, ye beauties rare,  
 O trillium and lily fair,  
 Awake, ye buds, for Spring is nigh.  
 The rains are coming from the sky  
 While you upon soft pillows lie.  
 We search, in vain, for you with care,  
 So come and let old winter die.  
 For golden daffodils we sigh;  
 Send forth your fragrance to the air.  
 Oh, come, young beauties, make your dare,  
 Awake and 'rise for Spring is nigh.

## BOOKS AS COMPANIONS.

HELEN M. DRUMMEY, '24.

TO me the world of books has always been a fairy-land of never ending delight. As long as I can remember my greatest joy has been to read. Looking back over the hours I have spent with books, I can say that they have been the most cherished hours of my life—time spent never to be regretted.

Like well-known friends, whom we greet familiarly, books become part of our lives; in their presence we may find comfort. They hold the world within their pages. As true friends they offer everything, demand nothing but our interest, sympathy and appreciation.

As year follows year and we pass from the companionship of Aesop's Fables, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Robinson Crusoe, and all that wonderful treasure-house of imagination in which childhood revels to the grown-up fairy-land of which Dickens, Ruskin, Van Dyke, Victor Hugo, George Elliot, Charlotte Bronte, Scott, and scores of other writers are the creators, the books of our earlier years are not forgotten. The worn copies of our childhood favorites are still read. With each new reading we are enriched by a thought that had escaped us before. It is a result of a deeper appreciation and a broader knowledge of the world of which they are a part. Our earlier reading has given us a splendid foundation for more advanced, more difficult reading, which during childhood we were unable to understand, but which, nevertheless, held an attraction for us.

President E. A. Birge, of that representative institution, Wisconsin University, has said, "I have found that the intellectual fun of college life has given me quite as much as its labors." Every college student who has learned to love books as companions may say the same.

What a pleasant evening we may spend with little Beth and Aunt Jo as we feel the sweet sympathy and love between characters which are more than fictitious. How we wish we might have lived in London to enjoy with Dickens the unusual career of *Oliver Twist*, the friendship of little Nell, or see the incarnation of that virtue of false humility represented in the person of Uriah Heap, who was always repeating, "I am so humble", to the accompaniment of wringing hands and groveling feet. What a privilege it would be to live with Victor Hugo to witness the realism of French scenes and characters of "*Les Miserables*"; the masterly depiction of English manners and customs in "*Jane Eyre*." To come down to modern times, we may live with Van Dyke in the patient, hopeful search of the Other Wise Man for the One over whose cradle the Star of Bethlehem shone; or with Stevenson and Helen Hunt Jackson in the superb description of California climate and rural scenes; with Ruskin in the gardens of the queen and treasures of kings; with Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Irving, of New England fame. Here in the distinctive atmosphere of New England life and in the peace and quiet of New England's forests, and in the fragrance of her gardens "*Evangeline*", "*The Sketch Book*", "*The Barefoot Boy*", "*Maud Mueller*", and other permanent contributions to the library of the world's best literature were reproduced.

What an anticipation it is to know that we have them with us, to know that we may spend an evening of solid comfort with the best of companions. As Ruskin has so well expressed it when he compared it to a court where membership is always to be had, "All the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault."

## FRENCH REPUBLIC.

*Department of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts.*

THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION AND THE FINE ARTS,

*According to Article 32 of the decree of March 17, 1808:**According to the royal ordinances of November 14, 1844, September 9, 1845 and November 1, 1846;**According to the decrees of December 9, 1850, April 7, and December 27, 1865, December 24, 1885 and August 4, 1895;*

Declares—

MADEMOISELLE LOUISE D'ORESSANS, *in religion* SOEUR MARIE EUGENIE,

Professor of French literature and language at Saint Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, United States,

Named—

OFFICER D'ACADEMIE.

Given at Paris, December 22, 1920.

MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION AND THE FINE ARTS.

*Signed:—*

ANDRE HONNORAT.

Witnessed by the Assistant Chief of the Cabinet.

It is with special pride the CHIMES calls attention to this, a translation of the official document from the Government of France, and prints in connection with it the following announcement which came from Washington:

"In recognition for long and efficient service in the promotion of the French language and literature, the French government has just conferred the title and ribbon of "Officier d'Académie" on Sister Mary Eugénie, a religious of Holy Cross, of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind. This decoration was introduced by Napoleon in 1808 to honor those who distinguish themselves in the field either of literature or of education. Sister Mary Eugénie has been teaching French in

America for forty-four years. The fact of her faithful and successful work was brought to the notice of the French Ambassador, Jules Jusserand, who immediately applied to his government for the well-merited honor. "The palmes académiques," as the decoration is sometimes called, are also conferred as a recognition of the sound literary training given by the well-known St. Mary's College and Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. It is interesting to note that the founder of the Holy Cross Sisters in the United States, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., was given the same distinction in 1888. Otherwise, Sister Eugénie is the first religious of the United States to have been named "Officier d'Académie".



## IN APPRECIATION.

*Madame:*

CHICAGO, MARCH 15, 1921.

I am happy to address to you in this letter the brevet of Officier d'Académie.

Be pleased to accept my sincere congratulations as the expression of my sentiments of esteem.

THE CONSUL OF FRANCE.

A. BARTHELEMY.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HONORS A RELIGIOUS  
OF SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, NOTRE DAME, IND.

The Government of France has conferred a signal honor not only on the individual immediately recognized, but on the great school with which she has been so long connected in appointing Sister Mary Eugenie Officier d'Académie Française.

Sister Eugenie has been for forty-five years connected with Saint Mary's College and Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, being for the greater part of that long time head of the French Department. She is a native of Paris and entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross at an early age, coming to this country with Father Sorin, founder of the University and the College, to cast her lot with Saint Mary's.

Possessed of an unusually strong and bright mind, she attained great proficiency in the language, literature and history of her native land with a broad grasp of general European conditions, ancient and modern. Her personality made her an extremely successful teacher. Except for her novitiate and a very brief interval "on the mission," her whole religious life has been spent at Notre Dame.

Of a retiring nature, completely absorbed in her duty, the influence of this gifted teacher was like that of a hidden stream, which, while clothing the land with verdure, is long undiscovered. Her sister Religious and her army of pupils scattered all over the land knew her worth; her educational papers, read at rare intervals before notable assemblages of teachers were

now and then traced to their source, but it is only today that she gets the full recognition which has long been her due.

The French Government, in a most graceful way, compliments at once, America, the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Saint Mary's College and Sister Eugenie.

No heart in all that home of American patriotism beat more loyally for her adopted land than Sister Eugenie's, but she loved her native land too. Her family during the World War was devoted to its service. Her brother was an army surgeon. Through the dark years Sister Eugenie prayed and suffered for France.

The present writer, who has the honor of being her friend, recalls an incident of this time. A little group discussed the word of surrender of various nations. "What do the French say for surrender?" someone asked of Sister Eugenie.

Her lips grew tense and her eyes shone. "We do not say it!" she said.

And they never said it. Victory came with Marshal Foch and the American reinforcements. Nor must we forget the prayer of Saint Louis and Saint Joan of Arc. On November 11 the quiet little nun in Saint Mary's College made a great thanksgiving. Her friends in North and South America and in her native France congratulate her on being the daughter of a grateful republic.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY  
(The Boston Republic.)

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PUPILS OF

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APRIL, 1921

### NATURE'S PART AT ST. MARYS.

Alma Mater—"bright mother of the blest." And, indeed, she is blessed. All the forces of nature seem to have united in a magnificent effort to make her at least in a small sense worthy of her name. Have you ever looked up the avenue with its long line of old trees bending their branches as if to extend a welcome hand to all who pass beneath, and felt that it is the path which leads straight to peace and contentment? I wonder if the admiration and pride which swells one's heart at the sight of such earthly beauty isn't in some way responsible for this sentiment? In winter, for instance, with her soft white blanket of snow she is not only pleasing to the eye, but inspiring; for just as nature shields the tender earth within whose bosom the embryo Spring is struggling for birth, so God spreads the warmth of His protecting love over Alma Mater who so carefully guards the budding womanhood entrusted to her care.

Look at the river, winding its graceful way around now-sleeping orchards and barren fields. Does it not seem to teach us to be faithful to the course which our Creator has marked out for us, never doubting His all-wise judgment, with always the ripple of song in our hearts, even through the winters of life?

Perhaps at the end of one of those rare autumn days of last October, you sat at your window and watched the reds and browns and golds of the campus blend into a shadowy mixture and finally into black as night descended. Did it bring to your mind the thought that such a scene is analogous to humanity? For until we find ourselves at the twilight of old age, our whole existence is compared with the bright colors

of worldly pleasure, or the more sombre ones of care; but when darkness approaches all these melt into one: we begin to think of God alone.

And such is the psychological effect of the natural beauty of St. Mary's if we will but realize it. Every tree and flower forms a part of our education here—helps us to get nearer to God and more intimate with our own souls, if we will but heed the call. It is in this that Alma Mater approaches the state of being in a small sense worthy of her who smiles down upon her namesake from her starry throne above.

### THE JOY OF LIVING.

Some time ago a student, after working hard all winter, upon seeing and feeling the beauty of Spring, decided to forget book and the like and answer the call of nature, at the same time exclaiming, "Oh, the joy of living!" And thus the expression originated until now it has become popular and much used. But do we ever think of the numerous meanings we attach to it. Often when we are tired and wish that bells and clocks never existed, we are forced to crawl out of bed for breakfast—it is with due emphasis that we grumble, "Oh, the joy of living." Then, again, after just mediating on our choicest foods, giving ourselves a "French Pastry and 1,000 Island" appetite, we see Friend Hash in all his glory, we wish to scream, "Oh, the joy of living."

And then like everything else used for a long time, we change and make it over until some of the meanings and tones of voice connected with "the joy of living" would make it want to revolt and say, "Use me correctly or not at all."

### CURRENT POETRY REVIEW.

AGNES HARRON, '22.

*The Woman's Home Companion* for March gives us a lovely poem "On A New Picture of A Little Boy", in which a mother compares Edward as a baby—chubby, soft and joyous—and as a boy—serious and sober. Must he leave behind the gleeful, rosy baby ways and grow to be the more serious man? But when she looks into his face, into those large, dark eyes, she reflects that the wisdom discovered there will be claimed

by a world that will expect great things, one that needs great men, and in her second pride, she rejoices in this rosy child grown to serious manhood.

"The Ocean", in *The Literary Digest* for the week of March 5, by Oscar Williams, leads us to dream of that mighty body, leads us to hear, even though distant from it, the sound of its breakers beating against a rocky shore. As its author says, its work is eternal, it must make the hail of winter, the rain of summer; it is eternally busy, eternally great. We hear its rumbling roar, are awed at its extent, and love it for its beauty in storms and calm.

"Had He not risen", by Roscoe G. Scott, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for March, speaks of the suffering, the grieving of those women at the Tomb, of women everywhere, for their dead Saviour, for their futures now so dim and foreboding. But had He not risen, that God who suffered and died to reinstate mankind in the Kingdom of His Father; Who suffered much to bring men to Him; had He not risen to,

"Reign King eternal o'er His blood-bought lands"?

#### NOTED SPEAKERS.

On the afternoon of April 2, the Honorable Patrick H. O'Donnell of Chicago spoke to the students on "Why of all nations the Irish was the only one to receive the Faith without bloodshed." This, the speaker attributed chiefly to the fact that the Celts alone have always esteemed and practiced virtue and have held woman in reverence. Mr. O'Donnell spent several hours seeing St. Mary's, before returning to South Bend, where that evening he addressed the St. Joseph County Bar Association on the "Freedom of the Seas".

\* \* \* \*

—Donal O'Callaghan, Lord Mayor of Cork, spoke before the teachers and students of St. Mary's on the afternoon of April the 5th. Even before he spoke, the personality of the young Lord Mayor, he is only 29, infused itself throughout his audience. Calm and sad in bearing, with a fate that is inevitable already stamped upon his features, he represents the present type of young Ireland, patient in suffering, but determined and unconquered in purpose. The address

carried conviction in its simple sincerity. The hush upon the audience attested to the force and feeling of the Lord Mayor's delivery. He appealed for his suffering people to the standards of idealism that America has, up to the present time, so nobly cherished and defended. "Ireland's struggle," the Lord Mayor continued, "is not a struggle of the old men of Ireland, but it is conducted by its youth, with all the vitality and fervor for their beloved land in their hearts, and they will fight to the bitter end. One thing they have in their favor, though they stand alone, and that is, that upon Ireland's soil they are unconquered. They will not yield, but will rather continue in their misery until the last drop of blood is shed!"

#### LOCALS.

—The Annual Triduum in preparation for the Easter Communion, was given by the Rev. Thomas Kearny, C. S. C., of the Holy Cross Mission Band, Notre Dame. Father Kearny also delivered the Easter sermon, in which he forcefully proved the words of his text, "If Christ be not risen, your faith is in vain."

—The Rev. William Connor, chaplain, presided at the ceremonies of Holy Week. He was assisted by the Rev. Thomas Kearny and Rev. Joseph Gallagher.

—Miss A. M. Ahern, librarian, of Chicago, spoke to the students about her profession and made known to them the splendid opportunities which await properly trained young people.

—The Lenten Season closed at noon on Saturday, which gave opportunity for the students to attend the Musical Comedy, "Irene", at the Oliver Theatre, that afternoon.

—The Preparatory Department enjoyed a delightful "Egg Hunt" on Easter afternoon. The "Hunt" and the delectable refreshments served were generously provided by Mrs. Hamilton, in honor of her daughter, Exilona, who is a member of the department. Fancy baskets, filled with candy eggs, were the favors given.

—Doris Cunningham was among those who visited St. Mary's during Easter time. Though unable to be with us this year, Doris hopes to be graduated with her class in '22.

—Breakfast in bed, undisciplined hours, many trips to town, luncheons and matinees, shopping, several hiking parties. Such was the schedule for those who remained at St. Mary's during the Easter vacation.

—By the courteous compliment of Mr. Toepp and the management of the Blackstone theatre, the Sisters and students were guests at the Matinee, on March 29th. The Blackstone, newly erected, is one of the most beautiful theatres in the country. The unusual architecture, the striking interior decorations, the rich lighting effects and the masterful playing of the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Vitale, all add to the harmony and beauty of the theatre. St. Mary's is very grateful to the management for the afternoon's pleasure.

—The eighth annual organization of St. Mary's Glee Club occurred recently with the election of the following officers:

Florence Guthrie	-	-	-	-	President
Hazel Weinrich	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Nellie Lee Holt	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Dorothea Ryno	-	-	-	-	Librarian
Katherine Feeney	-	-	-	-	Assistant Librarian

Plans have been made for much interesting work; and success is assured by the able assistance of Estelle Broussard, who, for four years, has served untiringly as an unexcelled accompanist.

—The members of the Vocal Class successfully closed the semester's work with an examination held at an informal recital. Mother M. Bettina was honored guest.

—The CHIMES is indebted to the Rev. J. F. DeGroot, C. S. C., of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, for an illustrated souvenir of the ceremonies of Consecration. The book will be treasured by the parishioners, and interesting to many who from time to time have visited the church.

—Miss Myrtle Hollo spent Holy Week at St. Mary's. Since being graduated here, Miss Hollo has attained the distinction of a Registered Nurse, working in this country and "overseas" in 1917. She was enthusiastic about her profession and told in a graphic and charming way many incidents connected with her work both in the United States and abroad.

—Miss Leona Voris was a recent visitor at St. Mary's.

—Mrs. Irene McConnell Cord and her little daughter Rose Gertrude were recently welcomed by friends at St. Mary's.

—St. Mary's has already wished every blessing which insures happiness in response to the marriage announcement of Marie Josephine Schuster to Mr. Samuel R. Sutz of Chicago, March 25.

—Among the many interesting and educational features of the Normal Course are the "observation trips" to the city schools of South Bend. These excursions afford an opportunity of seeing the work of experienced teachers at first hand.

The schools recently visited by the "teacher students" were the Laurel, and the Washington, where children of the foreign districts are taught.

Miss Mary Sullivan, herself a graduate of St. Mary's, was a most gracious guide throughout the afternoon. Miss Sullivan is the originator of the system of work in the Laurel School, where she presides, a system which has proved its value in its successful use for several years. The Washington School is all that can be desired in the way of modernity and equipment. It was a most interesting and fruitful field for observation. America is nobly offering every advantage to its foreign population. Such trips are an incentive to the students who look eagerly forward to the time when they too will be instrumental in educating the future citizens of our own United States.

---

—The death of Sister Mary Fernando takes from the Community of the Sisters of the Holy Cross another efficient member. Students of the Academy during Sister Fernando's term as Prefect will learn with regret of her death. Sister Fernando served as head of more than one of the mission houses and for the past two years she was in charge of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Washington, D. C., where she died on April 4.

St. Mary's shares the deep patient grief of Addie Gordon-Murdoch and her daughter, Alice in the loss of a faithful husband and devoted father, Mr. Sam Murdoch. A loyal son of Notre Dame, Mr. Murdoch with Addie was none the less a friend and benefactor of her Alma Mater.

—St. Mary's offers sincere sympathy to the Rev. John Boyle, C. S. C., and his sister Genevieve for the recent sorrow which has come to their home; to Edna and Beulah Morency on the death of their grandmother; to Cecile Martin on the loss of her mother.

---



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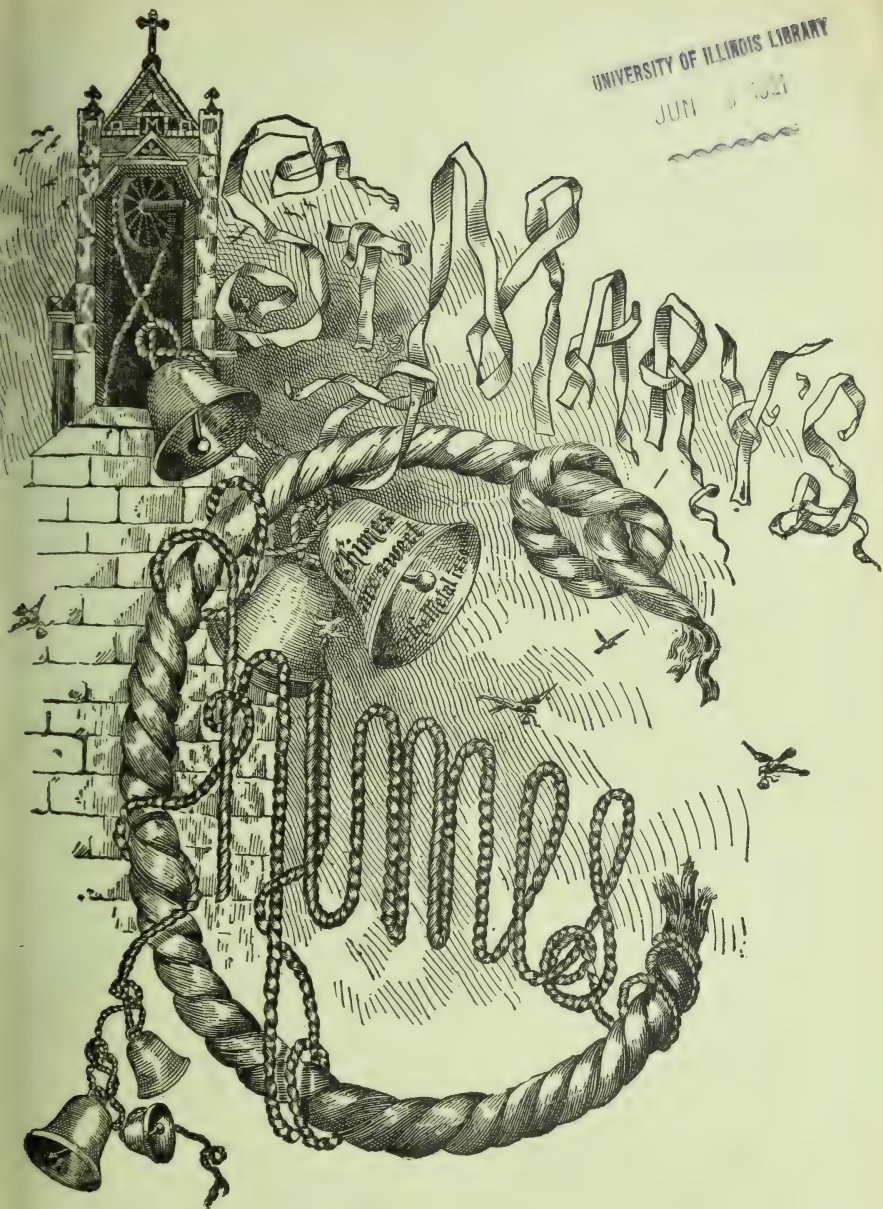
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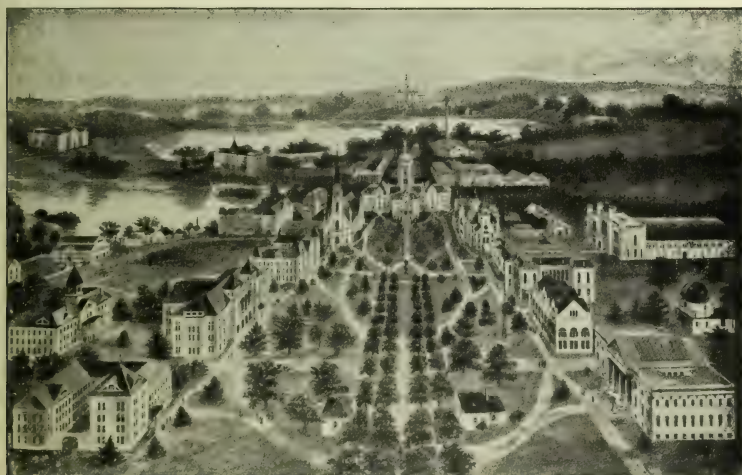
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## A GROUP OF PRAYERS.

(For the Shrine of St. Anthony on the Fourth Floor College.)

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

DAWN.

The East with dawn-gold and frail rose is bright  
And birds are chanting loud the Matin song.  
Serene amid the shadows' hasty flight  
After the hours of dim tranquility,  
I see thee as thou stands't, brown-garmented  
In the Assisian robe of poverty.

No need hast thou of dawn to banish night,  
Thy arms hold Him Who is Eternal Light.

O Sancte Antoni,  
Ora pro me!

That on my path may fall some little ray,  
Some heavenly gleam to light me through this day.

O Sancte Antoni,  
Ora pro me!

MID-DAY.

The noon-day sun sits kingly overhead,  
Aloof and gorgeous in his azure state,  
Before his forces have the shadows fled,  
His golden rays gleam warm about thy feet,  
Touching the clustering green that decks thy shrine  
The feathery ferns and vased blossoms sweet.

No need hast thou of aught that monarch brings,  
Thy arms hold Him Who is the King of Kings.

O Sancte Antoni,  
Ora pro me!

The gracious King to deign an humble throne—  
A sinner's heart, a sinner sad and alone.

O Sancte Antoni,  
Ora pro me!

DUSK.

Dusk, and the moon shines palely white and wan,  
Striving to hold some memory of the day  
So quickly going—yes, and even now gone.  
The grim long shadows all about thee stand,  
The vigil light casts flickering, fitful gleams  
Upon the sheafed lilies in thy hand.

No need hast thou to beg the light to stay,  
Thy arms hold Him Who is Unending Day.

O Sancte Antoni,  
Ora pro me!

That with the night I ne'er may compassed be,  
But that His arms may ever shelter me.

O Sancte Antoni,  
Ora pro me!



# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., May, 1921

No. 9

## THE HERALDS.

MARGARET AUBREY, '22.

WITHIN its small brown house, securely sheltered,  
Held close in Mother Earth's protecting arms,  
The seedlet dreamed, in sweet, unbroken slumber,  
Untroubled by all murmur and alarms.  
"Awake!" the south winds whispered as they passed her,  
The sounds seemed woven in the fabric of her dream,  
And "Waken!" came the distant echo, drifting  
Far down the leaping waters of the stream.  
The sleeper stirred, but ceased not from her dreaming,  
Till downward wending its persistent way,  
A sunbeam gently touched her with warm fingers,  
And breathed the magic message, "It is May!"  
Then quickly starting from her earthly pillow,  
The seedlet reached green arms up to the light,  
And struggling through the darkness of her covering,  
Opened her eyes upon a wondrous sight.  
On every tree, and shrub, and stretch of meadow,  
A garment new, of rich and tender sheen,  
Lay shimmering beneath the warm spring sunshine;  
The world was glorified in fairy green.  
And outward, upward, through the air of morning  
A thousand voices heralded the day;  
The sound was caught and echoed by the breezes.  
There rose a song of triumph, "It is May!"

## CHARACTER SKETCHES IN SHAKESPEARE.

MARGARET BUCKLEY, '22.

NO matter what end we have in reading Shakespeare, we can not help but admire and almost unconsciously study his characters. They are made of flesh and blood and his portrayures are true to life. They act as men and women act in our world. These characters are stirred by the same sensations, are fighting the same passions and in their interpretation, Shakespeare is transcendent.

We see Macbeth, the matter-of-fact and practical man, uninfluenced by the cultivation of the inner life. In this he loses,—his life is not complete, for his lack of training in thought has left him without protection against the superstition of the age. Again, Macbeth has not power of self-restraint,—when he is unable to gain courage by actions, he can not gain it by thinking. He lacks the courage of his convictions. He plans in the future, never in the present and while he often reaches a conclusion, he never concentrated

long enough to work out the details. His many phases, traits and characteristics suggest a volume of thought and in contrast with Lady Macbeth we find him somewhat of a weakling.

Shylock, the Jew, of the "Merchant of Venice," appears to us as a half-pathetic creature, a scapegoat, a victim; while to the Elizabethan public he was ludicrous. They laughed when he went to Bassanio's feast,

"In hate to feed upon the prodigal Christian."

They found him odious when he exclaimed,

"I would that my daughter were dead at my feet and the jewel in her ear." They refuse to give him pity or sympathy and he discerns it!—anyone, who is as misunderstood and as void of happiness as Shylock merits, if not a kind word, an understanding smile. He did not ask to have his money lent—he is pictured as a type of a Jewish race in its degradation.

The character of Julius Caesar is most difficult. In some scenes we find ourselves with a man of master spirits and in others he appears weak. Brutus realizes the grandeur of his victim, saying, "Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods," Anthony is unquestionably a strong and forceful man and alone with the corpse he says, "Thou art the ruins of the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times." Shakespeare conceives Julius Caesar as the consummate type of the practical; emphatically the public man complete in all the greatness that belongs to action.

Richard III. is, and long has been, the most universally and uninterruptedly popular of the author's works. Perhaps the creative dramatic power of Shakespeare being formed upon Richard accounts for this. This character is one of nature's victims, making him isolated from other human beings and he, himself, realizes this when he declares,

"I have no brother, I am like no brother: and this word love, which gray-beards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another, and not in me: I am myself alone."

And in his bitterness he decides that there is no use to be like others and in his open soliloquy he says,

"I am determined to prove a villain." He does—he is aided by his hypocrisy, for he can

"Frame his face to all occasions," and accordingly appears under the contrasted forms of a subject and a monarch, a politician and a wit, a soldier and a suitor, a sinner and a saint. Richard is an artist in villainy. He approaches it as a "thing of pure intellect, a religion of moral indifference in which sentiment and passion have no place, attraction to which implies no more motive than the simplest impulse to exercise a native talent in its national sphere." He can rise to all his height of villainy without its leaving on himself the slightest trace of struggle or even effort.

In Lear, we see the proud and selfish King innocent of guilt, betrayed by his own wilful folly. When his daughter Regan refuses to let him have his one servant, he cries out,

"O sides, you are too rough;  
Will you yet hold?"

He cries to heaven and pleads and his madness gives him some relief. The entire play suggests pity for him and we find ourselves being sorry, grieved even though he wrought this destruction upon himself.

\* \* \* \*

PORTIA.

MADOLYN LEE FAUGHT, '23.

PORTIA is portrayed as a most admirable woman, the daughter of Cato, and as the faithful devoted wife of Brutus. Her virtues are particularly striking as she lived in a time when morals were at a low ebb. This knowledge makes it easier for the reader of "Julius Cæsar" to understand and appreciate Portia. She is the strong Roman type of a character, whose standards are high and whose actions are governed accordingly.

As Cato's daughter Portia is likable. She has fine spirit of loyalty and is proud of her well-known father. She says of herself,

"I reason I am a woman; but withal  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter."

Also her husband is another cause of her pride. She loves Brutus and has great faith in him at all times. She is ambitious for him, and is eager to do all in her power to help him. Portia evidently had a keen power of reading and understanding human nature. When Brutus was troubled, though he told her not the reason, it grieved her as a wife. Portia says,

"Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,"

in which she unconsciously describes herself well, for she was as constant as she was strong. Her husband's belief in her is then shown when Brutus confides his terrible plans to her secrecy. We feel Portia's strength of character, her poise, and the great influence of which she was capable every time the play makes reference to her.

Furthermore there is something pathetic about Portia when she craves the attention and love of her husband, to which she has always been accustomed, when he becomes so engrossed in political affairs that he seems to have no thought of his wife. While it makes her sad and she worries over the anxiety troubling her husband, she is too broad-minded to bother him with her own interests. However, we find that her devotion to Brutus was ever the greatest possible. She pleads,

"O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?...  
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;...  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war;...  
O, what portents are these?  
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not."

Besides being such an intellectually great and strong person, Portia must have been very beautiful for frequent reference is made to her charm. Even she herself speaks modestly to her husband of "my once commended beauty". In reading the lines we are made to feel that only the most attractive type of woman could represent Portia, so magnetic is she. It is easy to think of Portia as famous for her Roman beauty.

In this day of many divorces, which is not unlike the time in which Portia lived, Portia should be praised especially for her Christian views of marriage. In speaking of "that great vow which did incorporate and make us one," Portia says to Brutus, "Dwell I but in the suburbs of your pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife." All considered, Portia was such a splendid woman that it seems not fair to mention her death and the circumstances of it, because she led such a heroic life.

\* \* \* \*

LADY MACBETH

DOROTHY DORAN, '23.

WAS Lady Macbeth the instigator of crime and her husband a mere tool possessing executive force? Can we say that Macbeth was a type of the so-called "henpecked" hus-

band bowing submissively to the demands of a tyrannical wife? Thus some people would paint her, but there is nothing in the text to justify this opinion. Never do we see Lady Macbeth inspired by any personal ambition, glorying in the prospects of queenship or reaping any particular delight in the accomplishment of crime. Rather we find her dejected and dissatisfied when she says, "Naught's had, all's spent: where our desires are got without content."

Her true nature is revealed in this speech also, disclosing a woman capable of good, moral reasoning. Lady Macbeth, realizing her husband's aim and lurking ambition and at the same time his abhorrence of "things unnatural"—and it was a foul and unnatural ladder by which he must attain the summit—was his steadying and persevering force.

Lady Macbeth thoroughly understood her husband—knew that he lacked stability of purpose and self-restraint. Therefore, in order to carry out his plans without blunder it was necessary for her to "hold the reins" as it were. Her will was dominant. She was perfect master of herself and this self-control together with her keen directness of thought gave her the power to keep up appearances under the most trying circumstances. When Duncan comes to the house her actions and speeches appear perfectly natural. Some will say, "Well, if Lady Macbeth possessed such an iron will, why was it not employed to curb Macbeth's ambition and check the crimes?" Because her love for her husband prompted her to aid him, at any hazard, in the attainment of his desire and so her will was perverted to keep down the voice of conscience. Still the tender, effeminate nature asserts itself in spite of its subjection. This may be seen when Lady Macbeth receives the news that Duncan is coming to the house, for she says,

"Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty!"

If she were a woman of fiendish nature, instead of one violating her own nature, she would not find it necessary, thus to call upon the spirits to steel her in the approaching hour of crime. That this constant opposition to nature was a strain beyond the endurance of human strength is revealed when Lady Macbeth finally breaks down in madness. Her very speeches when her

will is thus off guard betray the fact that the "foul deeds" have offended her soft, delicate self. She tries in vain to remove the "spot" from her hand and sighs that,

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

So Lady Macbeth was not a villain crushing her husband in the palm of her hand, but was a woman of gentle nature loving her husband so as to aid him in accomplishing his purpose although using evil means. She had studied herself and others thoroughly with the result that she possessed a broad understanding of those about her, a clear, rapidly-working, and well-balanced mind. We might say that Lady Macbeth was an unusually individual type of woman for that period for she freed herself from the shackles of superstition which bound Macbeth and the majority of people at that time. Her iron will was employed to keep in subjection the softer side of her nature and thus we see her as rather an impelling force in keeping her husband's intent from wavering.

\* \* \* \* \*

We read Shakespeare and we are sure he was both a philosopher and a poet. His characters ring true to nature; they are men and women governed by love, jealousy, rashness and indecision, yet moving with all the freedom and uncertainty of men. The ideal of his art was "the purpose of playing, whose end, hath at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue his own feature, scorn her own image and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

#### ODE TO A NOTEBOOK.

CLARA SeLEGUE, '21.

HAIL to thee, black bugbear!  
Home thou never art nor will be,  
Thou with gypsy soul accursed,  
Thou in blotchy ink immersed,  
Thou of wanderers the worst—  
I greet thee.

And yet most glad I am thy dusky face  
And unscribed pages once again  
To chance upon in thy accustomed place.  
'Tis true that one will claim thee ere the night,  
'Tis true I must thy virgin leaves indite  
With sundry notes,  
But oh! my joys to see thee once again,  
Though melancholy, all these thoughts efface!

## THE HEAVENLY PANORAMA.

GENEVIEVE BROUSSARD, '21.

THE huge parades that pass on high  
Are rainbow clouds that roam the sky.  
They form themselves in strangest way  
While we look on and laugh and play.

Those wayward travellers tread expanse,  
I really think they all must dance—  
For in their raiment gorgeously fair,  
They march along on heavenly air.

We see at dawn of every day,  
The curtains pulled—they're on their way  
'Till dusk, a stately closing brings  
And over all her mantle flings.

## THE CONFLICT OF PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

HUMAN nature being the same the world over, today as in the days of Jane Austen, society has bulwarked itself within impregnable walls of Pride and Prejudice. In her effort to depict the manners of her day, Jane Austen has revealed much of the misunderstanding and bitterness entailed by such stupid faults. She has cleverly drawn the character of Darcy typifying Pride and Elizabeth Bennett the personification of Prejudice.

Our first meeting with Darcy is at one of the social gatherings of Meryton. Cold, critical, and fastidious, he conducts himself as an outsider, disdaining to mingle with the men or to dance with the women present. He finds himself attracted to Elizabeth and yet he permits his class spirit to stifle this interest; his pride would not permit him to pay attention to one who seemed slighted by other men. Despite his apparent cleverness, Darcy succeeded only in repelling those who met him. Being fastidious and haughty, he invariably gave offence. The author gives us his view of the social gathering in these words:

"Darcy had seen a collection of people in whom there was little beauty and no fashion, for some of whom he had felt the smallest interest, and from none received either attention or pleasure."

At the same time, Elizabeth, the daughter of the family by no means prosperous or distinguished, piqued by the disregard shown her by Darcy, ridicules him to her friends, and in her bitterness she exaggerates his rudeness. And so, the world-old conflict is on and these two fight

against the current which is inevitably bringing them together.

Darcy expresses himself of the opinion that the Bennett girls, because of their connections, have little chance of marrying men of any consideration in the world; and at the same time, we find this to be Elizabeth's opinion of him,

"She liked him too little to care for his approbation."

Yet when the sudden illness of her sister, Jane, necessitated their stay at the Bingley home where Darcy was a guest, each found the innate antagonism giving way to a curious interest. There in the constant battle of words, Elizabeth displays to advantage her quickness of observation, her keen judgment, and her unyielding firmness. Darcy begins to think himself in danger because of the charm and simplicity of the girl. Despite the dictates of his family traditions and his pride, he finds himself proposing to Elizabeth; but in his arrogance and condescension, he arouses the angry resentment of the woman whom he thought to flatter by his offer. This is somewhat of an awakening to him and the first step in his conquest of self. Gradually his pride gives way to humility and Elizabeth's prejudice to enlightenment and fairness. Each begins to realize the splendid qualities of the other and the current of love begins to break the barriers of class distinction. This love culminates in the very happy marriage of Elizabeth and Darcy, each of whom in breaking away from very demanding and selfish family ties, might have sighed,

"God gave us our relatives, but thank God, we can choose our friends."



## SONNET.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

OUT in the forest's dim and twilight green,  
 There sings a trouvere bird whose melody  
 Floats over spire-like trees and magically  
 Blends with the passing winds. And all unseen  
 The minstrel looks but to where bright Selene—  
 The maiden moon—leans on her casement; she  
 Whose misty tresses shine so goldenly  
 That all the woods are clothed in their sheen.

Unselfish lover! whose great passion flames  
 So constantly and purely, though no sign  
 May tell him that she hears. Ah! well he knows  
 No glance of hers is ever his. She glows  
 Intangibly far, yet not less fine  
 His minstrelsy—how many a love he shames.

## \*MY MAGIC SLIPPERS.

MARY ETHEL HOLLIDAY, '20.

THIS evening in the land of St. Mary's. With  
 the dusk come memories of a story told in  
 the morning hours of a maiden, Sella, who  
 had in magic slippers, was borne to the deep-sea  
 home of the water-nymphs, far from her moun-  
 tain home. So much did Sella love these people of  
 the waters, that she treasured the slippers that  
 took her to them more than anything else. Vis-  
 ible were these magic slippers of hers and "white  
 as the mid-winter snow, and spangled o'er with  
 twinkling points like stars," but not so the magic  
 slippers that unseen, have mysteriously brought  
 maidens from mountain side and plain of many  
 nations to this convent-happy-land, Saint Mary's.  
 True it is that these of invisible magic  
 slippers are yearly bringing scores of maidens  
 from summer vacations to new joys found within  
 this convent garden. For Sella's wanderings with  
 the water-nymphs no happier than this life, could  
 be.

Of the wondrous journey hence, maidens now  
 may like Sella, "I felt my steps upborne and hur-  
 ried on almost as if, with wings. A strange de-  
 light o'ermastered me..." until at last I found

Suggested by Bryant's poem, "Sella".

myself in this Hoosier-convent-college-home.  
 "Here were mighty groves—and between lay  
 what might seem fair meadows, softly colored  
 with orange and with crimson" in first autumnal  
 grandeur. On the west I saw the towers of Saint  
 Mary's; on the East, the spires of Notre Dame.  
 As we passed, we saw "the dwellers—reverently  
 they passed us by."

"So we wandered through the mighty world"  
 of Notre Dame, "till at length I wearied of its  
 wonders, and my heart began to yearn for my  
 dear mountain home. I prayed my gentle guide  
 to lead me back to the upper air. A glorious  
 realm," I said "is this thou openest to me." And  
 after a time I returned like Sella to my highland  
 home.

Yet, this bit of Indianaland, high on the banks  
 of the St. Joseph, adorned by great varieties of  
 birds, flowers and trees, is strangely beautiful to  
 me as I recall it, made so by the faith, hope and  
 charity that abide therein. May I, like Sella,  
 when I lose my magic slippers, "pray to Him  
 whose hand touches the wounded heart and it is  
 healed." For to Sella was given new thoughts,  
 patience and deeper love for those with whom  
 her lot was henceforth cast.

The hour is late. But e'er I dream of the  
 magic slippers of Sella my prayer will be that  
 Saint-Mary's-magic-slippers be ever with her  
 girls, that on their return to the world, as if  
 awakening from a dream of beauty, so may they  
 keep their dream that they may make the knowl-  
 edge gained at Saint Mary's minister to the  
 needs of men.

## SPRING'S HERALDS.

MARGARET LAPINE, '23.

AFTER a winter of frost and snow,  
 What delight the first robins bring,  
 Even when the cold winds blow.

And as the bright sun hangs low;  
 We welcome these gay heralds of Spring,  
 After a winter of frost and snow.

Of coming joy they seem to know,  
 And of Nature's glory they sing,  
 Even when the cold winds blow.

SIR AUSTIN FEVEREL.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

UNDOUBTEDLY, Richard is the hero of George Meredith's masterpiece. But as surely, Sir Austen caused the plot entanglement with his fanatic system of education by which he endeavored to become providence for his son. The system had arisen from his immeasurable love for Richard, which had blinded him until he believed this love was perfect wisdom. Instead, it had become the ruling passion of his life, and was the natural outgrowth of his embittered yet noble nature. Because of it, and his failure, he is pitiable; for always his profound sincerity was uppermost.

His story is indeed a sad one. For a man of unusually great intellect, and moral principles, conscious of his strong character and honor, is intense in his ideals and is the victim of despair on their shattering. Sir Austen had been a true lover and husband to Lady Feverel; he had been a perfect friend of Sandoe. Their infidelity had crushed every bright hope of his life, had blackened his bright view of the world. To redeem the faith in all human nature they had destroyed, he was willing to experiment with his only child. Then his fatherly love blinded him, supported by cynical intellectual egotism, it promised to defy the laws of nature and to build, on their conquered pretensions, a perfect man—a specimen of science. Sir Austen's stern system was like a spent swimmer's dying grasp; it was his feeble fatal effort to reconcile the good and evil of men. By it, he revealed in himself, the existence of the thing he hated—human weakness.

Even his manners showed this hatred. He appeared austere, harsh, unforgiving, cruel, severe, haughty, cynical, egotistic, dead to every warmth of human love, except toward his son. But, at first, these manners were a sham—the nursemaid saw him cry over the cradle of his deserted child. Later, they covered his open, noble soul with strained, unnatural rigidity. Had he been the living stone he wished to be, and believed himself, he would not have given his confidence to Lady Blanchette. It was his keen man's nature that spoke his need of friendship. True, his selfish ambition had driven reason away

Wisdom was the order of the world to him—not the wisdom of the simple and happy, but the wisdom of cold disdainful intellectualism. He said, "There is for the mind but one grasp of happiness; from that uppermost pinnacle of wisdom, whence we see that this world is well designed."

Sir Austen was not, however, satisfied with seeing the good design through the eyes of wisdom; by it, he wished to better that design, regardless of his means, his human material—his own son.

His sincerity was often tested. Always it was pure. To kill his own son was indeed a "painful imposition." But Sir Austen did little less when he forced Richard to burn his poems. However, the baronet seemed insensible to the pain the command struck to himself. His mask was moulding him. His was a Spartan tenacity, and it proved effective.

His determination to chose Richard's bride is the culmination of his supreme protecting love. Recalling the infidelity of his wife, he longed to shield his son from the dangers of that living cancer whose bitterness kept his torn heart ever bleeding. A father's love struggled to reach beyond human boundaries; with pathetic meaning he justified his action. "It is when you know (women) that life is either a mockery to you, or as some find it, a gift of blessedness. They are our ordeal. Love of any human object is the soul's ordeal; and they are ours, loving them or not." To guide his son over the rocky paths of trial was Sir Austen's motive, and he saw nothing but Richard's happiness compared to his own misery.

When deceit and stubborn ungratitude were the only reward for his love, immoderate, erring though it was, Sir Austen's final hopes were crushed. After he had forgiven Richard, and had found Lucy to be a bride worthy of his own choosing, he found joy in the weaving together of his life's broken threads—his faith and ideals his hopes and loves.

Suddenly the awful result of the duel threw away any chance of his happiness. It was then that Sir Austen's nature, long masked, was heedless to the voice of human sympathy. He sacrificed Lucy to save his son. He saved Richard's body, but his soul died with Lucy.

Sir Austen failed. He loved his son too much

## WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE TO BE YOUNG?

CATHERINE KENNEDY, 23.

WHAT would you give to be young again,  
 A song on your lips gaily smiling,  
 To be always a youth in this world of men?

The joys of childhood have ever been  
 The happiest life could be bringing—  
 What would you give to be young again?

What other gift could you wish for then,  
 Than to childhood always clinging  
 To be always a youth in this world of men?

Just picture yourself a lad of ten,  
 No sorrows bitter nor stinging—  
 What would *you* give to be young again?

## BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

(IN THE MANNER OF POE)

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

"THAT was a peculiar reference you made at the club last night, Wainright."  
 "Peculiar reference? Oh—you mean the one about the house down on Seventh?"

"Yes, that's it. Tell me about it. Bring your chair nearer to the fire. Ugh! It's a cold night!"

Wainright complied. "Well, it's this way," he began, then stopped abruptly. He gazed out of the window as if embarrassed. "You see, McLaughlin, I do not know if I can tell you all—anyway, perhaps it's only guesswork on my part; perhaps a little too much of my imagination—that's happened before. But about this house on Seventh—"

"Yes, the house?" offered McLaughlin.

"Have you ever been aware of an odd, uncanny feeling whenever you passed it, and still in spite of that you had to keep your eyes riveted upon it?" asked Wainright.

McLaughlin chuckled, "Why no, man. I'm not superstitious, but I'll admit that I have always given the house more than a passing glance. It's that queer looking thing with the gray blinds and the imposing brown pillars, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it, so you have had that uncanny feeling after all or you would not have guessed what house I meant. For a long time that house had been slumbering in my subconscious mind, McLaughlin, and I always put it off with a shrug when it transgressed its bounds, but the idea finally grew so vivid that I could not keep it out of my mind—even for a limited time. Strange, isn't it?"

Wainright looked again at the window. "Is that the wind?" he asked.

"What?"

"Never mind," said Wainright.

McLaughlin laughed nervously. "What about the house—haunted?"

"No, worse."

"Did you ever investigate?" asked McLaughlin.

"No and yes," answered Wainright. "I must confess that I was more than interested in that house, but I had no intention of visiting its inmates. In spite of that, I think I was driven there. I was inside, in the very room." He shuddered.

"In the very room?"

Wainright did not hear the question. He stared into the blazing wood fire; then shaded his eyes, as if trying to remove the unpleasant picture which the remembrance of the room called up. "One evening," he continued, "I left my offices for a breath of fresh air. Some strange information had by some inadvertance come to my notice that day and my thoughts had been running riot since morning. When I left the office, I am sure I must not have been thinking clearly. At any rate, I found myself walking towards Seventh and still more strange, I stopped involuntarily before the house—lost in thought. When I looked up and saw the great brown pillars, like giants, staring defiantly, almost challengingly at me, impelled by some unforeseen force, I bounded up the walk, and knocked vehemently on the big brass plate on the door. I remember now that there was a skull engraven on the plate, but that did not impress me then. My first impression after hearing the dull rever-

beration of my knocking on the oaken beams of the door, was to turn back, but I thought better of it and waited. No one came to the door. After about three minutes, the door slowly opened, but there was no one there. I entered and a gust of wind closed the door behind me. I found myself in a darkened hall, without windows, and with but one outlet. A dim light streamed from this, and threw fantastic shadows over the dark draperies that clung to the walls. Everything was dimly quiet. I could not hear my footsteps as the floor was richly carpeted, and I tried to suppress my labored breathing. Even then, I was going to turn back, I had no business there in the first place, when I heard a half sigh, a half cry coming from the room beyond. I crept forward cautiously toward the light. When I came to the end of the hall, to the left—ah! I never hope to see such a room again. It was ghastly, weird! A great red lamp hung from the ceiling, and the walls, they were red—red! The windows were high and narrow, and draped in black. The room was cluttered with swords and grotesque statuary of every description. A great picture of a skeleton hung on the wall opposite me, and the glaring, unseeing eyes, haunt me yet. There was no furniture, but in the center of the room stood a coffin. The lid was turned back, and leaning over the coffin was the figure of a man, bent, emaciated, hideous! He was not aware of my presence. If he had looked up he would not have seen me, for I had concealed myself behind an arras. The strange sighs I thought I had heard were merely the fanatic mutterings the old man was engaged in. He gloated over the contents of the coffin. I shud-

dered, I could not move. I was riveted to the spot. After some time the man looked up. The red light did not enhance his contorted, ghastly features. He walked to the door opposite the one by which I had entered, pulled aside the hangings and called, 'Nesta' in a hollow voice. A minute later a young girl, pale, frightened, appeared at the doorway.

"'Kneel there,' muttered the man, pointing to the coffin.

"'Please, please, do not ask me to see that again!' pleaded the girl. 'Ah, why will you always remind me of death? It is terrible! I will not, I will not look!'

"The old man's eyes glowered. 'Nesta,' he cried, 'do you not know that I do not want your life to be wasted as mine! Ah, youth, that knows not life! You shall know what death means. I tell you that life means death, let life and the world blight your young life and death claims you. To avoid death is to know death. Will you listen, will you listen?' He clenched his teeth.

"She shuddered. 'But why deny me, then, companionship, sunshine, flowers. Once only I saw a flower, held it, caressed it, and you, you,—' she stamped her little foot.

"'Hush, child, no more of this.' He dragged the girl to the coffin. 'That is what death makes of you, a living death,' he cried, pointing to the coffin. I rushed out and caught the fainting girl. When I looked up, the old man had disappeared. I have never seen him since."

"What was in the coffin?" whispered McLaughlin.

"That I cannot say," said Wainright, as he buried his face in his hands.

#### QUEEN SPRING.

FLORENTIA CLARKE, '22.

"COME out and play,"  
Said the wind one day,  
And the little crocus smiled,  
"The snow has fled,  
The wind has sped,  
And the air is soft and mild.

For spring is near  
And early soon here  
The summons to her court  
For here she dwells  
And there up she  
The room is very short"

The crocus came  
With its queenly dame,  
The Fleur-de-Lis of state,  
And all the flowers  
And birds in bowers,  
And the court was rare and great.



## THE SPOILED DARLING.

BEATRICE REA, '21.

SPOILED April, Lady Springtime's darling child,  
 One day was very cross, and crying too,  
 Her face was clouded, and in vain the sun  
 Just smiled and smiled to dry her eyes of blue.

Then Old Dame Nature, April's grandma wise,  
 Called smiling Maytime from among her flowers  
 To fill her sister's hands with blossoms gay—  
 And then the child forgot her tear-made showers.

## A TAME HUSBAND.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

HOMER, Prince of Liars, and (to the Greek student) most accused of men, classified relatives something like this: "Mother, father, brothers, sisters, tender children and the beloved connections by marriage." With regard to this last division it may be remarked that the in-laws, like the poor, we have always with us, but none of the species is so persistently and unintermittently present as the Tame Husband. This species has two principal differentia, husbands tame by compulsion and husbands tame by choice. Under this last heading I would place Mr. Bennet, whose character Miss Austen delineates in one of those deft, terse strokes of description that make for the high polish and brilliancy of her work. "Mr. Bennet," she says, "was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humor, reserve and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character."

A most unique character, he holds his own under most trying circumstances. A less unusual man married to a woman like Mrs. Bennet, "of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper" would have been likely to develop into a nonentity, a "Mrs. Bennet's husband" sort of a man—in other words, a husband tame by compulsion. Or were he of more militant temper he would become overbearing in the extreme in his attempt to maintain his position as head of the house—an *un*-tamed husband in short. Neither of these fates befell Mr. Bennet, with his ready wit and keen intellectual powers, his verbal duels with his wife always ended with victory on his side, although he never claimed his palm but let the trophies and the glory to her—he was a typical husband, tame by choice. When his quickness of thought and speech too completely outstripped her she was forced to fall back on appeals for sympathy, declaring that her

husband had no consideration for her nerves. In the face of such a tearful complaint many a man would have met his Waterloo and retired, leaving the field to his adversary; not so Mr. Bennet. He met his irate spouse's reproach with the calm denial, "You mistake me my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends; I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

Nothing delighted Mr. Bennet so much as to be in a position to satisfy the curiosity of his wife and daughters on any point—and to refuse to give any information whatsoever, at the same time maintaining a book and carpet-slippers attitude of complete subjection to the feminine upbraidings of his wife. In the case of Mr. Bingleton whom Mr. Bennet called without delay, although assuring his wife that he had no intention of doing so, he spent an entire evening during which Mrs. Bennet and her five daughters besieged him for information about the newcomer; they attacked him in various ways, with barefaced questions, ingenious suppositions, and distant surmises; yet under this barrage of questioning he remained so incommunicative that they did not even obtain a satisfactory description of the gentleman in question and were obliged to accept second hand intelligence from a neighbor. The mantle of reserve which he possessed he used as a protection behind which he retired at certain times, adding much to his behind-the-throne power as the real, though not nominal head of the family.

He was a man of tranquil emotions, yet his affection for Elizabeth was deeper than all his wife's demonstrative mothering of the others. Technically, Mr. Bennet is rather important to the plot of "Pride and Prejudice", yet there are few of the other characters, if indeed there are any whom I find more interesting than Mr. Bennet, a tame husband.

## ELFLAND FAIRIES.

HELEN HOLLIDAY, '22.

NOT in all the world could be found a spot one half so beautiful as Elfland. No king's palace could compare with it in grandeur, no rare and beautiful gems in beauty, and no other fairy land in perfection. No day elsewhere was so bright, while night was unknown to the people of Elfland. This wondrous fairy land resembled no place known to human eyes, of such enchantment was it. Instead of bricks and stones the tiny houses were made of rich gems with roofs of gold. The windows of these houses were of sparkling crystal. Only the most graceful and dainty flowers grew in the yards and they bloomed at all times of the year. The sun, coming through the many jewels, made a peculiarly beautiful colored light which changed at the different hours of the day.

But beautiful as was the fairy country, sadness had come into the hearts of its people until they scarcely ever smiled, and they never more went about in the merry bands making joy for the unfortunate human beings nearby who lived in ordinary houses and did ordinary things. Indeed, for so long had they been sorrowful that the sun had grown less brilliant and their crystal houses were darkened. This was all because the lovely fairy, Sarilla, who alone went out into the nearby world bringing back with her the good folk to become fairies in the Elfland kingdom, had been maliciously kidnapped. No more would the fairy folk laugh until Sarilla should be returned. Nimo, once an Elfland fairy himself but long ago banished from the kingdom, had taken her. No one but Sarilla, with her magic wand, could bring the good folk from the country side into the fairy kingdom, so for more than a hundred Elfland years the fairies had had no new comers to welcome into their land.

Tired of waiting for his messengers to come with word of Sarilla and fearing lest she be in great danger King Meene-Mo himself set out to find her. Following him were his bravest fairy-knights. Each tiny Elfman warrior vowed never to return to Elfland until his search should be successful.

For many years and through every land this fairy land traveled in vain. All of the time the Elves in Elfland were becoming more and more

sorrowful. They had not the wand to bring new fairies to them and were very discontented. Nevertheless did they try to cheer the people around them. While the fairies were thus unhappy Elfland lost all of its former beauty, changing gradually into a cold and gloomy city with nothing to please or satisfy its dwellers. Still Sarilla could not be found. While King Meene-Mo searched for her all of his band had grown old; they were homeless wanderers hoping always, though, that sometime they would find Sarilla.

One day as they were approaching a fairy land neighboring Elfland they saw the inhabitants run forth from their homes, terrified, going in every direction. King Meene-Mo hastened to ride into the city to save his friends from whatever enemy was threatening them. And whom should he meet there but the treacherous Nimo that had taken Sarilla. Nimo fled but left a note agreeing to return Sarilla to her king but refusing to give up the magic wand.

The very next morning Sarilla, old by this time and no longer beautiful, was given to King Meene-Mo. As they were leaving the city to return home, behold their own magic wand floated through the air to them and passed them. They looked at each other and lo, every fairy was exactly the same as when he started out on his search, and Sarilla had regained all of her beauty. When they neared their own Elfland the wand returned to them and rested in Sarilla's hand. Their city they found unchanged, just as they had left it. Then by a magic voice they heard that Nimo had been slain just after they had started home and thus the wand had come to them. And by magic that I cannot explain the fairies forgot the sorrow that they had known and lived happily forever after, helping the people around them and loving each other.

AUNT MANDY.

L. B.

MY kind old auntie's black and stout,  
And has big eyes that dance about.  
Her mouth won't close, because, you see,  
It always wears a smile for me.  
Her words are sweet, just like her smile  
'Cept when she scolds her honey chile.  
Her apron, white and blue in squares,  
Protects me from the growling bears.  
That hide at night in our big hall—  
Then's when I like her best of all.

## ADS AND ADVERTISERS.

FRANCES KENNEDY, '22.

"SAY, kid, what are you doing around here so early? Papers don't come out from the press-room until nearly four o'clock. Haven't decided to quit carrying papers and be an advertiser, have you?"

"O, no, mister. Didn't have nothin' else to do so just thought I'd come up here where it's warm—it's rainin' outside."

"O, it's warm enough—"

"Say, you asked me, did I want to be an advertiser. What is one?"

"Well, he's the person who gets any thing lost, strayed or stolen, for people; anything from pet cats to automobiles. Don't understand, eh?"

"Not yet, mister."

"Well, now listen; it's just like this. Somebody loses his purse or hat, calls me up on the phone, sends me about two dollars, and then I write him a little piece in the evening paper."

"Yes, mister! I see!—and does he get the things? I mean the person that gives you the two dollars?"

"Well, don't ask me. I never bother about that—I've trouble enough getting the page ready for the paper. Just now I have some empty spaces and old man Grimes is so stingy about his two dollars' worth that I wouldn't give him the extra space to save all this trouble. Gee, kid—"

"Mister—can you advertise for people?"

"Sure, I suppose so. I wrote one once for a woman whose baby was kidnapped. Why?"

"I was thinkin'—you know, maybe I could find my folks."

"Your folks—"

"Yes. You see—well, I always lived with Uncle Jim till he died, and he told me about my Uncles and Aunts, but I was just a little kid. Ever since, Pete and I have wondered. Pete—he reads books—an he's got an old Bible up there; and it says blind people saw, and the hungry got food—and just everything happened in that Bible. Pete's always prayin', but you know I'd rather—well, a—could you s'pose you could advertise about me?"

"Holy smoke! What next? Never thought. Say, kid—I'm for you. Listen, how about a nice little ad—"

"Does any body know anything about'—what's your name, kid, and address?"

"Fine—here, all ready."

"Does anybody know anything about me? If so, please send it to the Tribune—James Wilbur West."

"Great stuff, James Wilbur West! When you and Pete find your million dollar uncle, don't neglect yours truly."

"Thanks, mister. Gee, if it would only work just like the Bible."

\* \* \* \*

Two weeks later it did "work"; for James Wilbur West, with his cousin Pete rushed into the dirty, crowded advertising room of the Tribune and, upon seeing his benefactor, cried:

"Say, mister—it happened like the Bible! My uncle came this morning and now I don't have to carry papers any more—and Pete can read loads of books. We're going to live with him and, Oh, no! We ain't forgetting you. Uncle says for this one 'ad' you'll see a big reward. Gee, mister—ain't advertisers wonderful?"

## SPRING ON THE TURNPIKE.

ANN NERTNEY, '23.

SPRING on "The Turnpike Road," my dear,  
Was always the best of any place;  
I wonder if it's the same this year.

Oh, the days are many and some so drear,  
Since I and your mother in girlish grace,  
Saw Spring on "The Turnpike Road," my dear.

But I know since she's gone away from here,  
She, too, will think of "Turnpike Place",  
And wonder if Spring's the same this year.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PUPILS OF

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

Directed by the Sisters of the Holy Cross,  
NOTRE DAME, IND.

*Entered at Notre Dame Postoffice as Second Class Matter*

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 5, 1918.

TERMS. - - - - \$1.50 PER ANNUM

MAY, 1921

### SPRING FEVER.

Of all kinds of fever, contagious or non-contagious, only slightly serious or serious to the nth degree, not one is so well known or so much talked of as the one called spring fever.

The disease affects the victims in various ways. Fastening its hold on the school boy or girl, the sufferer sometimes—or in fact quite often—finds it well nigh impossible to resist the temptation to play what in the disciplinary technique of the school is known as “hookey”, and thus gets away from work.

This same fever, which has such a disastrous effect on the school boy or girl, fastens its grip in the spring on nearly every woman. In her case it is known as the spring cleaning fever. The first warm days of spring cause it to break out and almost over night it grows and spreads to every woman in the vicinity. The ones affected are governed by an almost uncontrollable desire to get to work at housecleaning. The fever rages so fiercely that no matter how scrupulous a woman may have been on the subject of cleaning all during the winter months, still she cannot be satisfied until she opens the whole house to the spring air and sunshine and starts in with a vengeance with soap, brush, and scouring powder, broom and vacuum, from one end of it to the other.

This fever or spirit which rages so fiercely among the home-makers of the country is not unknown from the college campus. Even the coarser girl catches it and it is with difficulty that she saves herself from falling into the snare of cutting classes in order to obey the call to tear out

everything from her room from the farthest corner of the clothes press, which will persist in piling up with the things laid up carefully, in case of a possible necessity sometime in the distant future, to the very door of the room.

After the work is done the fever cools off and dies out, leaving the world a much more wholesome and livable place. So from the good effects it accomplishes, we can be glad that spring fever rages every year.

### A QUESTION OF HONOR.

What is it that aids the progress of a school, advances its interest, raises its standard generally and implants in the hearts of its students noble sentiments of ideal manhood and womanhood? Can we not answer the question by a single word, “Honor”, the keynote of character?

The responsibility of sustaining the honor of a school rests upon the students themselves, and severest censure is due the betrayer of such a trust. But before the honor of a school or college can be upheld, there must be a preparatory step that relates individually to every student—the honor owed to one's self and the honor due to fellow students. To be honorable in oneself, the student should be governed by certain principles of straight forwardness, truthfulness and an innate sense of refinement which refuses to stoop to anything which savors in the slightest of the coarse. Attachment to these principles should be such that not even the ties of friendship could cause them to be forsaken.

A woman thus honorable in herself must, as a consequence preserve this same attitude in her relations with her classmates.

Important as is the idea of honor to the student during college days, there is even a greater responsibility resting on her after she has left school. It is the men and women who go forth from a school that make it live and grow; it is their record in the world, their example that reflects honor or dishonor on their Alma Mater. Therefore, it is the sacred duty of every student to cultivate the highest and best of mind and heart while at college, and to go forth with a firm determination never to do anything that could bring dishonor upon that school.



## ARGUMENT—A TRAINING.

(TO THE FRESHMEN)

—

Arlo Bates says: "Civilization differs from barbarism chiefly in that the strife has become intellectual instead of physical; and intellectual conflict is but another name for argument." Then he adds, "he is merely a 'mush of concession' who never attempts to bring another to his way of thinking. Indeed, he who does not endeavor to make others think as he thinks, may be suspected of never thinking at all." No one doubts that argumentative work is useful and it is not difficult to discern its application to everyday life. We are constantly using argument in one of a thousand different ways. It may be in convincing another of our innocence; it may be in defense of a friend, or again in urging a particular permission; in one way or another, consciously or unconsciously, we are ever trying to persuade. Whenever we have a reason for a fact we assume, we have an argument in little.

Argument is a splendid training. It teaches one to be logically accurate, and to express oneself forcefully. To be successful in argument, one must have a clear understanding of what is to be proved, a knowledge of the relative value and force of words and a keen insight into human nature. Argument might spoil a disposition or tend to make one arrogant in speech, but its benefits far out-balance its evils, and the exercise of common sense which always attends true learning easily holds the latter in check.

Hence, it is not hard to concede that a practice so broadening to the mind as argument, is useful.

## FLATTERY.

—

Flattery is false, insincere or excessive praise. It is an act of pleasing by artful compliments.

When we think of flattery in "Julius Cæsar" our first thoughts are centered on Cassius. He uses flattery tactfully and cunningly. When he speaks to Brutus he uses this means to gain Brutus to the party of the conspirators. Although Brutus is strong and unwavering, he cannot resist the persuasive flattery of Cassius, who says,

"It is very much lamented, Brutus  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye."

Cassius uses flattery as a means to an end. Brutus never thought for an instant that he was being won over in this way. Neither did Cæsar think he was being flattered. Decius spoke truthfully when he said,

"But when I tell him he hates flatterers  
He says he does, being then most flattered."

Mark Antony uses flattery as a means to accomplish his end. Although it is not an ideal principle in him, we feel that it is more justified in Antony than in Cassius. He flattered the conspirators, but his purpose was to avenge Cæsar's death. It was at this point in the play that Cassius met a flatterer who was as skillful as he, himself and even more so.

"Friends am I with you all and love you all."

Even though all of us hate flattery, we succumb to it some time in our life. We say we never will but we are like Cæsar "for then are we most flattered." Flattery comes dressed up in such a manner that we do not recognize it and we are pleased with it without knowing it is flattery.

## MIRRORS.

—

What ruination have mirrors brought upon the world! What jealousies they have prompted! What strifes they have perpetrated! So much sorrow have they caused that we rise up in just indignation, exclaiming, "Who was the author of such an evil instrument?" Mirrors are flatterers even as the devil in the form of a serpent became a flatterer to Eve—Ah, perhaps Eve smiling into the lucid pools of the Garden of Paradise discovered the mirror, was captivated by its charms and lies and handed its fascination down through the ages until now it is an indispensable thing.

What would milady do did she not have the little article that she might dab a just portion of powder on her *terribly* shiny nose? And the *modiste* would have long been extinct were it not for the mirror. She would have died the first day milady strutted in with a host of relatives and friends to see that her dress would be sure to hang just right. Poor Susie would have been saved copious tears, bewailing the seven years' bad luck for dropping her hand mirror in a fit of frenzy. Fannie would have enjoyed a

week of sunshine instead of being confined to bed merely because she consulted the oracle of a mirror and discovered that she was looking terribly pale and then decided she really felt pale and got herself so wrought up and nervous that she actually turned ghastly white. Grandpa might have been saved a bruised nose when he tried to go into the next room through a mirrored panel.

But then, why lament because of an irreparable evil? Every evil is accompanied by some good and the mirror is not an exception even though its companion goodness may seem to live in obscurity.

#### STARS.

So thoroughly impressed are most mortals in learning by astronomical means or otherwise, that stars are self-luminous bodies seen in the heavens, they entirely forget that stars have human relations and human duties to perform. Using the word in its more common sense, we find there are many kinds of stars. For instance, we have in every-day life our "movie stars, the stage stars, and the school room star."

The star is a basis of representation. When Betsy Ross racked her nimble wits to represent the state as it should be represented, brilliant, suggestive, and prominent, what sign did she design?—A star. And so every state is assured its place as a "star-member" of the Union.

But as each state is a "star-member" of the Union, so we have certain individuals who are "star-members" of the state. There is the stage star, the idol of millions. Is not every state from Connecticut to Wyoming proud to claim that its fertile soil is the land of her birth? Stars are essential. What would the "Great White Way of Broadway" be without its illuminating stars? And think of the thousands of poor working girls, whose starving imaginations are daily fed by the press-agent's column concerning

Our insatiable appetite for the new, the novel, the bizarre, is fully satisfied in that class known as movie stars. Like these components of the solar system, they differ among themselves in size and in intrinsic brilliance. As all bright stars have names and are found in catalogues that cover their part of the heavens, so all movie stars are well-recolored with names which are found in every daily newspaper, in every

motion-picture magazine and on every billboard from Atlantic City's board walk to California's Golden Gate. This form of the phenomena exerts a deadly influence on "the female of the specie", as evinced in the present-day "flapper".

Coming to the more common variety, we find the inevitable class-room star. Not content with Milton "to set in Heaven as a star" they attempt to turn the class-room into an earthly Paradise by answering the most difficult questions with an ease that would astound the author of the text himself. A holiday is on hand—every book is closed with the sincere hope that a story will be read when the star running true to form asks whether the natural qualities as exhibited by the Hessians in Washington's campaign are prevalent in the Prussian soldiers today. Again it seems that stars are most essential. The state-inspector is visiting—the class is stumbling over some passage in Cicero—now the stars perform their part with their characteristic whole-souled devotion. The teacher in perfect harmony with Addison "blesses his stars and thinks it luxury."

Stars though primarily intended for heavenly bodies, are essentially earthly acquisitions. What would comedy be without stars? How could the "movies" or "funny papers" as adequately express a sudden blow, stunned unconsciousness as by "seeing stars"? The movie star is indeed a boon for newspaper work and commercial advertisement; the stage star guides feminine public opinion through the beauty column, while the class-room star redeems from decay, our slowly starving civilization.

#### ST. MARY'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Among the students to be graduated by St. Mary's Conservatory of Music in June, some possess unusual talent. During the month the following have well illustrated their own artistic ability and have given testimony to the efficiency of the Conservatory's training. Miss Maria del R. Blanco of Mexico City is an exceptional violinist whose skillful use of the bow produces rich, smooth musical effects. Her sympathetic interpretation is shown by contrast between broad, sonorous, strong tones and the soft, delicate staccato passages.

Miss Florence Guthrie of South Bend possesses a clear, mellow soprano voice of broad range,

A voice whose notes ring true to artistic temperament, to delicate shading and forceful interpretation.

Miss Hazel Weinrich of Burlington, Iowa, is a gifted pianist and vocalist as well. Skill and interpretative power enforced by her ability as an accompanist mark her an artist in instrumental music. Her voice is a rich soprano containing that fullness characteristic of a contralto. As a pianist, Miss Weinrich belongs to the class of 1921; as a vocalist, to that of '22.

A simple, easy stage presence noticeable at the separate recitals is an asset of no less value than is artistic expression of genius.

Following in order, are programs of the recitals given since the last issue of the CHIMES:

### VIOLIN RECITAL

MARIA DEL REFUGIO BLANCO

#### SONG MAKING.

Little fairy grace-notes, in tinkling silver shoon,  
Shy tender love-tones, luring as the moon;  
Strong major cadence, pure-hearted as a friend,  
Clear sounding whole tones, hope that knows no end;  
Deep minor harmonies, breathing mystic prayer,  
Light tripping measures, youth without a care;  
Song from these I fashion of life's day and night  
And hear its frail wings flutter on its Heaven-ward flight.

S. M. E.

#### PROGRAM

Concerto in D-major for two violins - - - Alard  
Second Violin—Professor R. Seidel

Quartette—Lento-Intermezzo - - - Soechting

First Violin—Miss L. Gleason, Professor R. Seidel

Second Violin—Misses M. B. Van Heuvel, M. Keown

Third Violin—Misses E. Forschner, M. Horner

Fourth Violin—Misses C. Burke, A. Buckley

Berceuse - - - - - Simon

The Bee - - - - - Schubert

Hejre Kati - - - - - Hubay

Songs—Last Night I Heard the Nightingale

Mary Turner Salter  
An Open Secret - - - - - Huntington-Woodman

Miss D. Ryno

Fantasie—Faust - - - - - Gounod-Alard

Piano Solo—Fantasie-Impromptu - - - Chopin

Miss E. Broussard

Concerto No. 9 - - - - - C. de Beriot

Pomp and Circumstance - - - - - Elgar

First Piano—Miss R. Kramer

Second Piano—Miss M. Miller

Violin—Professor R. Seidel

Miss E. Broussard, Piano Accompanist

### SONG RECITAL.

FLORENCE GUTHRIE, Soprano.

A maiden songster, what could be  
A nobler gift, than gratefully  
To echo God's own voice?  
May all your life rejoice  
In Him—with melody

S. M. J.

#### CLASSICAL AIRS

My Lovely Celia - - - - - Higgins

The Lass With the Delicate Air - - - - - Arne

Ave Maria - - - - - Bach-Gounod

Violin Obligato—Prof. Richard Seidel

#### OPERA

Mi Chiamona Mimi "La Boheme" - - - Puccini

Je Suis Titania "Mignon" - - - - - Thomas

Sonata No. 2 in G - - - - - Greig

Violin—Prof. Richard Seidel

Piano—Miss Nellie Lee Holt

#### ORATORIO

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth "Messiah" Handel

With Verdure Clad "Creation" - - - Haydn

#### MODERN SONGS

Come Greet the Morn - - - - - Hildreth

A Spirit Flower - - - - - Tipton

Such a Lil' Fellow - - - - - Dickmont

Fairy Pipers - - - - - Brewer

The Lord is My Light - - - - - Allitson

Accompanist—Miss Estelle Broussard

\* \* \* \*

### PIANO RECITAL.

HAZEL A. WEINRICH

#### THE GIFT.

Out of the depths of God's great loving,  
He gave a faint sweet breath of Heaven,  
Music divine, and to your keeping,  
This priceless message He has given.

K. DOLAN

Fantasia Appassionata, Op. 35 - - - - - Viextemp

Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

Ballad No. 3 - - - - - Chopin

Moto Perpetuo - - - - - Bohm

Violins—Misses L. Weinrich, L. Gleason,

M. B. Van Heuvel

Prelude and Toccata - - - - - Lachner

Elfe - - - - - Phillips

The Wanderer - - - - - Schubert-Liszt

Songs—Dawn - - - - - Curran

The Brownies - - - - - Leoni

The Eagle - - - - - MacDowell

Hungarian Etude - - - - - MacDowell

Violin Solo—Ave Maria - - - - - Schubert-Wilhelmj

Professor R. Seidel

Humoreske - - - - - H. Balfour-Gardner

Hungarian Dances - - - - - Brahms

Piano—Misses R. Kramer, M. Miller

Violin—Professor R. Seidel.

Accompanist—Miss E. Broussard

## FIRST SONATA RECITAL.

Sonata E. Major	- - - - -	Handel
Adagio-Allegro		
Miss A. Cicero		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Sonata G. Major	- - - - -	Haydn
First Movement: Andante		
Miss H. Daily		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Sonata F. Major	- - - - -	Mozart
Introduction: Allegro		
Miss V. Williams		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Sonata G. Major	- - - - -	Beethoven
Minuetto: Allegro assai		
Miss H. Gauvreau		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Harp Solitude	- - - - -	Sodero
Miss M. Shea		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Cavatine	- - - - -	Raff
Miss H. Kelly		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Sonata F. Major	- - - - -	Grieg
Allegretto quasi Andantino - Allegro molto vivace		
Miss R. Kramer		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
* * * *		

## RECITAL.

First and Second Junior Classes.

Polonaise in A Major	- - - - -	Chopin
First Piano—Misses V. de la Houssaye, L. Cartier		
Second Piano—Misses H. Daily, A. Hellmuth		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Prelude in C Minor	- - - - -	Czerwonky
Miss A. Hellmuth		
American Fantasia—Part II.	- - - - -	Pinto
Harp—Misses H. Miller, L. Eilers		
Sous Bois	- - - - -	V. Staub
Miss L. Cartier		
Caprice Espagnol	- - - - -	Moszkowski
Miss H. Daily		
Song—Spartan	- - - - -	Becker
Miss A. Bannin		
Piano—Miss R. Kramer		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Gavotte in C Minor	- - - - -	Karganoff
Miss M. Morrissey		
Finale: Grand symphonique	- - - - -	Schumann
Miss V. Williams		
Minuet in G	- - - - -	Beethoven
Robert Schumann		
Barbella Motzart		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		
Piano—Miss V. de la Houssaye		
Intermezzo, Op. 118, No. 6	- - - - -	Brahms
Miss L. Eilers		
Festival Procession, Op. 45	- - - - -	Jensen
Miss J. Ryan, H. Wainich		
Second Piano—Misses V. Williams, M. Morrissey		
Violin—Professor R. Seidel		

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

In behalf of the Armenians, the First Academy presented on May 1 a delightful and sweetly impressive play intitled "A Child of Mary". The entertainment proved one of the most enjoyable on the season's program. The scenic effects were most skillfully arranged and the composure and sincerity portrayed by the youthful artists was remarkable.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The Castle of Tannberg.  
 ACT II.—(Three months later) The Woods of Tannberg.  
 ACT III., SCENE I.—Home of the Sultan.  
 SCENE II.—Dungeon—Tunis.  
 ACT IV.—The Woods of Tannberg.  
 Time: Crusades Period.

## Cast of Characters

The Blessed Virgin - - - E. METCALF  
 Hildegard, widowed Countess of Tannberg D. GRIFFIN  
 Beatrice, her daughter - - - M. H. FARRELL  
 Elizabeth, Hildegard's sister - - K. SOURBEI  
 Margaret, wife of the Bailiff of the Castle M. LONGLEY  
 Bertha, Margaret's daughter, and Beatrice's friend - - - E. FESLE  
 Christina { Young girls of the castle } M. WIRTHMAN  
 Agnes { - - - - - } A. KEARN  
 Queen of Tunis - - - - - E. PACO  
 Sultan of Tunis - - - - - L. FRANK  
 Maidens: M. Ake, B. Case, L. McCoy, H. B. Powell  
 M. F. Reynolds, M. Van Heuvel  
 Court Ladies: D. DeHaven, M. A. Hebner, L. Hoffer  
 A. Keenan, M. Kunev, G. Mortensen, H. Mueller  
 M. Reese, A. M. Stanton  
 Slaves: R. Thomas, M. Forster, L. Ewing, D. McLaughlin,  
 M. L. McDonough, R. Wilson  
 Court Dancers: E. Fesler, E. Curley, E. Colgan  
 Music: St. Mary's Orchestra

\* \* \* \* \*

## DANCING EXHIBITION.

Members of Aesthetic Dancing Class.  
 Directed by Miss Margaret Gavin.

## LAKE MARDON CAMPUS

Skating Dance - - - Maria del R. Blanco  
 Valentine Day - - - Grace Downey  
 Irish Lilt - - M. Morrissey, M. Simpson  
 G. Kinsler, W. Mulcahey, C. Foster, L. Eilers  
 L. Vandenboom, V. Morrison  
 Peter Pan - - Elizabeth Ryan  
 Dance of Spring - - - Evelyn Fesler  
 May Flowers - - E. Ryan, M. Simpson  
 M. Morrissey, G. Kinsler



Group - - - - G. Downey, M. Blanco  
 E. Fesler, E. Colgan, E. Metcalfe, E. Curley  
 July 4th - - - - Catherine McDonough

#### August Travel:

(a) Egyptian Dance - G. Downey, M. Blanco  
 E. Fesler, E. Colgan, E. Curley, E. Metcalfe  
 E. Morency

(b) Spanish Beggar Dance - E. Ryan  
 M. Morrissey, M. Simpson, G. Kinsler,  
 C. Foster, W. Mulcahey, L. Vandenboom,  
 L. Eilers

Autumn - - - - Eileen Colgan  
 Scarecrow Dance - - - - Ethel Curley  
 Christmas Tree - - - - Elizabeth Metcalfe  
 Old-New-Year - - - - Evelyn Fesler

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#### LOCALS.

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—Students of the Art and Normal Departments attended the Annual Art Exhibit at the South Bend High School on April 3. The afternoon was delightfully spent and much useful information obtained. A special program, prepared for St. Mary's girls, was greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

—On the evening of April 19, the Children of Mary had a charming dance in St. Angela's Hall. Pink and blue paper parasols, favors, made the daintily dressed dancers very picturesque. The success of the evening was due to the untiring efforts of the Director of the Sodality. On the same evening the non-Catholic students had a party "all their own" in the College Building.

—As guests of the Rev. W. A. Bolger, C. S. C., dean of Economics, N. D. U., the seniors and juniors of St. Mary's recently attended a debate in Washington Hall. It is due to the earnest efforts of Father Bolger and the splendid logic and oratory of the Notre Dame contestants that the University debating teams have achieved such marked success. The question, "Should Government Control Operate The Coal Mines?" (the constitutionality of the question granted) was debated by the Ohio State and the University of Notre Dame. The judges awarded the decision to Notre Dame. The girls thoroughly enjoyed the evening, which pleasure made them all the more desirous of accepting more frequently such courtesies from the University.

—On May 5 Miss Margaret Gavin directed the Annual Dancing Fete, held on the island in Lake Marion. The grace and ease of the dancers reflected credit on the instructor and showed attention as well as exertion on their own part.

—The Class in Journalism gave practical demonstration of its work by writing the "Slant" for the *South Bend Tribune* for three days.

—Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, former Ambassador to Denmark and erstwhile professor at the University of Notre Dame paid a brief call to St. Mary's. It was the generally expressed regret by Dr. Egan's many friends and admirers that he did not remain long enough to address the students.

—Solemn Mass was celebrated on Ascension Day by the Rev. Joseph Gallagher with the Revs. John Margraf and William R. Connor as deacon and subdeacon.

—The Freshmen made their initial appearance as orators on April 5, when they debated on "The Influence of Upper Classes" in school discipline. The points were so well made and equally as well refuted by the opposing sides as to force a "tie" verdict from the judges. Congratulations are offered the debaters with an expressed desire to witness many future successes.

—Mrs. Ora Koontz-Berrett of Marion, Indiana; Mrs. Charles Trask and Miss Myrtle Smith of Indianapolis were recent guests of St. Mary's.

—The members of St. Mary's orchestra spent an enjoyable afternoon in the woods on Ascension Thursday. A "weenie roast" was in order, and judging from the reports of the numerous participants it was thoroughly appreciated.

—Anne Kelleher, '20, of Des Moines, Iowa, and Helen Comerford of Joliet, Ill., are guests of the College. Anne has been a most enthusiastic worker for the St. Mary's Building Fund.

—The popularity Contest conducted in the separate departments placed Florence Guthrie of South Bend in the lead and gave the prize to the Freshman Class. The contest was a financial one, the votes selling at one cent each. The separate classes selected their representative and showed a wonderful spirit in support of their candidate. Although the Freshmen won by a plurality of

three hundred votes, great praise is given to the Junior Class which in comparison to its number raised the greatest amount. The Sophomores deserve credit for the enthusiasm and class spirit they displayed. The favorite candidate in the Academy was Lenore Maley, class of '22. The proceeds were a part of the sum realized from a program arranged as the Second Academics contribution to the Building Fund. The prizes, two large cakes fancifully decorated and crested by a miniature building, were the gift of Mr. Weisburg of the Oliver Hotel, South Bend.

—Solemn Mass on Pentecost was celebrated by the Rev. Charles Buddy of St. Joseph, Missouri, with the Revs. William Connor and Joseph Gallagher as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was given by the Rev. Patrick Haggerty of the University of Notre Dame.

—Rumor has announced a luncheon, in the

near future, at the Drake Hotel, Chicago, for the members of St. Mary's-Notre Dame Club of that city.

—May Devotions and the usual novena for Pentecost were the program carried out during the month.

—Lake Marion has been freshly prepared for the spring work and the tennis courts have been made inviting.

—Eager response has been made to the call of the early Maydays and frequently the woods ring with the glad voices of picnicking parties.

—Congratulations have been sent in response to announcements of the marriage of Rosemary Margaret Bennett to Mr. Frank Sinclair Wood of El Paso, Texas, and of Katharine Lydia Cosgriff to Mr. John A. Schwalbert of Iowa City, Iowa.

On April 22 in the Community Church, Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for Sister Mary Brendan (Mary O'Connor) of Mt. Carmel Hospital, Columbus, Ohio. The Rev. J. P. O'Connell, a cousin of the deceased, was the celebrant of the Mass, with the Revs. J. Gallagher and T. J. O'Reilly, as deacon and subdeacon, and the Rev. W. R. Connor, master of ceremonies.

In the prime of life and a woman of proved executive ability, Sister Brendan's demise is a great loss to the community and to Mt. Carmel where she has been in charge for the past twenty years. During her term as Superior, Sister Brendan showed herself a solicitous guardian of the sufferers and exercised a kindly wholesome influence on all with whom duty and friendly relations brought her in contact. Among the relatives and many friends gathered at St. Mary's to pay a last tribute in grateful acknowledgment of their high admiration for Sister Brendan and her noble work were: a brother, Mr. Daniel O'Connor of Denver, Colorado; three sisters, Mesdames John Burke of Chicago and John Dore of Washington, D. C., and Sister M. Benita of Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mr. J. Daily and daughter, Nancy, and Miss Nan Daily of Chicago; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. H. O'Neil, Vicar General, of Columbus, Ohio; the Revs. M. S. Walsh, Pres., St. Aquinas College, Columbus; J. D. Prendergast, O. P., St. Mary's of the Springs, Shepard, Ohio, and J. P. Roach, St. Thomas Church, Zanesville, Ohio; Drs. Charles S. Hamilton Wells, Technor, R. L. Baines, and F. J. Sullivan of Mt. Carmel Medical Staff, Columbus; Col. C. L. Leonard, U. S. Barracks, Mr. Frank F. Stein, Pres. of Ohio National Bank and Miss Helen Morriarity, Editor of the *Catholic Columbian*, all of Columbus, Ohio; the Very Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., Provincial; the Revs. J. Burns, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, G. J. Finnigan, C. S. C., of Holy Cross Seminary, N. D., A. B. O'Neil, W. Lamm, T. Crowley, J. W. Donahue and W. Corcoran, all of Notre Dame; the Revs. J. E. DeGroote, C. S. C., and P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., of South Bend, Ind.

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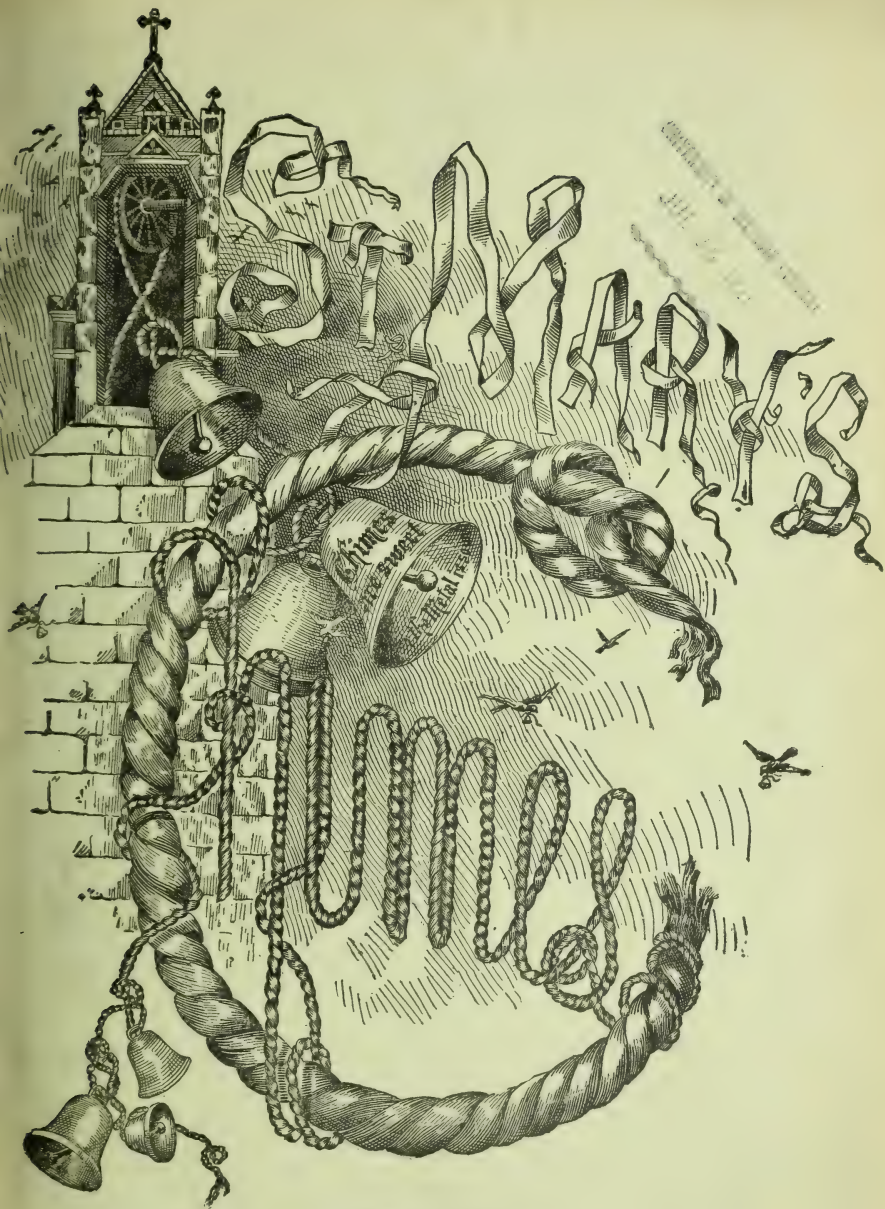
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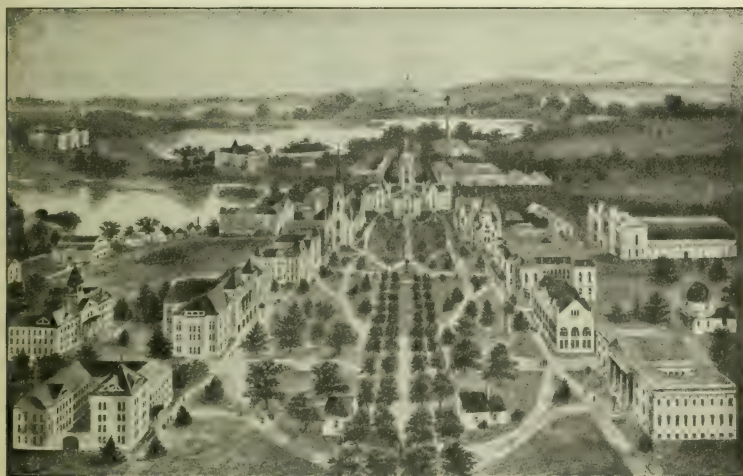
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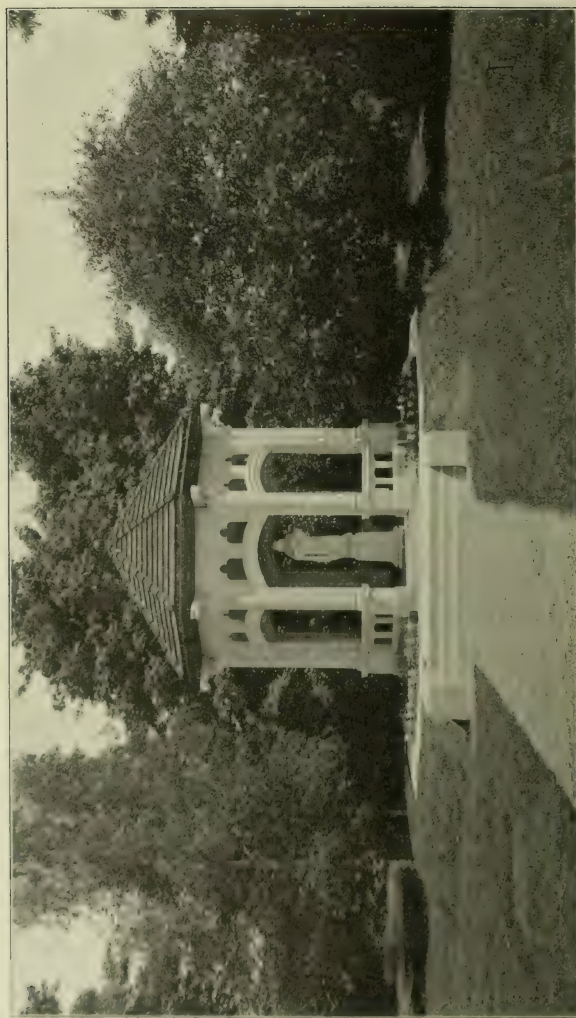


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# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., June, 1921

No. 10

TO A FRIEND.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

THE delicate fingers of June  
Have touched the earth anew,  
Awakening that song of love  
So much a part of you.

O steadfast friend of western ways  
And laughing eyes of blue,  
Do you know what it means to me  
To have to say adieu?

The high dreams of your singing heart,  
Your hand-clasp strong and true,  
Will crowd each day with memories  
That bind my heart to you!

## COMMENCEMENT DAY ADDRESS.

THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

*By the*

CHARLES MILTNER, C. S. C., D. D., PH. D.

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP, REVEREND FATHERS AND  
SISTERS, MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS,  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is not easy fully to comprehend the spirit of a College Commencement. In some respects it is pretty much of a paradox. It signalizes the end of a College course, and yet we call it a commencement, a beginning. These graduates are supposed to be looking forward, but who doubts that they are also looking backward? They are eager to go, and yet reluctant to leave. Joy and sorrow both pay court to their hearts today, and neither is repulsed. Hope and fear, confidence and diffidence, elation and dejection, relief and anxiety,—all strive for the mastery, and the result for them is no doubt a bit bewildering.

But after all there is nothing surprising about this. For life, like thought, is continuous. One event, one period, one experience prepares us for, leads up to and blends with the one that follows. And so it is a matter of indifference whether we call these exercises a commencement

or a finishing. They are both at once. They are a sort of oasis wherein these graduates rest from the labors of yesterday and plan the work for tomorrow. And the plan for tomorrow is spun from the experience of yesterday. That at least is theirs. That they hold and enjoy. That they are loath to leave. And indeed I doubt whether they ever should leave it, did they not conceive of things out beyond this oasis, the possession of which, even in spite of all the obstacles to be overcome, could bring them yet greater joy and satisfaction. And so the paradox disappears, and there remains in our minds no question as to what sentiments should prevail. For if it be the part of friends to rejoice in the good fortune of friends, and if the quality of our rejoicing should in some way be determined by the value of the advantages received, then for you, members of the graduating class and your parents and teachers, we have no sentiments but those of heartiest congratulation. For you possess an advantage which in the estimation of all who know anything about the

problems of life is of surpassing value, the advantage of a truly complete, because truly christian education.

The spirit of the times, as well as natural curiosity, has made us all keen on getting at the value of things. For the practical purposes of life, such knowledge is of course indispensable. It prevents losses, it insures gain, development, progress. But in any case, our use of the things we possess is very largely determined by the value we place upon them, by our realization of their worth and of their capabilities. And if it is a pitiful thing, because of the culpable waste involved, to see priceless objects of art or a great fortune ill-used or misspent because of ignorance of their value, it is far more pitiful to behold a mind rich in the endowments of knowledge and of wisdom not employed in the development of self and in the service of God and mankind, but allowed to become enervated and listless through failure fully to realize its worth. In terms of value, there is no comparison between material objects and qualities of mind. And so it is that a trained but unproductive mind is a far greater loss to society than the greatest spendthrift that ever squandered a fortune. "Knowledge," says a great educator, "must fulfill itself in deed or it is vain."

What then is the value of knowledge? We may determine with accuracy the value of many things. We may express that worth in terms of other commodities. But not so of education. Neither knowledge nor virtue can be weighed in a balance or measured with a rule. They are not dead, static things, but living active powers of the mind by which we grow and develop unfold and strengthen our being. "Education," declared Plutarch of old, "is of all our advantages the only one immortal and divine." All else,

health, riches, friends, prestige, fame and favor, are subject to the fortunes of time, the circumstance of change, the vagaries of chance, the smiles of fortune. By the merest accident of life they may slip from our grasp and leave us destitute or helpless or both. But knowledge is immune from these things. No man may snatch it from us; no man may filch from us our virtue. They are things not added to our wardrobe or our treasury, but to our very selves. They are imbedded in our very souls. And therefore they shall remain with

us when all else is gone. They shall accompany us into the eternal years. They shall lead us to and keep us before the face of God forever. In a sense then they are as inestimable as the divine Being and the divine Life to which they lead.

But in another sense we can measure the value of knowledge. "Knowledge," says Bacon, "is power." The affairs of men are directed and controlled by those who know. To know is to see not only the way in which things do go, but also the way in which they may be made to go, the way they ought to go. To know is in some way to subjugate things, to become master of them. That is evident in every undertaking. To know how to do a thing is half the doing. To know what there is to be done and what we are able to do is half of success. Success through science is the slogan of the day. We hear of science on every hand. It is personified, glorified, almost deified. For many it is sufficient proof of any assertion if it is prefaced by the phrase "Science teaches us," or, "Science has shown us," and so on. And indeed who has not heard of the wonderful things science has done in these latter days. A hundred of its inventions and discoveries and extraordinary achievements come to the mind at once. Things that fifty years ago were considered mere dreams of visionaries are now so common that they scarcely attract notice. We have ceased to wonder at the air-plane that flits across the sky with the swiftness and the grace of the birds. If it were not for the racket they set up we should hardly be distracted from our reading. We speak of sending a wireless message with almost the nonchalance of saying How-do-you-do. The surgeons have won our complete confidence. During the war they showed their ability not only to remove any disqualified organ, from tonsils to parts of the brain, but also, given a bit of foundation to work upon, to "reconstruct the devastated areas." And so on for the rest. But my point is this: this evidence of the power of science over material things is evidence of the power of knowledge. For science, however much it may be personified, is nothing more than human knowledge, certain and verifiable, it is true, but limited and fallible, because having existence nowhere but in the minds of knowing men. And therefore all its triumphs and all its power are



the triumphs and power of knowledge itself.

Knowledge is power. And that power is manifest not only in its dominion over the material universe. It is even more manifest in the dominion it gives over self. It elevates and ennobles the possessor. "The noblest individuals, the noblest races," declared Archbishop Spaulding, "are those which have received the best education." To know things is difficult enough; to know self is more difficult still. To conquer the forces of nature and to subject them to the service of men, to vanquish disease and thus to lighten and to prolong and to save life has won for the conquerors immortal renown, but to know self, and to conquer self, so that one may lead a "life dominated by principles," or, what is the same thing, so that one may possess a solid christian character—that has gained men an eternal crown. Ignorance of what we are, ignorance of the true nature of man, is responsible for more of the chaotic conditions of thought and of morals to-day than any other single cause. Modern philosophy has made the self, the individual, the center of the universe. It has so misconceived of man as to imagine him the measure of all things, his mind the standard of truth, his will the norm of morality. Lacking a true knowledge of him, failing to comprehend him in his totality of mind and body, of matter and spirit, and of the natural relation between the two, and of both to God, it has given us a distorted view of him, of his origin, of his nature and powers, and consequently of his destiny. Pick up any of the so-called "advanced" text-books on the Nature of the Child, and you set it down with all the assurance of the certitude we have in uttering a self-evident truth, that the person we have to deal with in the class-room is after all but a highly developed animal; that one must "look to man's animal nature for the highest ideal to be attained and for all the means to be employed in the educative process for its attainment." All is physical; all is natural, with a naturalness that is unique, that is, which positively excludes any conception or notice of the supernatural, whether as means or end. In the field of Ethics, that science which aims to set down for us rules of right conduct, we are told that in man's reason alone we may find, indeed, we must find, our only guide and counsellor, the court of highest appeal in matters of right and wrong. And so we hear

of that greatest of anomalies, "independent morality." Why should educators or publicists, or anybody else complain of immorality or selfishness or injustice, if in his moral life each individual is independent, a law unto himself? What wonder that moral weakness is so prevalent when morality is given no stronger foundation than the weakness of independent man?

And when we come to that old, old question, What is Truth? we have in the answer of some of the modern sages perhaps the saddest example of what a false knowledge of self has led to, namely the assertion that truth, absolute and unchangeable truth, certitude, the perfect and peaceful, the joyful and fruitful possession of truth is impossible. We are asked to believe that this insatiable longing we have for the possession of truth may never, except in a very relative sense, be satisfied. We are told in substance that truth, like a mirage in the desert, is something to be perpetually chased after, but never to be overtaken and captured. We are bidden to be satisfied with mere theory opinion, things which but whet the appetite for truth, but never satisfy it. What a caricature of self to conceive of the mind as but a refined form of matter, and hence unable to penetrate beneath the surface qualities of things, or of the body and the rest of the universe as but a product of the mind itself! These are the two extremes, and between them we have an almost endless series of theories modifying and contradicting one another, till confusion thickens into scepticism, and each individual becomes a master in his own right and knowledge itself is brought into disrepute.

Increase of knowledge, a deepening of knowledge, a greater diffusion of knowledge, is everywhere advocated today. With this desire and this movement we are indeed most sympathetic. By all means let us have more knowledge, but let us have the right sort of knowledge, and most of all the right sort of self-knowledge. Let us have just the sort of knowledge that Saint Mary's has given to you young ladies of the graduating class. As I go over in mind the various kinds of knowledge she has imparted to you, I think of none which in value can in any way compare with the knowledge she has given you of yourselves. You have asked of her, What is language? and she has told you that it is a vehicle to express truth; What is literature? and she

has spread it before you, shown you its beauties and its charm, its substance and its worth, taught you to appreciate it and in no mean measure to produce it: What is music? and with painstaking, patient care and consummate skill she has communicated to you that art which has been called "the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life".... "the child of prayer and the companion of religion." You have asked her "What is science? and she has taken you to lecture hall and laboratory and there with candor and sincerity she has clearly distinguished between what is only probable or conjectural or downright falsehood, and what is certain and verifiable human knowledge and said: This is science. Your languages are keys with which you may unlock the treasured thoughts of many nations. Your music and your literature are accomplishments which will make you welcome in the best of company, and provide you with pleasant company when you are alone. Your science will illumine your steps safely until its gleam is swallowed up in the brighter radiance of faith. These things are indeed valuable. But you have asked her another question too. You have asked her, "What am I?" and she has taken you, not to laboratory or lecture hall or studio, but to her very heart and said to you: "You are children of God. He has made you. You come from Him and his image is upon your immortal souls. His truth must be your truth. His charity must be your charity. His immaculate, courageous Mother must be your model; his Divine Son your Master; his Heavenly City, your final Goal." Is this preaching? Is this a paragraph from the pulpit? If so then I believe that every

platform should be turned into a pulpit at least for so long as it may take to utter this all-important truth. For it is nothing less than the secret of the unparalleled power of a thoroughly christian life. For it gives to life a definite meaning and firm purpose and clear aim. It gives us a vision of the proportion, the balance, the relative worth of all things. It solves for us, inasmuch as may be solved the so-called riddles of life,—of human suffering, of the triumph of evil, of the apparent failure of virtue, of the Omnipotence and the Justice of God himself. It explains for us the insatiable longings of our own hearts, and therefore enables us to understand rightly the best interests of those who look to us for service, to sympathize with them deeply and to counsel them wisely.

Such is the self-knowledge, young graduates, with which you face the new and perhaps knotty problems of your future lives outside of school. That knowledge lived out in the lives of your teachers here at Saint Mary's has been and always will be for you, as it is for all who have come under its influence, a powerful incentive to sacrifice and to service, the necessary conditions to success at all times. With that you are prepared to leave these hallowed walls and to front without fear the battles of life. If you are true to that, then you will fulfill her expectations of you. You will uphold her fair name and good repute. You will widen her benign influence. You will ever keep in touch with her, cooperate with her in all her projects. You will increase and multiply the fruits of what she has given you, a truly christian education.

---

#### LITTLE THINGS.

—  
MARY JONES, '21.  
—

IN the song of the robin,  
In the verdant sod,  
Looking, you may contemplate  
The handiwork of God

In the heart of a wild rose,  
In the depths of the sea,  
Looking, you may behold  
Glances of eternity.

## \*SEDES SAPIENTIAE.

JOSEPHINE F. RYAN, '21.

THE keen crescendo of a night-bird's cry,—  
 Flung sudden thwart the sky—  
 Scatters my reveries in swift dismay;  
 Checked is their skyward wandering and lost  
 The effortless abandon of their way.  
 No longer are my senses held in thrall  
 By the wind-cupped Circean draught  
 Vintaged of night-sprung flowers made magical  
 With the enchantments of the white witch moon.

The spell  
 Is broken and the linked charm undone,  
 And all my heart is heavy with farewell.  
 Now while upon the darkling air there throng  
 The murmurous stirrings of dim-winged dreams,  
 I turn to thee,—into whose care are given  
 These woods and halls,—though my unskillful voice  
 Leaves all unsung the better portions of my song.

\* \* \* \*

Before the sun in regal panoply  
 Set fiery foot upon his orb'd path  
 And drew earth after him insistently  
 In preordained bud  
 Wert thou, O Mystic Rose,  
 Sealed Fountain thou whence flows  
 The all-redeeming Flood;  
 Fair Ivory Tower which glows  
 Resplendently before our mortal eyes;  
 Closed Garden whose rich bloom  
 Makes of the desert earth a Paradise!....

...My voice is spent and drifts my failing song  
 To futile silence,—foolish, shattered dream  
 To hope for mortal tongue to hymn immortal theme!  
 To trifles have I given my meed of rhyme  
 And with a childish hand have flung away  
 My perfumed wreaths in all too short a time  
 Frail, unsubstantial garlands of a day.  
 Were it the azure splendor of thy vesture, or  
 Thy golden mist of hair  
 I might have song therefor.

But these allurements have I overpassed  
 And reached immeasurable and all unearned bliss  
 Held close to thee, my lips against thy kiss.  
 And in the apocalypse of that embrace,—  
 While the transversely fixed Golgothan beam  
 Cast its stern shadow on us equally  
 I shared the Hidden Word entrusted thee.  
 Thereat was I transformed  
 From ready babbler of thine obvious praise  
 To thing of stammering tongue, of mute unspeaking ways.  
 So say it not, O Mary, that I leave  
 This nursery of thine unceasing care.

Unthankful, though in turning from these gates  
 I leave no last song there.  
 In silence was thy secret trusted me,  
 In silence tender I my thanks to thee.

The pinioned dawn shover in the East,  
 Bright with the tinted presage of the day,  
 Heralds the imminent sway  
 Of the inaurealed sun.  
 Before I turn away  
 To needful parting I tittle thee aw  
 Borrowing from tongue diviner blessed than mine.

Fair Wisdom's seat,—  
 So too I call thee, sweet  
 Bright throne,—from whence doth shine  
 Light comprehended by thee, in Itself divine—  
 Ineffable—

Nor is it this alone  
 I hold  
 For all-sufficing, beauteous miracle,—  
 My own, more than my own,—  
 The Throned Christ Himself hath Thee for Throne.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

by the

REV. J. W. MELODY, D. D.

St. Jarlath's Church, Chicago.

TEXT—"For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; his eternal power also and divinity so that they are inexcusable. Because that, when they knew God they have not glorified Him as God or given thanks: but because vain in their thoughts and their foolish hearts was darkened." (Romans I., 20-21.)

The passage of this Apostle just read has both a dogmatic and an historic content. Doctrinally it affords the scripture basis for the dogmatic pronouncement of the Vatican Council, according to which unaided reason can absolutely speaking rise from thought of visible phenomena and order, to the idea of a Creator. This dogma, it is to be noted, is a qualified one. It expresses something absolute; it abstracts from actual experience; it consists with the no less certain truth that it is morally impossible for the human race generally to come easily by this knowledge without a large admixture of error. Accepting such restrictions we know that among all peoples there has ever existed the idea of a transcendent being to whom the most profound services were owing. For hazy and even grotesque though it be, this notion has found a place in the minds of the most backward savage. Such a mind sees "God in clouds and hears Him in the wind;" catches evidence of the awful presence in the flash of the lightning and in the rumblings of the thunder. This thought, moreover, becomes with these folk, an engrossing and impelling one. It enters into the very warp and woof of their being. The sovereignty of their God, they proclaim by sacrifice. His anger is appeased by manifold oblations. To him they have recourse in danger and with him rests the glory and success in chase and battle. He is, moreover, the sanction behind all established order. It has been observed that among savages, all social habits and institutions take on the character of a religious usage. To depart from these habits to show disregard of these institutions, is to prove one's self disloyal and offend against the moral instructions of the deity. "Larger is the duty above all others these peoples

are creatures of fixed routine and practice, of a routine and practice that finds immovable anchorage in their God. Higher up in the scale of civilization we note the disappearance of the gross absurdities which in the lower order of human life are associated with the thought of divinity. The dross is somewhat purged away, yet is the thought no less an encompassing one. The immortal gods guard the sanctity of the home. The hearth about which cluster the tenderest of human ties is become an altar, to which are brought the homages of religion. The Lares and Penates are the spirits of the house. They give to the head of the family the character of a priest. Under their tutelage mutual love and respect, the duties of support and obedience are holy offices. No less is the pressure of these transcendent beings felt in the larger activities of life. The love of country in all its lofty expressions; the loyalty of citizens, the zeal of statesmen, the sacrifice of patriots are before all else acclaimed the virtue of piety. It is service to the immortal gods, sustained by thoughts of them and from them receiving its heartening recompense. And so it was, only after the invocation of his gods could the orator in the forum hope to wing his words to the hearts of his hearers, as only under the auspices of these superintending spirits, could any public action issue in success. And this because of the abiding conviction that upon the authority and disposal of the Gods, the due order of domestic and civic life must ever find its last dependence. Yet all this was but a groping in the dark. To an extent it did honor to fallen nature. It declared the worth and dignity of reason's unaided efforts and the native impulse of our common humanity. But more than this it was evidence irrefutable of the need of a higher light and guidance: a light and guidance that reason unaided was incapable of supplying. It voiced demand, for a revelation. Such revelation has been given, for "God who at sundry times and divers manners spake in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all



in these days has spoken to us by His Son." And so the christian child enters into a heritage the rich import of which the wisest of the pagan world could only surmise. It is thus that this child is able to come to the correct, even though inadequate, notion of his God. To this thought he is led, at the outset of his reasoning life. Indeed before such a day is reached while still within his mother's arms, he hears from loving lips the holy name, and with faltering efforts strives to lisp it in response.

An ancient prophecy has declared: "Out of the mouths of infants and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." A prophecy realized from the rising to the setting of the sun in every Catholic house. To the mind of the growing child the idea of God is that of an everlasting reality; "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The vision of such faith is unobscured by the mists arising "from the steaming valleys of sense." In it every good and perfect gift is seen to come from the Father of light. And so in confident prayer the little one breathes forth the longing of its unspoiled heart. And such is its simple faith; such its abiding trust; such its unalloyed love that we should expect the Master to say, "The Kingdom of Heaven is for such." But the thought of God is born in upon this soul of these with a still broader import. It is the voice of the whole moral order, inasmuch as this is understood. Under its authoritative pronouncement rests this order. "God wills it" is the ultimate standard of life. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest; whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame" are such and only such because God has so declared it. Moreover as the foundation of immorality is here discerned, so here is seen morality's strongest sanction. The hope of pleasing his Heavenly Father with the thought of the rewards that unfailingly will be his upon the doing of the divine will is sufficient spur to all right conduct.

Such are the "things of the christian child; the things that are not put away upon growth into the christian man. They abide to take on a deeper meaning.

Mature thought rightly directed, serves to bring home more tellingly the sense of our dependence upon Him from whom all blessings are seen to flow. The warmth and glow of childish trust,

we frequently miss indeed, but we are enabled to understand better the import of God's dealings with us. We still recognize that with the idea of God the whole moral order is bound up. True we know that right is right and wrong is wrong in many cases not because God so declares it, but God so declares it because it is good, or because it is evil. There is a basis of morality then antecedent to the will of God. This is naught else than the very essence of the God head. This is the original font of morality; this is the basic rule by which to judge of good and evil. This is the ultimate, norm, of all law, the last reason of all order. Now this thought becomes a very stay of the soul. It tells of the one finality amidst unceasing change. Amidst the buffetings of fortune and the uncertain shifting of the world's usage it remains to cheer and strengthen.

In this idea we catch a notion of the absolute, the unshakable character of morality, as we must also catch the notion of its awful sanction. It is seen to be not a thing of convention not a thing of artificial design, not a thing dictated by considerations of mere utility. It is naught else than the very demands of the divine essence itself. But the thought of God in the christian sense soon takes on a more intimate, a more personal character. It is felt to be the thought of him who cried out "Whither shall I go from thy spirit or whither shall I flee from the face, if I take my wings early in the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. Even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Of all thoughts this of the presence of our God is the most transforming. None other so makes for righteousness. The realization that "Thou God seest me" is the greatest deterrent from sin. The consciousness of the presence, before which the Seraphim and the Cherubim veil their faces with their wings is violently incompatible with any harborage of what is low or unworthy. It must ever constrain us as it constrained Peter in the boat, to prostrate ourselves and to cry out, "depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Yet withal is it a thought of sweetness and solace. To the saint, it is a forecast of the beatific vision; it is the ample response to love's craving for union with the beloved; to

the oneness which is the consummation of charity. Remain with us, O Lord, is ever his prayer. Abide in our minds that the thought of thy visible and varied handiwork may not crowd out the thought of thee to which it all is owing. Such in its embracing character and power is the thought of God to the christian soul. In the very nature of things it becomes the very element of the christian life. It is the sun whose overreaching rays recreate and replenish that life. And this is the thought that some would tell us must not find place in the public education of our child. This is the thought that must be given no full voice by our children once they enter the portals of the academy or college.

And, so it is we are confronted with a general system of education, that would estrange God from his world and from the christian soul. His presence is not formally denied, it is true, it is simply ignored. He is to become an intangible being, quite removed from anything like active agency, quite removed from all that is sustained by His everlasting arms. Our children are to be told of Him in the precincts of the

home. There they are to learn of Him as the giver of all good gifts, yet once the doors of their school close upon them, the sentiment which inevitably flows from such a thought may be allowed no formal expression.

It is because she can never have a part in such an idea that our Church insists upon her system of Catholic education. Because of this she levies upon the willing sacrifice of her children and builds her own institution of learning. In these she sees to it that God shall be afforded His due place. The unfolding mind of her children shall not be allowed to think of Him as being apart. The inculcations, the traditions of the christian home shall not be permitted to be disregarded or forgotten, but shall rather be given with renewed emphasis and increasing illustration. Above all will the thought of God's presence be made a soil nurturing the growth and fruitage of Christian virtues. Such a school, dear graduates, is the one to which you are now about to bid a lasting farewell. And taking with you hence the thought of God and his abiding presence you are secure in the possession of what shall be the unfailing source of richest benediction.

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#### \*OUR HERITAGE.

AMELIA ANN SCHLECHT, '22.

A FLAG, its folds against the blue sky spread  
 Its colors proud, waves low today.  
 The stripes a blessing breathe, the stars,  
 A prayer. Serene it floats above its dead.  
 A nation's soul, a citadel held high  
 That guards her proudest memory,  
 Her heritage of warriors' blood,  
 That ever shall inspire men to die  
 For her. Set by their sacrifice apart  
 Are these, her sons, we honor here today.  
 We come that by our loving praise  
 New loyalty may spring in every heart.

The bugles blow their proud adieu,  
 Salutes ring clear through heaven's blue,  
 With hearts full glad we sing  
 O, God of hope,  
 O, God of love,  
 Keep Thou our ideals high,  
 And keep us ever true!

## VALEDICTORY.

CLARA IRENE SELEGUE, '21.

WHEN you have come at last to the end of a path that you have travelled for a long, long time, a path that has led through brambles and thickets, sometimes through gardens sweet as with the fragrance of a thousand roses; when you have traversed it on days when all the world was golden with sunbeams, on days that were overclouded, and then you come to the gate at the way's end before you, what is there to say? It must be one of those times when words fail to respond to emotions. For we have been the travellers of such a path: today we have reached the gateway of our dreams—Commencement. While all our woman's curiosity urges us forward to have one peep at what is beyond, yet a host of dreams and memories, friends we have made along our little journey, cling to our hands, and bid us pause a little before we open it—and remember. But memories with difficulty find expression in words.

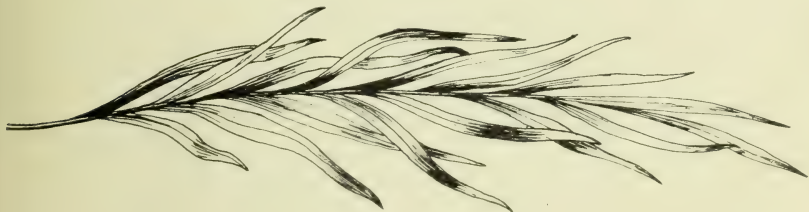
Only a short part of this way have we, the class of 1921, travelled together, the four years which we have spent here at Saint Mary's as classmates. But this has been perhaps, the fairest part of the way. The joys and sorrows we have felt in common are now alike pleasant to recall. Together on this our Commencement day, we turn to say farewell to girlhood and step across the threshold to womanhood.

These years at Saint Mary's have meant much to us—more, perhaps than we ourselves know now. She has been truly our Alma Mater—our fostering mother. She has done God's work in building up in our hearts the ideals of what is highest and noblest; in showing us by precept and example the way to live truly and to fulfill our immortal destiny. If we, her children, keep

these ideals as a guiding star in our lives, then truly can we feel that her motherly care has not been in vain, and that something of her spirit is always hovering near us.

Always will we be grateful to those who have done so much for us. To her whose kind and sympathetic spirit has never failed us, to Mother Pauline, we offer our highest sentiments of gratitude and love. Our chaplains, the priests who have been so unselfish, so untiring in ministering to the needs of our souls, merit our undying remembrance. As for our teachers—nothing we can say even slightly betokens our appreciation of their kindness, their wisdom, their patience. Here under the very name and protection of our Blessed Lady we have seen what lives consecrated under her guidance are: lives that will always be to us an inspiration, a pattern upon which to model our own, in so far as we are able. But for those whose joy is most a part of our own on this occasion, our beloved fathers and mothers; whose love and sacrifice have meant everything to us, we tender in return the dearest love of our hearts.

Now that we are leaving, now that our hands, however falteringly, open the gate and close behind us the long path of school-days, we desire but one thing. We are saying farewell to Saint Mary's, but we pray that Our Lady, protectress of this garden spot, this symphony arranged by a kindly nature and by human love, keep us, who are children of Saint Mary's, ever under her care. Never will we forget our beloved classmates, our duty to our school, to all the friends of our Alma Mater. In bidding Saint Mary's good bye we can only bow our heads and ask her for her loving benediction.



## \*TRYSTING.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

WEEP, O world, ye passers by,  
 Weep for your warrior dead!  
 On whitened tomb, on wind-swept grave  
 Let trysting tears be shed.  
 See how the dawn with dewy eye  
 Lets fall its tribute tears  
 Upon the sod and crosses, worn  
 By winds of passing years.  
 Bow low your heads, though silence  
 Echoes your whispered prayer;  
 Their spirits stir in the sunlight  
 Though they lie buried there.

But yesterday, with flaming hearts, on bloody field  
 Intrepidly they fought; they would not yield  
 Till Death, insatiable Reaper, passed  
 And his uncaring scythe among them cast.  
 Now, dead the days, and dead, the valiant brave—  
 Grim Death alone stalks on the crimson beaten plains,  
 On battle-scarred and far hills where they fell.  
 Ruins, gray, entomb them; and the patter of the rains  
 Sings a lone lullaby to ears unheeding now,  
 Floods away the heartache, and their pains  
 Into silence; stills the rustle of the pines,  
 Stills the sobbing wind, burdened as with a mother's tears,  
 Who hears Death's dragging footsteps down all the empty years!  
 Was the life they offered and the holocaust they made  
 Worth the dying sacrifice on War's dread altar laid?

Yet weep not, O sorrowing world,  
 Exult for your warrior dead!  
 God guards far graves and distant tombs  
 While your trysting prayers are said.  
 Hear how the lark with soaring note  
 Its morning greeting sings,  
 Above the ruins and the mounds  
 Where sheltering ivy clings.  
 Bow low your heads, though silence  
 Echoes your whispered prayer—  
 God reads your questioning hearts, while waits  
 He—mused with them there.



## IBSEN'S INDIVIDUALISM AND WOMAN

NELLIE LEE HOYT, '21.

TO BE misunderstood is a source of feminine delight. In this man has always indulged woman because he has never considered her merely his equal. He has regarded her either his moral superior or his intellectual inferior, according her either semi-adoration or cynical scorn. True feminism rightly recognizing that man and woman are simply equal in both mentality and morality, seeks to emancipate woman from this long-established misunderstanding. And the latest normal development of true feminism has been along political lines. In the days of Roman supremacy prevalent philosophical systems encouraged the belief that the individual existed for the sake of the state. Woman was not considered a person, but a mere chattel. In the American Declaration of Independence, all men were declared free and equal and the doctrine that the state exists to serve them was also enunciated. Obviously, this doctrine applies to woman. Today there is a growing tendency to seek a radical freedom not only in the realm of politics, but especially in that of morals. This principle of freedom, this theory of Individualism, encourages the belief that the individual lives for self only and is responsible to himself alone.

To what extent this or any other prevalent theory of conduct has rooted itself in current thought is adequately expressed in the literature of the times. The drama more than any other art-form follows most closely the course of modern thought because it depicts life with startling reality. Henrik Ibsen, the exponent of the new drama, has forcefully demonstrated the power of his medium. And with shrewd dramatic genius he has interpreted the psychological, social, and moral philosophy of modern life in accordance with the pernicious theory of which he is the arch-apostle—the doctrine of Individualism.

In regard to woman, this theory of unconditioned freedom may be of fearful consequence, because it brings into serious question the position she has considered her natural vocation—that of the marriage state. The doctrine of Individualism would urge woman to repudiate every duty, and would free her from the responsibility most sacred to womanhood—the responsibility of motherhood. This doctrine is a mis-

conception of feminism, and its mighty advocate is Henrik Ibsen. He has formulated in impressive manner a doctrine that has long grown within the tennacles of human selfishness. He stands confronting the future, saying that man must be sufficient unto himself, because there is nothing else that has any claim upon him. Of the modern man's apparent failure to find an objective value and purpose of life other than himself, Ibsen is the first to bring us tidings.

In 1826, at Skein, a small Norwegian seaport, Ibsen was born of provincial and unambitious parents in whom there was a queer mixture of adventurousness and conventualism. Henrik spent the first years of his life in prosperity, but when he was eight years old, his father's fortune was ruined, and the future poet, then a sensitive meditative child, began a struggle against poverty and hardship which indelibly impressed itself upon his character and his works. Having received the ordinary grammar school education, Ibsen became an apprentice to an apothecary in Grimstad. There his life was all but unbearable. His only relief from dull labors was the mental and moral distemper bred in him by the loneliness of the place. His was a melancholic nature struggling for expression. His one desire was to be free from this intolerable situation, and, boy-like, his adolescence was one of perpetual warfare within himself. His soul rebelled against all that made the ugly labyrinth of his existence. In this inward ferment he suffered acutely until the French Revolution in 1848, when his first play *Cataline* was rejected. The subject of the drama, devoted to the Roman champion of ultra-personal rights and anarchy, was prophetic of his future. In 1857 he married Susanna Thoreson, whom in his singular way, he loved all his life. In 1864 he left Norway in disgust and disappointment, for it had rejected seven of his plays. During the next twenty years he lived abroad, spending much of his time in Rome and winning great popularity by the plays of his mature years: *Brand*, *Emperor and Galilean*, *The Pretenders*, *Pillars of Society*, *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabler*, and *A Doll's House*. When in 1891 he returned to Christiania he was

highly honored by the state. He died in 1906 and was buried with almost royal pomp.

As a dramatist Ibsen achieved a remarkable triumph in the craftsmanship of his art. As an artist, however, he fails, because the soul of his art is vicious. Form is not the whole matter of art, which is above all, the expression of truth, beauty, and goodness, an embodiment of the perfect. But Ibsen, in effect if not consciously, denies perfection, and laughs at ideas. So does the acrid pungency of his nature rule every phase of his genius. The analytical keenness of his character-portraiture shows the versatility of his intellectual power. His work evidences breadth of imagination and diseased morbidity of mind. With relentless intensity Ibsen pictured the vilest degradations of human life, considering this putrid psychological filth, the sum total of reality. His fundamental moral doctrine, if it may be called such, is Individualism, the right of the individual to think, speak, and act as he pleases. Philosophizing in the forceful manner of a natural dramatist, Ibsen set forth a view of life, and formulated a theory of conduct abnormal, pernicious, and at the same time insidious. By some he is regarded as a vicious anarchist, a demoralizing force, a destructive blasphemer. By others—and, unhappily, not a few—he is hailed as the greatest preacher of truth and freedom the world has known, as the deliverer from the servitude of traditional ideals and duties, as the world-savior of the rights of man as an individual, as the second Moses who from the mountain of anarchistic egotism hands down one law—the kingdom of God is within you, seek it.

Ibsen saw, or thought that he saw, in the struggles of life, the misery of men bound by laws they were trying to overthrow, and with the compassion of one to whom struggle and law were intolerable, to whom life itself was an awful misunderstanding, he interpreted this struggle as man's tragic revolt against whatever restrained his individuality. The cause of this misery, as he observed it, is the basic clash between the species and the individual. Ibsen maintains that "There is neither good nor evil, up nor down, high nor low, and he commands the individual to 'hate all who gather round a cause, for that the cause clashes with his will.' Whatever is helpful to him is good—whatever law, stumbling block, in his path is evil. Plainly then, Ibsen holds that man's theory and that alone, is the criterion of

the good and true. If the law, the rule of the majority, heredity, environment, or any institution, such as the state of marriage, interferes with that desire, man may and should disregard any or all of them. The only crime man can commit, Ibsen contends, is the crime of not willing, the crime of submission. For the only reality, the only truth, he insists, is that created by self for self. Ibsen, in effect, however, is not certain that the will is free. All man can do is to act as if he were free. Accordingly then, heredity rules man's temperament, and the traditions of dead men rule his actions. Hence there is only one thing Ibsen would have men know—himself—and only one duty he would acknowledge,—duty to self. Thus Ibsen really denies duty altogether. When debtor and creditor are one person, there can be no real debt, likewise, there can be no real duty of any kind. In this repudiation of duty, Ibsen promulgates his only law: "To thyself be true," "To thyself be sufficient." The golden rule is, that there is no golden rule.

He exhorts boldly, "Be what you are, but be it out and out." The coward or criminal is the man who obeys law. There is but one just subservience, that of man to himself. And from this voluntary self-surrender comes the only truth and freedom. Ibsen deifies the individual who follows all his own desires, regardless of whither they may lead him.

Thus it is that Ibsen epitomizes the modern tendency to ego-centralize the universe, making it impossible to establish an ultimate relation of things. But if every man is a law unto himself, there is no such thing as morality, no foundation of rights, no duties, no definite value in human life, and no need of a destiny for it. Truth would have no opposite in evil. But the truth is that there is a relation of things that imposes upon man certain duties, such as those of a father, husband, mother, wife, child, and citizen. It is against this truth and against these duties and the rights resulting therefrom, that Ibsen revolts. He would free man from whatever law these duties involve by denying the law itself.

By limiting all duty to that of self to self, the Norwegian really repudiates entirely the idea of duty. He maintains most emphatically that man has a right to be himself. But if man has that right for himself, is he not bound to respect that identical right in other men? By his nature man

is a social being, not only must he respect the rights of others, but he must also accept whatever institutions have been reasonably established for the protection of those rights. Each man has the unquestionable right to pursue his own happiness; and the state, for example, exists that he may enjoy that right the more surely and fully, yet without interfering with any other man's right to realize in turn his happiness. So it is that when he disregards the laws of the state and of the moral order, he denies to other human beings the rights he claims for himself because he is a human being. In his doctrine of Individualism, Ibsen proclaims himself an anarchist, revolting not only against the lawful institutions of society and man's duty to them, but against the very nature of man as well. By urging man to obey only himself Ibsen would have man disregard every convention and law—written or unwritten, ecclesiastical or civil—everything that impedes the unrestrained indulgence of his individual will.

In his dramas, Ibsen formulates his Individualism in the speeches of his characters, and in their conduct. Were this the only testimony of his belief in his anarchistic theory, there might be no very plausible accusation against him as a teacher of anarchy. The dramatist does not necessarily express his own philosophy in the speeches of his dramatic personae; he only interprets philosophy in harmony with his conception of the character. Ibsen's personal statements, however, in his letters and elsewhere, are the most important testimony of his teachings. Several times he asserted most emphatically that Individualism is the *idea* of his plays. Moreover, the whole tendency of Ibsen's dramas, in their general tone, final import, and lasting impression, is a veritable triumph of individualistic lawlessness. From that general significance and lasting impression may be reasonably gathered his philosophy. Bernick, in *Pillars of Society*, is afraid to disobey the moral code of his community for his own selfish gratification. In *Ghosts* Mrs. Elving is afraid to follow her desires and live with the man she loves. In showing their fear to sin, their failure to do as they wish regardless of the moral value of their acts, Ibsen makes powerful attacks upon the honorable ideals of the state and community and upon the indissolubility of the marriage bond. Master-Builder Solness sacrifices the happiness and health of his wife for

the triumphs of his genius, and Brand, seeking a fanatical self-realization, permits the death of his wife and child. Ibsen idealizes these heroes of selfishness, and in their bravery to be themselves, he would show the right of a man to be himself at the sacrifice of everything else.

Ibsen's most dangerous attack is against marriage, on which institution is builded the whole structure of society. Although Ibsen's denial of the indissolubility of the marriage bond is not outright and formal in his plays, it is the more effective by being implicit and insidious.

In *A Doll's House*, Ibsen makes Nora deny the obligation of her marriage vow. In *Hedda Gabler*, Thea leaves her husband for the disreputable Lovborg; and Hedda, refusing to become a mother, commits suicide. Making virtue a crime, Ibsen builds the whole disgusting horror of *Ghosts* on Mrs. Elving's fidelity to her husband. The author is generally confusing, complex, even contradictory; but in the general theme of his plays, he plainly insinuates to woman that no human tie needs resist her desire to disregard that tie. Hence to him the monogamous marriage is a barbarous slave union, which must be abolished as soon as expediency permits. Regardless of the purpose of its institution, marriage, he holds, prevents woman from being herself. In this application of his Individualism, he again opposes his persistent mania of selfishness to natural law. He commands woman to be herself at any cost, but in doing so he removes from woman the natural means to her self-realization. For, whether she wishes to be or not, whether she is an old fashioned womanly woman, or a radical feminist, woman is by nature the mother and the companion of man. If woman is to become herself, she must become what nature ordained her to be, and in the manner prescribed by nature as made known by reason.

The binding force of the marriage bond and the responsibilities of motherhood, as we understand them, are in accordance with natural law, and therefore are not beneath the dignity or against the true freedom of woman. The very fact that the marriage state is freely entered by most men and women gives evidence that both men and women recognize in it a natural means effecting their well beings. They become partners in life, complements to each other, sharing in common the physical, intellectual, and moral resources of

their beings. The purposes of marriage being the procreation of children, and the common good of the spouses, the necessity for the indissolubility of the marriage tie follows as a natural condition of these purposes.

How woman will resist or will yield to the poison of Ibsenism will show which is dearest to woman's heart—the bond of love between woman and man, and the love between mother and child, or the disruptive anarchism of selfishness. The result of Ibsen's teachings, if they were generally accepted, would be woman's refusal to act in accordance with her own instincts, her rational nature, and the dictates of her conscience.

But woman will continue to answer Ibsen's command to her to be what she is, as she has always answered it—not by a repudiation of her every duty, but by fulfillment of it. She will be womanly in the true sense, because it is her nature to be so; and man will be man because nature demands it. Woman has ever been the greatest influence for moral and spiritual regeneration in the world, and she will continue to be such. She will be not what Ibsen would have her be, but what she is, what she has always been, what she herself wills in accordance with the very laws of her being. She will be man's intimate and lifelong companion in marriage, his reward in struggle, his dutiful wife unto death. To her in the future, as in the past, will be given the admiration and reverence of men. And to woman will be consecrated the highest and noblest achievements of man's life. Woman, the mother of man, will receive, as she has ever received, grace through Mary, the Mother of God, and imitating Her, woman will bring into the world a real "Truth and Freedom—for these are the true pillars of society."

#### LITTLE SISTER

(Quintet) LITTON, '23

G O' good-bye, from the bay of blue,  
A song from the golden sun  
A golden heart from the sun alone  
And send them to life as you!

Little sister, with heart so gay  
And your sweet, small face so clear  
Remember if I could make more  
If I'll come and look you over!

#### FISHIN'.

MARGARET AUBREY, '23.

FISHIN' in the mill pond! Sorta takes me back a spell

To the tiny little shaver waitin' fer the closin' bell,  
To light out with bait an' tackle down the hot an' dusty road,

Spatterin' sand an' dirt an' pebbles, kickin' at the blinkin' toad.

Settin' thar upon the toe-path—then a-hustlin' down the lane

Whistlin' till the very echoes seemed to shout an' shout again!

I kin see like it was yistiddy, his dirty, happy face  
Come a-tumblin' through the bushes to his fav'rite hauntin' place—

An' he'd take a rusty jackknife an' hack off a willer limb

That sure could hold the fishes sence it jes' supported him.

An' with fishin' rod an' tackle, flat down on the ground he'd lay

An' dream an' fish, an' fish and dream the afternoon away;

Thinkin' 'bout the furrin countries as he'd see when he's a man,

Buildin' all the Spanish castles that a happy human can.

An' now the years has left their toll upon that youngster's head,

There's some gray hairs a-showin' 'round the temple with the red;

An' the lively shout don't come so quick as when he was a boy

An' thought each tarnal thing that lived was his'n to enjoy;

An' he whistles sorta quiet now an' smiles upon his face

Is rarer than they used to be—but in his heart's a place  
As big an' broad as his whole self, fer the little tike he knew

That scuttled down the dusty road to whar' the willer grew.

A heap o' things has come to him sence them days o' long ago,

He has watched his Spanish castles mutliply an' grow,  
I'll they cover up the waters an' spread across the lan'  
An' he has men, an' lan', an' cash to answer his com-man!

But the things he's always wantin', his money jes' won't buy;

Fer the dirty little feller dreamin' neath a summer sky  
With the happy cheery heart o' him is gone an' won't come back

To the millpond, with his fish rod, down the blisterin', dusty track!



## ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PUPILS OF

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

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JUNE, 1921

## O, LOVING HEART!

Familiar to us all is the picture of Christ pointing to His heart and saying, "Behold the heart that hath so loved men." But have we ever pondered over just how great is this love and what extremes this heart endured to prove its love?

When by Adam's sin man was sentenced to eternal doom the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity volunteered to appease the anger of His heavenly Father by coming down to man's humble abode and teaching men to follow Him. How solicitous was the "Heart of Jesus". One bleak December, we find a Babe, His little lips purpled with the cold, and His tiny form trembling with the chill of an icy wind, but His heart beating with a steady determination to live for men. Thus was Christ's mission begun.

Little is known of the boyhood of this lad for Scripture says, "He was subject to them," and nothing more. Did not His heart often yearn to go out among men and tell them of His intense love which would save mankind? Instead of satisfying this burning desire, His greater love was manifested in the modest example of the filial obedience He gave us during His thirty years at Nazareth.

Next we find the God-man hanging in bitter anguish on Calvary suffering not from the thorny crown nor the nail pierced hands, but from a broken heart. "I thirst," cried our dying Savior—not for the vinegar offered by the frenzied mob—but His Sacred Heart was thirsting for human souls. How keen was the suffering of the human heart of our God as He saw millions of heedless souls spurn His tender advice and rush to eternal ruin.

Lastly, we find the risen Redeemer with a

heart pierced for the love of us, dwelling in our lowly tabernacle. After coming down from his heavenly home, enduring for thirty-three years the ridicule and disrespect of the very men He came to save, and finally in the bloom of His manhood, for

"Not a golden hair was gray  
On His crucifixion day,"—

suffering a most ignominious death in atonement for man's sin, who but a God could have thought of a greater test of love! The tender heart of Jesus yearning to do more for this fallen race came to dwell a "prisoner of love" to inspire men to noble deeds, and to comfort and befriend lonely souls.

Thus we see that from the "cradle to the cross"—even to the dawn of eternity—every beat of His unselfish heart is a throb of love. Could we be heedless of a heart so kind, so patient, so merciful, so loving?

## MEMORY BOOKS.

There are probably several libraries of books that well-meaning people have written on the memories of schooldays. These memories have taken the form of stories, essays and poems. They are all very nice to have about but the modern girl wants something more,—a more tangible way of keeping her school memoirs and this has been done most successfully in the ingenious product of 20th century girlhood—the Memory Book. Here, all the mischief, plots, as well as the high points of her career, may be made to live again for her with a glance at dance programs, favors and snapshots.

After the commencement days are over and the "new bachelor" says good-bye to her many friends she has made during her school years and whose ways stretch away into the distant future in different directions, a little feeling of loneliness comes over her. Although her degree diploma is fairly crisp in its newness and her cap and gown proclaim her newly acquired dignity, on her attainment of the goal of her College days, there is one dark cloud hovering in the sky of her young life—the deep blue cloud of parting.

Everyone knows that the friendships formed at school—especially at a boarding school where the girls live together day after day and month after

month, and have the firm foundation of absolute confidence and frankness, are the strongest and best possible. It is here that the true friend, the one who knows all about you and loves you just the same is most surely found.

The years of intimate companionship in everything—classes, athletics, contests, class treats, and all those things that go to make up school life are too human and good to be soon forgotten. Here the memory book serves the purpose of a vault, a safety-box in which we can keep all these things in a concrete way.

In after years, one can slip away from the life one is living, whatever it be, to steal a few hours with girlhood chums. It will be like leaving the

glare and troubles of the world behind and entering a sanctuary of quiet, hallowed by the sacred memories that fairly permeate the book.

There are many kinds of Memory Books—big, little, clean, neat, and ragged. The regular "Girl Graduate Book" and the big old loose-leaf book tied together with a strip of leather, seem to be the most popular. Usually there is a school seal on the front and engraved cards on the first few pages. The most popular book at St. Mary's is the big blue loose-leaf one with the large gold N. D. monogram in the center of the cover. Its blue is for the trueness of the girls whose names are inscribed within and the gold is appropriately for their real, lasting friendship.

#### CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

##### MASTER THESIS

A Solvent of Scepticism.....Charlotte Voss, A. B.

##### BACHELOR THESES

The Beautiful in Music.....Estelle Broussard  
Keats, The Apostle of Beauty.....Genevieve Broussard  
Louise Imogen Guiney, Idealist.....Madge Carey  
Journalism and American Humor.....Marguerite Cline  
Health Insurance.....Katharine Dolan  
The Old Fashioned Mother.....Loretto Doran  
William Dean Howells: An Appreciation.....Marie Guedelhoef  
A Criticism of the Electoral System of the United States...Dorothy Hackett  
American Experience with the Minimum Wage.....Ruth Healy  
A Plan of Americanization.....Alice Johnson  
Journalism as a Subject of Current Literature.....Mary Jones  
The New Profit-Sharing.....Mary Louise Lennon  
Clarence James Mangan.....Elizabeth Mahoney  
New Poetry.....Beatrice Rea  
The Triumph of Ireland.....Mercedes Rempe  
The Art of Robert Louis Stevenson.....Kathleen Sullivan  
Some of the Ideas of Dante's Inferno.....Burdine Tobin  
The Journal of Opal Whitley.....Cecelia Wolter  
Clara: Prophet of the Beautiful.....Josephine Ryan  
Gilbert Scott Chesterton.....Clara SeLegue  
Dance, Civilization and Woman.....Nellie Lee Holt

Volunteer.....Clara SeLegue  
Class Essayist.....Nellie Lee Holt  
Class Poet.....Josephine Ryan

## RECITALS.

CLASS OF 1921  
Wednesday, June first.

Festival March.....*Fritzsche*  
Ensemble Class  
Piano Solo Op. 3, No. 3.....*Rachmaninoff*  
Miss N. L. Holt  
Humoreske.....*Dvorak*  
Loure.....*Bach*

Ensemble Class  
Piano—Miss V. Williams

Song—Time and I.....*Cadman*  
Miss H. Weinrich  
Piano—Miss E. Broussard

Piano Solo—Nachtstuck, Op. 23, No. 3.....*Schumann*  
Miss R. Kramer

Old English Song for String  
Quartette.....arr. by *A. Pochon*  
First Violin—Misses M. del R. Blanco, E. Forschner  
M. Keown, M. B. Van Heuvel  
Second Violin—Misses L. Gleason, C. Burke, A. Buckley  
F. LaPointe  
Viola—Professor R. Seidel  
Cello—Miss A. Schlecht

Piano Solo—Humoreske.....*H. Balfour Gardner*  
Miss H. Weinrich

In Our Boat.....*Cowen-Spicer*  
St. Mary's Glee Club  
Piano—Miss E. Broussard  
Violin Obligato—Professor R. Seidel

Concerto in D.....*Bach*  
First Violin—Miss M. del R. Blanco  
Second Violin—Professor R. Seidel  
Piano—Miss E. Broussard

Overture—Zampa.....*Herold*  
First Piano—Misses E. Broussard, H. Weinrich  
Second Piano—Misses R. Kramer, N. L. Holt  
Violin—Professor R. Seidel

\* \* \* \*

On June 5th St. Mary's Glee Club was heard in a Sacred Song Recital in the Community Chapel. The program was very unique in character and demanded thorough musicianship on the part of the singers:

## PROGRAM.

## PART I.

Cantata—The Foolish Virgins.....*Kernochan*

## PART II.

Organ Solo—L'argo.....*Handel-Whitney*  
Miss H. Weinrich

Ave Maria.....*Schubert-Saar*  
Violin Obligato—Miss M. del R. Blanco.

## PART III.

Motet—Gallia.....*Gounod-Spicer*

Solo Voices—Misses H. Daly, H. Weinrich, F. Guthrie  
D. Ryno

SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.  
JUNE FOURTEEN.

## PROGRAM

Overture—"The Eagle's Nest".....*E. Isemann*  
Violins—Misses M. del R. Blanco, C. Burke, E. Forschner,  
L. Gleason, M. B. Van Heuvel, A. Buckley  
M. Horner, F. LaPointe, R. Kavanaugh  
M. Keown  
Viola—Professor R. Seidel  
Cello—Miss A. Schlecht  
First Piano—Miss V. Williams  
Second Piano—Miss L. Riley  
Harps—Misses M. Shez, L. Eilers

Chorus—Summer.....*Chaminade*  
St. Mary's Glee Club  
Piano—Miss E. Broussard

Class Poem—Sedes Sapientiae.....  
Miss Josephine Frances Ryan

Gavotte Op. 34.....*E. Pirani*  
First Piano—Miss N. L. Holt  
Second Piano—Miss M. Miller

Vocal Duet—The Gipsies.....*Brahms*  
Misses D. Ryno, H. Weinrich  
Piano—Miss N. L. Holt

Auf den Bergen Op. 19.....*Grieg*  
First Piano—Miss H. Weinrich  
Second Piano—Miss R. Kramer

Class Essay—Ibsen's Individualism and Woman  
Miss Nellie Lee Holt

Etude in G flat, Op. 24, No. 1.....*Moszkowski*  
Miss E. Broussard

Aria Je Suis Titania "Mignon".....Thomas

Miss F. Guthrie

*Piano*—Miss E. Broussard

Violin Solo—Il Trovatore.....Verdi-Alard

Miss M. del R. Blanco

*Piano*—Miss E. Broussard

Ave Maria.....Schubert-Saur

St. Mary's Glee Club

*Piano*—Miss E. Broussard*Violin*—Miss M. del R. Blanco

Conferring of Honors by

The Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D.

Graduating Medals and Degrees in Collegiate Course

Graduating Degree Medals and Diplomas in

Conservatory of Music

Diplomas in Academic Department

Valedictory .....Miss Clara Irene SeLegue

Address .....The Rev. Charles Miltner, C. S. C.

University of Notre Dame

Carmen .....Bizet-Tobani

*Violins*—Misses M. del R. Blanco, C. Burke, E. Forschner

L. Gleason, M. B. Van Heuvel, A. Buckley

M. Horner, F. LaPointe, R. Kavanaugh

*Viola*—Professor R. Seidel*Cello*—Miss A. Schlecht*First Piano*—Miss M. Morrissey*Second Piano*—Miss H. Daily*Harps*—Misses M. Shee, L. Eilers

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St. Mary's shares a grief that is nation-wide. She sorrows with the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross on the death of Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, Coadjutor General, who for so long was leader and guide to the community at Notre Dame. Father Morrissey's friendship has meant much to the Sisters at St. Mary's. We can but feel that our loss is Heaven's gain, hence, though we sorrow, we can but rejoice that our invocation of saints has another and powerful name and we feel that he who knew our every need and gave to his utmost for us while he dwelt here, will not fail to remember those same needs as he kneels before the throne of the Master.

—Loving sympathy with the promise of prayers is offered to the bereaved husband and relatives of Nell Beatty-McFayden of Norfolk, Neb., to Gertrude Green and her father on the death of their loved one, Mrs. J. F. Green of Creighton, Neb., and to Rose Scullen-Van Mourick on the loss of her dear mother, Mrs. M. Scullen-Van Mourick.

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## NOTES.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK, JUNE 11-14.

—Commencement Week brought the usual round of exercises: Sunday, June 12, Solemn High Mass with the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., as celebrant, assisted by the Revs. William Bolger, C. S. C., deacon and Peter Hebert, C. S. C., subdeacon. The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. W. Melody, D. D., of Chicago; Monday, June 13, Requiem Mass for the deceased academic graduates, with the Rev. William Connor, C. S. C. as celebrant; Tuesday, June 14, the annual Commencement Exercises and the Academic Reunion Luncheon. The evenings were spent in social gatherings.

## CHURCH MUSIC FOR BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

Sisters' Choir and St. Mary's Glee Club.

Entrance March.....	<i>Selected</i>
Proper of the Mass.....	<i>Tozer</i>
Mass in A.....	<i>Rheinberger</i>
Tota Pulchra Es (Offertory).....	<i>Ferrata</i>
Benediction—Ecce Panis.....	<i>Mercier</i>
Tantum Ergo.....	<i>Gregorian</i>
Te Deum.....	
March .....	<i>Selected</i>

—The Collegiate Department offers heartiest congratulations to the Academic Graduates on the success of their Reunion. At this, the first meeting since its organization in 1919, the large attendance and enthusiasm shown by all present presage many happy home-comings in the future.

—Of the guests, special honor was given to Mrs. Alice Coady-Cartier, President of St. Mary's Alumnae Association and Miss Anna Hunt, both of the class of 1896. Our desires are most aptly expressed in the closing words of Mrs. Cartier's response to a toast to the Jubilarians: "My sweetest wish for you, my younger sisters, and the holiest hope that I can utter is this—when for you the silver mantle that marks the anniversary of your graduation, hangs like our mother's gentle

benediction over you, may your sincerest feelings of loyalty and gratitude to our watchful, patient, prayerful Alma Mater be those which we, the present representatives of the class of 1896 would print in words of silver made diamond bright by truest devotion to that Mother."

—Among the Reverend clergy present at the annual exercises were the Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding, D. D. of Fort Wayne; the Revs. B. Brown of Providence, R. I., E. Mungoven of Valparaiso, Ind., T. Dillon of Mishawaka, Ind., J. Costello of Anderson, Ind., F. J. Jansen of Elkhart, Ind., J. A. Lynn of Hobart, Ind., the Revs. W. R. Connor, C. S. C., J. Gallagher, C. S. C., B. Ill, C. S. C., J. Nieuland, C. S. C., F. Wenninger, C. S. C., C. Doremus, C. S. C., W. Cunningham, C. S. C., P. Foik, C. S. C., C. Miltner, C. S. C., C. Hagerty, C. S. C., and W. Corcoran, C. S. C., all of Notre Dame, Ind.

\* \* \* \*

—"Marriage" was the subject of a forceful sermon delivered May 15 by the Rev. Patrick Hagerty of N. D. U., and "Kindness" the theme chosen by the Rev. Peter Hebert, June 5, from which many practical and beneficial lessons were drawn.

—On July 6, several former students of the college and academy will enter the Novitiate and on August 15, those "St. Mary's girls" who have completed their probation as "white-veiled" novices will begin active work on the missions.

—On the afternoon of June 26, Commandant G. E. Dubreuil, Attache Militaire of the French Embassy at Washington, D. C., came to St. Mary's accompanied by the Revs. George Savaugé, C. S. C., Procurator at Rome, Italy, and John Delauney, C. S. C., of Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C. The object of the Commandant's visit was to congratulate in person, Sister M. Eugenie and to present, with the customary ceremony, the decoration recently awarded her by the French Academy in Paris.

—Since the last issue of the CHIMES Spring-time fancies of sometime passed have culminated in the marriages of Mary Ellen Ryan to Mr. Dennis E. Leary of Ft. Dodge, Iowa; Bernice Alzimer Dewey to Mr. Vincent Conces, Jr., of East Chicago; Kathleen Elizabeth Sutherland to Mr. Robert James O-Callaghan of Ironwood, Mich.; Dorothy May Wheeler to Mr. Robert Edmund Hogan of Chicago; Regina Smith to Dr. John J. Corbett of Circleville, Ohio; Mildred Vopicka to Mr. Thomas J. Doyle, Jr., of Chicago; Alice Julia Kennedy to Mr. James E. Gallagher of Lafayette, Ind., Sofia Cottolenc to Senor Hector Rey de Castro of Peru, South America and Helen Holland to Mr. Bernard Voll of Philadelphia, Pa. May the brightness of the season be a forecast of many blessed years of wedded life.

—By a special privilege, Helen Holland, a student for twelve years in the Preparatory, Academic and Collegiate Departments at St. Mary's, was married in the Church of Loretto. Helen was Valedictorian of her class the year that Mr. Voll received the same honor at the University of Notre Dame.

We clip from the *Tribune* of South Bend, the following account of their wedding:

Charming in every detail was the marriage of Miss Helen Holland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Holland, and Bernard J. Voll, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Voll, of Philadelphia, Pa., which took place this morning at 9 o'clock in the Loretto chapel at St. Mary's College and Academy. The nuptial high mass was celebrated by Rev. W. R. Connor, C. S. C., assisted by Rev. J. Gallagher, C. S. C. and Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C.

Attending the bride as maid of honor was Miss Mildred Crull, of Osceola, this county. The bride's maids were Miss Dymna Balbach, of Pontiac, Mich., Miss Mary McCook, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Miss Lillian Burke and Miss Mildred Keily, both of Chicago. Howard R. Parker of Woodland, Calif., acted as best man and the ushers were Oscar Dorwin and Thomas H. Beacom, of Chicago, and Paul Conaghan, of Peoria, Ill.

The gown of the maid of honor was of light blue organdie with applique flowers and she wore a hat of the same shade and material. Miss Balbach wore a gown of pale pink organdie with a hat to match; Miss McCook's gown was of yellow organdie with a yellow organdie hat; Miss Burke was gowned in orchid organdie with a hat of the same and Miss Keily wore a gown of jade green organdie with a hat to match. The maid of honor and the bride's maids carried variegated flowers of the season fashioned into fan shaped bouquets.

The bride was lovely in a gown of white georgette crepe heavily beaded with pearls and with a court train lined with blue and white. Her full length tulle veil was surmounted by a tiara of rose point lace. She carried a shower bouquet of white sweetpeas and valley lillies.

Immediately following the ceremony breakfast was served at St. Mary's to the members of the bridal party and relatives of the bride and bridegroom. Mr. and Mrs. Voll left on an eastern wedding trip and will be at home after Oct. 1 at 83 Brattle street, Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Voll having secured her entire education at St. Mary's beginning with the minum department and completed by her graduation was accorded the unusual privilege of being married in the chapel. Mr. Voll is a graduate of Notre Dame University and is now a student at Harvard law school.

#### VACATION'S COMING.

HELENE EISENHÄUER, '23.

BIRDS are singing gaily  
Bees are softly humming,  
Soon we'll pack our troubles.  
Why—Vacation's coming!

O'er the gentle breezes  
Hear the banjos strumming,  
All the world is merry,  
Well—Vacation's coming!

Why are we so solemn  
When seeing friends so dear?  
'Tis the last long looking  
Because—Vacation's here!

GRADUATING HONORS,  
1921.THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS (IN PHILOSOPHY)—  
*conferred on:*

Miss Charlotte Voss, Harvey, Illinois.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS (CLASSICAL COURSE)  
AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on:*

Miss Nellie Lee Holt, Falls City, Nebraska.  
Miss Josephine Frances Ryan, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Miss Clara Irene SeLegue, Logansport, Indiana.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY (IN HISTORY  
AND SOCIAL SCIENCES) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS  
*conferred on:*

Miss Katherine Mary Dolan, Atchison, Kansas  
Miss Dorothy Isabel Hackett, New Albany, Indiana.  
Miss Ruth Mary Healy, Fort Dodge, Iowa.  
Miss Alice Evelyn Johnson, Rawlins, Wyoming.  
Miss Mary Louise Lennon, Joliet, Illinois.  
Miss Beatrice Clarissa Rea, Richmond, Virginia.  
Miss Mercedes Angela Rempe, Chicago, Illinois.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY (IN JOURNAL-  
ISM) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on:*

Miss Marguerite Catherine Cline, Barberton, Ohio.  
Miss Mary Frances Jones, South Bend, Indiana.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LETTERS (LITT. B.) AND  
GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on:*

Miss Estelle Broussard, Beaumont, Texas.  
Miss Genevieve Broussard, Beaumont, Texas.  
Miss Madee Carey, Joliet, Illinois.  
Miss Marie Guedelhoefer, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
Miss Elizabeth Julia Mahoney, Rawlins, Wyoming.  
Miss Kathleen Eva L. Sullivan, Casper, Wyoming.  
Miss Mary Burdine Tobin, Tekamah, Nebraska.  
Miss Cecelia Wolter, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (HOME ECON-  
OMICS) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDAL—*conferred on:*

Miss Loretta Angela Doran, Rockford, Illinois.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC—*conferred on:*

Miss Estelle Rita Broussard, Beaumont, Texas.

DIPLOMAS IN THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND GRAD-  
UATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on:*

Miss Nellie Lee Holt, Falls City, Nebraska.  
Miss Rosella Kramer, Minster, Ohio.  
Miss Mildred M. Miller, Fort Wayne, Indiana.  
Miss Hazel Weinrich, Burlington, Iowa.

GRADUATING GOLD MEDAL IN VIOLIN—*conferred on:*

Miss Maria del Refugio Blanco, Mexico City, Mexico.

GRADUATING GOLD MEDAL IN VOCAL COURSE—*conferred  
on:*

Miss Florence Guthrie, South Bend, Indiana.

DIPLOMAS IN THE ACADEMIC COURSE—*conferred on:*

Miss Frances Jacqueline Armstrong, Decatur, Illinois.  
Miss Constance Berno, Mansfield, Ohio.  
Miss Elizabeth Ann Buell, Dallas, Texas.  
Miss Madeline H. Connable, Keokuk, Iowa.  
Miss Mary Azalea Cook, Decatur, Illinois.  
Miss Grace Eleanor Downey, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Katherine Elizabeth Ellis, Valparaiso, Indiana.  
Miss Eva Catherine Ender, Deerfield, Illinois.  
Miss Kathryn Margaret Feeney, Sioux Falls, South  
Dakota.  
Miss Eythel M. Hartman, Laramie, Wyoming.  
Miss Elsa L. Heine, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Lillian M. Humphreys, Denver, Colorado.  
Miss Lucille Johnson, Lemont, Illinois.  
Miss Margaret Allen Johnson, St. Paul, Minnesota.  
Miss Marie Cecilia Kahl, Davenport, Iowa.  
Miss Kathleen M. Kelleher, Marshall, Michigan.  
Miss Adelaide Kraus, Fort Wayne, Indiana.  
Miss Catherine C. Kuboske, Rensselaer, Indiana.  
Miss Frances Elinor Lamphere, Redford, Michigan.  
Miss Margaret Elizabeth Mellett, Anderson, Indiana.  
Miss Linda Minahan, Atlanta, Georgia.  
Miss Kathryn Marquise Pendleton, Clifton, Illinois.  
Miss Mona Mae Quine, Detroit, Michigan.  
Miss Nell Marie Randall, Atlanta, Georgia.  
Miss Dorothea Elizabeth Ryno, Benton Harbor,  
Michigan.  
Miss Angelina Santini, Coamo, Porto Rico.  
Miss Mary Catherine Sweeney, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Adelaide J. Tobin, Tekamah, Nebraska.  
Miss Mariam Mivelaz Ward, Little Rock, Arkansas.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE TWO YEAR'S COURSE  
IN NORMAL TRAINING—*conferred on:*

Miss Kathleen Barr, Chalmers, Indiana.  
Miss Mary Ethel Holliday, Laramie, Wyoming.  
Miss Helen Kelly, Watersmeet, Michigan.  
Miss Catherine Kennedy, Union City, Indiana.  
Miss Margaret Kinerk, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Mary Gertrude Murphy, Union City, Indiana.  
Miss Myrtle McCarthy, El Paso, Texas.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE THREE YEARS' COURSE  
IN HOME ECONOMICS—*conferred on:*

Miss Regina Wolter, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE TWO YEARS' COURSE  
IN COMMERCIAL—*conferred on:*

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Miss Margaret Helena Sullivan, Payne, Ohio.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE EIGHT YEARS' COURSE  
IN LATIN—*conferred on:*

Miss Clara Irene SeLegue, Logansport, Indiana.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE FIVE YEARS' COURSE  
IN SPANISH—*conferred on:*

Miss Margarita Blanco, Mexico City, Mexico.  
Miss Angelina Santini, Coamo, Porto Rico.

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HARMONY—*conferred on:*

Miss Lucille Barry, Fort Collins, Colorado.  
Miss Cecilia Burke, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Louise Cartier, Ludington, Michigan.  
Miss Helen M. Daily, Muskogee, Oklahoma.  
Miss Madeline Faught, Altamont, Illinois.  
Miss Heloise Gauvreau, Hastings, Nebraska.  
Miss Margaret LaPine, Gladstone, Michigan.  
Miss Marguerite Moran, Deming, New Mexico.  
Miss Anna Pfister, Node, Wyoming.  
Miss Marion Warde, Little Rock, Arkansas.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE ADVANCED COURSE IN  
THE ART PROGRESSIVE SERIES OF MUSIC—*conferred on:*

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Miss Hazel Weinrich, Burlington, Iowa.

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Miss Veronica de la Houssaye, Dallas, Texas.  
Miss Helen K. Kelly, Watersmeet, Michigan.  
Miss Dorothy King, Danville, Illinois.  
Miss Ruth Krafthefer, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Margaret O'Donnell, Billings, Montana.  
Miss Martha Rosek, Sand Lake, Michigan.  
Miss Amelia Schlecht, Eureka, Utah.  
Miss Miriam Warde, Little Rock, Arkansas.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE ELEMENTARY COURSE  
IN THE ART PROGRESSIVE SERIES OF MUSIC—*conferred on:*

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Miss Kathleen Barr, Chalmers, Indiana.  
Miss Lucile Barry, Fort Collins, Colorado.  
Miss Leona Berghoff, Fort Wayne, Indiana.  
Miss Catherine Berno, Mansfield, Ohio.  
Miss Elizabeth Buell, Dallas, Texas.  
Miss Altargracia Cicera, San Antonio, Texas.  
Miss Ethel Curley, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Mary Louise Dossier, Terre Haute, Indiana.  
Miss Helen Emerson, Huntington, Indiana.  
Miss Harold Essell, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Madeline Faught, Altamont, Illinois.  
Miss Katherine Feeney, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.  
Miss Louise Frank, Long Beach, California.  
Miss Kathleen Frank, Elm, Michigan.  
Miss Anna Gaudin, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Helen Barker, Hartford City, Indiana.  
Miss Charles Husek, Denver, Colorado.  
Miss Alice Helen Fort Pierre, South Dakota.  
Miss Elsie Huse, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Thelma Huse, Elgin, Illinois.

Miss Mary Jane Johnston, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Charlotte Kerlin, Vincennes, Indiana.  
Miss Beatrice Kingsbury, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Gertrude Kinsler, Omaha, Nebraska.  
Miss Cecilia Knoerzer, Hammond, Indiana.  
Miss Margaret LaPine, Gladstone, Michigan.  
Miss Bertha Merz, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Marguerite Moran, Deming, New Mexico.  
Miss Nell Randall, Atlanta, Georgia.  
Miss Katherine Schmalzried, Memphis, Tennessee.  
Miss Margaret Wellington, South Bend, Indiana.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE PREPARATORY COURSE  
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Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., September 1921

No. 1

## OUR ALMA MATER.

CATHERINE JOHNS, '22.

O! happy are the days we spend with thee,  
Each hour we find new joys within thy walls,  
While carefree voices echo through thy halls  
Of loving friends we prize so tenderly.  
All griefs depart, and fears all cease to be,  
The shade of sorrow never on us falls,  
Thy sweet and tender care our hearts enthral  
And fills our lives with sweet security.  
We pledge to thee a faith forever true  
And as we journey forward on life's way  
Our hearts with backward steps will eager trace  
The years with thee we never can renew,  
Yet in our hearts we cherish more each day,  
Time never can our memories efface.

## SOME OF THE IDEAS OF DANTE'S INFERNO.

BURDINE TOBIN, '21.

IT is in vain that one will seek through literature for a poet to compare with Dante Alighieri in misfortune, in disappointment, or in ill fate, and equally in vain that he will seek one who by genius and perseverance has turned his misfortune more to our profit. The sixth centenary of his death is calling forth many and well-deserved tributes to this greatest of our Catholic poets.

Dante was born in Florence in 1265, a descendant of a noble family. The name given him was a contraction of Durante, meaning "the enduring one." He was brought up in refined surroundings, given a good education, and his early life was happy and comfortable. It is said that before his birth his mother foresaw in a dream the greatness of her son. His parents died when he was still young, leaving him under the protection of Brunetto Latini "the first master in refining the Florentines."

When the boy was nine years old, he met Beatrice, a meeting which was of so much consequence throughout his life. Love, thereafter, was the master passion of his soul. One of his

first and best works, *The Vita Nuova*, a poem written shortly after the death of Beatrice telling of his love for her, is one of the sweetest, and at the same time, most powerful love stories ever written.

Dante follows St. Thomas in practically every matter except in his politics. His political ideas are set forth in his *De Monarchia*, a body of principles which are by no means in agreement with our Catholic Social Ethics; for in his work the author frees rulers of spiritual power, being as he seems, a believer in "the divine right of kings". Because of this warmly advocated theory, *De Monarchia* was placed on the Index. Dante considered the power of the pope as temporal ruler to be very slight, not wishing to concede him even so much authority as is now granted to belong to the Roman Pontiff.

The *Divine Comedy* has met a very different reception, having received great commendation from the Church and universal acceptance as one of the masterpieces of literary art. In this tremendous poem, Dante is an exponent of Catholic truth. "He teaches all the most important truths concerning God and man, virtue and its reward, heaven, purgatory, hell, good and evil, its punishment, its purification. The grand epic takes up such momentous subjects as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Redemption, the foundation of the Church, the primacy of Peter, the sacraments, the efficacy of prayer, the invocation of the saints, the exalted dignity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and others of this nature."

His remarkably creative and vivid imagination makes it easy for us to see his visions just as he himself saw them. Oscar Kuhs says of the *Inferno*, "take that picture of the land of terror and gloom, with its hail and snow and roaring winds, with its grim and savage landscape, its forests of gnarled trees, its burning plains and valleys of desolation, the whole overhung with clouds of inky blackness, rent and made lurid by jets of red light or by flickering tongues of flame."

Dante was a seer. "The more I think of it," says Ruskin, "I find this conclusion more impress-

ed upon me,—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion—all in one." To Dante, Hell is a reality, and he makes it seem so to his readers. It seems so real that the readers of his day did not doubt but what he actually visited the lower regions. "It happened one day in Verona," we read in Boccaccio, "as Dante passed before a door where several women were seated, one of them said softly, but not too low to be heard by him, and those who were with him: 'Do you see him who goes down to Hell and comes back again when he pleases, and brings back news of those who are down below?' To which, another of the women answered simply, 'Certainly, you speak the truth. See how scorched his beard is, and how dark he is from heat and smoke!'"

In his *Paradiso*, Dante teaches us love of God and faith in Him; in the *Inferno*, he teaches us the fear of God. He is a great moralist among the poets. His *Divine Comedy* is essentially a theological and a moral poem, full of lessons to make men better. His doctrine of sin is the basis of the *Inferno*. It is a result of his observation of evil in himself and in others, and of the fact that man is conquered by the wrong he loves. His ideas of the various degrees of sin are expressed in the architecture he gives to the lower regions. It is so built that the abode of the most wicked is farthest from God. The sins that result from the untaught passions—anger, gluttony, and carnality—receive punishment in the upper circles. Those guilty of malice, because it aims at the injury of others, are in the lower circle, and those guilty of fraud are punished there—the severest punishment. Dante's idea of sin differs from our conception of it; he thinks that the malice lies in the act and its effects upon society. Whereas, we understand that the guilt is altogether in the intention, in the internal act of the will. His Hell is the hell of those who have sinned against God, society, and self. Dante suggests the nature of the various sins by placing an appropriate punishment next to each, and by putting a name to each sin, so that the reader can see the connection between the sin and the punishment. He does this in the *Inferno* by placing the punishment next to the sin, and by putting a name to each sin, so that the reader can see the connection between the sin and the punishment. He does this in the *Inferno* by placing the punishment next to the sin, and by putting a name to each sin, so that the reader can see the connection between the sin and the punishment.

heavy coat, the sneaking thief changing his disguise from human to snaky form, and the blasphemer looking up into heaven weeping miserably.

Dante believes that the punishment of sin is to live in the state of sin, that man is punished by his very sins themselves. The sinner is in truth a slave; and there is no liberation for him except through divine aid. Punishment is not imposed in anger, but by Justice. Dante is a firm believer that punishment should have a due proportion to the crime for which it is inflicted. These torments of hell are the natural results of passions not restrained, and observing them as we do in the *Inferno*, they arouse in us a salutary desire for self-restraint. The sinner can give no real reason for sinning, though he tries to justify his fault by all sorts of excuses. The poet does not believe, as do some modern teachers, that denying the existence of God does away with the punishment of the wicked. Sin depends on free will, but the strength of the will is not weakened by sin. The author gives us an example of this when Farinata "straightened himself up with breast and front as though he held Hell in great scorn." The sinners of the *Inferno* suffer for only one sin; they may have committed in life any number of varied sins; but in hell, they are punished specifically for but one and hence remain in one circle. This is one of the artist's great consistencies. Man can easily be absorbed in one passion and overcome by it, just as his whole nature is developed by right-living.

Unlike most of our great poets and prophets, Dante instills no feeling of remorse into the agony and gloom of his *Inferno*. Not once do we hear a cry of reproach of conscience. But when the summit of Purgatory is reached, the soul feels a horror of itself. It is the light of God that quickens conscience into life. The poet is true to his philosophy when he places remorse upon the top of the mountain, rather than in Hell. To be deprived of the consciousness of God is the highest penalty of sin. Heaven is knowing God and dwelling in Him; Hell is knowing sin and living in it; it is not a nightmare, but a reality.

Dante makes vice terrible and inspires in us a feeling of horror for it, while he shows virtue to be so beautiful that we love it. The fear of God helps man to live rightly; and the *Inferno* effectively teaches us this fear. Hell, as he presents it,

is obviously the work of God's love, wisdom and justice. These dreadful words are the inscription over the gates of hell:

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;  
Through me you pass into eternal pain;  
Through me among the people lost for aye.  
Justice the founder of my fabric moved;  
To rear me was the task of power divine,  
Supremest Wisdom and primeval Love.  
Before me things created were none, save things  
Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Although Dante gives us pictures of severest suffering, he keeps ever before us a picture of Supreme Wisdom and God's justice to all.

To Dante, there are three things which lead men astray from the path of Virtue, ambition, lust, and avarice. He personifies these respectively as the lion, the panther, and the she-wolf. The one of these that does the most damage is avarice. The miser and the wasteful man are together in Hell, rolling immense bags of coin and weights against each other. "Nor could all the gold," says the text, "that is beneath the moon purchase even rest for one of these toil-worn souls." Dante's demons of avarice are so ugly that we realize their power of evil; then we have a feeling of disgust, of horror, and of fear of sin; for it is sin that would bring us under their rule.

Dante gives to his age and to ours a powerful message on Greed. He describes the awful punishments that follow upon it and warns all mankind against it. It makes men's hearts cold and hard, he says; it will cause men to betray their friends and to disgrace their own people. It is the glitter of gold, the worship of money, that makes men lie and deceive; it makes them robbers, or causes them falsely to accuse another of their guilt; influenced by it, kings forget what Justice is. Dante's message on Greed, his lessons on the punishment of Greed cannot be given too plainly for us Americans today. "The moral plague of our times and country, they say, is not intemperance, is not incontinency, is not religious indifference. That plague is the consuming rage to get rich and get rich quickly, by fair means or foul; it is one word: Greed." Our national vice is greed. We are afraid of poverty; we are ashamed of it. Of course, Americans

as individuals have no monopoly on avarice. Dante did not miss his opportunity to preach against it; for greed always has been a vice among individuals, but did even Dante think it would be "stamped upon a people as its national vice"?

Dante is a guiding light, a great moral teacher whom we cannot hear and follow too faithfully. His *Inferno* sets forth sin in its real horror, and warns the reader of the awful punishment of sin, and gives him a fear of God's judgment. His teachings make the poem a book of morals.

There is no doubt that the *Inferno* still lives because of its ethical value. Dante does not hide vice under the wings of angels, or give us the "scented sins" of the moderns; he shows us evil as it really is, and virtue as a queen in her glory. There is every advantage in reading the great Italian poet; he inspires and helps the reader. He is always moral, his ethical teachings are built on the solid foundation of reasoned and revealed truth. The harp of his genius is attuned to magnifying the glories of God. In an ecstasy of praise, he sings:

"Wisdom Supreme! how wonderful the art,  
Which Thou dost manifest in Heaven, in earth,  
And in the evil world, how just a meed  
Allotting by Thy virtue unto all."

Dean Church says "*The Divina Commedia* is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and forever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than in centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after. It stands with the *Iliad* and Shakespeare's plays, with the writings of Aristotle and Plato, with the *Novum Organum* and the *Principia*, with Justinian's *Code*, with the Parthenon and St. Peter's. It is the first Christian poem; and it opens European literature, as the *Iliad* did that of Greece and Rome; and like the *Iliad* it has never become out of date; it accompanies in undiminished freshness the literature which it began."

## KEATS: THE APOSTLE OF BEAUTY

GEMADYF BROUSSARD, '21.

THE present year is the centennial anniversary of several great men, some of whom suffered from harsh criticisms but are now found after one hundred years at the pinnacle of fame. Such a man is John Keats, a fitting example of the far swing of a critical pendulum during one hundred years. He is among the greatest poets any country has produced, although during his life he experienced the greatest share of the world's hardness of heart, and being a man of fragile nature, he suffered greatly. We, of the present day, proud to help swell the chorus of praise that heralds his advent into his own, also rejoice with him in the fulfillment of his boyish prophecy to his most devoted friend, Severn: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." He is, "he is with Shakespeare"—so, at least, Matthew Arnold proclaims.

One can hardly imagine a less poetic background than that against which the young "word-magician" was silhouetted for he was born in a stable—Swan-and-Hoop, Finsbury Pavement, London, in October 1795. He was the eldest of five children of Thomas Keats, head ostler in a stable belonging to John Jennings, whose daughter, Elizabeth, he married soon after his coming from Devon. He was a man of intelligence and fine deportment, of good common sense and native respectability. The mother was a sensible woman, lively, clever, and extremely fond of John. She humored him in every whim, yet she was a woman of "uncommon talents." They were people of means, dignity and natural gifts. They were very ambitious for their boys whom they sent to school at Enfield, where John met Cowden Clarke, his life long friend. Keats' young days were more notorious for pugilistic tendencies than for latent poetic powers. Cowden Clarke tells us: "He was a favorite with all. Not the less beloved was he for having a highly prominent spirit which, when roused was one of the most picturesque exhibitions off the stage I ever saw. . . . His passion at times was almost ungovernable; and his brother George, being considerably the taller and stronger, used frequently to hold him down by main force, and when once he was 'in' one of his mood, it was a warning to beat him." However, this

was a mere trifle as John loved his brother tenderly, and he proved his love on several occasions. He was utterly unconscious of a mean motive, and as he was very high minded, placable, and generous, everyone loved him.

It was during his last term at school, that he suddenly became intensely interested in reading, and all the energy of his being turned to study. All his recreations he devoted to the perusal of history, fiction, books on travel and especially mythology.

Cowden Clarke says: "In my mind's eye I now see him at supper, sitting back on the form from the table, holding the folio volume of Burnet's *History of His Own Time* between himself and the table, eating his meal from beyond it. This book and Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* laid the foundation for his love of religion and civil liberty."

His school days were cut short by the death of his mother whom he loved most tenderly. His grandmother, out of devotion for her grandchildren divided her property among them and placed them under the care of two guardians. Mr. Abbey was in charge of John whom he took out of school when he was just fifteen and bound for five years as apprentice to Dr. Hammond, surgeon at Edmonton. He remained under Dr. Hammond from 1810 until 1814 when for some unknown reason they quarrelled and he left for London where he continued his studies at Guy's hospital. He was not particularly adapted to this work, but having taken it up, he devoted all his time to his studies. He made the greatest progress and was very accurate in whatever he undertook to do.

It was in the interval of his nineteenth and twentieth year that the passion for poetry began to assert itself. However, he kept steadily to his work until 1816 when he left the hospital, after passing with credit his examination as licentiate at Apothecarie's Hall. "Voices and visions that he could not resist" were "luring his spirit along other paths." He decided to devote all his time to poetry, but his guardian was so incensed that Keats was compelled to go forth a penniless enthusiast with only the hope of compelling his muse to earn him a livelihood. He was fortunate in the possession of a friend in Cowden Clarke who did more than introduce him to Spencer's *Faerie Queen*, to the inspiration of which the germ of poetic power is due; he also



presented him to Leigh Hunt with whom a strong friendship developed.

The times were ripe for his genius to blossom forth, with such men as Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, and Leigh Hunt all on the threshold of life, preparing to bring a great change for the better in literature. Some were men of rank and fortune, advantages that Keats lacked. Yet he was as well born as Shakespeare for it is not more strange that a stable boy should evolve into a poet, than that a butcher boy, as in the case of Shakespeare, should become a master dramatist.

This handsome, ardent looking young poet was to exert the greatest influence of any of these writers on later times. He was of small stature, being a little over five feet tall with a compact, well-turned body and a strong, shapely head set off by a thick cluster of gold-brown hair. His eyes, the marvel of all biographers or commentators on this poet, were "hazel-brown, liquid-flashing and visibly inspired." . . . He made a most pleasing appearance "the character and expression of his features would arrest even the casual passer-by on the street." He was a lover of beauty as he himself tells us, "I could not live without the love of my friends, but I hate mawkish popularity. I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the memory of great men."

Keats has been severely criticised as a weak man, one who must be pampered, a man unable to stand up and take the blows which come to every man who puts himself before the public. His brother, George, refutes this slur of him, saying, "He was as much like the Holy Ghost as like Johnny Keats." The young poet was ready for life; as he himself says, he thought "that difficulties nerved the spirit of man." He was a man of insight, courageous and steadfast. He says, "There is but one way for me, the road lies through application, study and thought; I will pursue it." Keats may have been a weak man physically but by nature he was strong, in that he realized his great secret flaw. "Truth is, I have a horrid morbidity of Temperament, which has shown itself at intervals; it is. I have no doubt, the greatest enemy and stumbling-block I have to fear; I may even say, it is likely to be the cause of my disappointment." He has also

been pronounced a wayward, unbalanced, profuse, rather ill-bred, ignoble person. From those nearest him we find he was a man possessed of indefinable personality, suggestive of strong physical qualities, quick, self-determined, unselfish, loving and above all, gentle to everyone. We may sum up his faults in a small volume, while his greatness will live of itself.

As a poet this young "word-magician" is unsurpassed. Not since Spencer has there been a "purer gift of poetry among English speaking peoples; not since Milton, a time of nobler balance of sound thought and cadence." He is the most poetical of poets, his thoughts are poetry, not thoughts made into poetry. He is the Bard of Beauty, possessing pure imagination, most precious because it is the most creative of gifts. Since Shakespeare, no poet has found such color in our language or made it linger in our ears in phrases so rich and full. We find this magical note in only the truest poetry—poetry such as that of Keats. The secret of Keats' success is—his soul came into contact with the soul of the thing he observed, he saw more than the surface of beauty, he touched it. As a bee settles with delight in the heart of a flower, so Keats goes into the heart of beauty and brings to us the fruits of a poet's gathering. He surrenders himself to the enchantment of beauty, loving the principle of beauty in all things. He knew better than any poet who has lived how "to load every rift of the subject with ore." He borrowed from Shakespeare, Spencer, Aristo, Milton, but he has so perfectly fashioned his stolen goods into a marvelous whole that we must praise him, for the impress they wear no longer possesses their individualism—they are wrapped in the cloak of the "god-like thief" himself. He has shown his manliness by becoming a true poet in spite of harsh criticisms and adverse circumstances.

In his poem *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, composed in the summer of 1815, Keats for the first time proved himself a poet, and for the first time he struck that rich, mellow note, resonant of a beauty more musical than what he called Homer's "magical-note." This was the first real promise of genius which, however, was not to be realized to its fullest possibility. For during a tramp through Scotland with strong Charles Brown, being weakened through anxiety about the publication of his *Endymion* and the

ill-health of his young brother, Tom, he showed signs of illness. He returned home and cared for his brother, contracting consumption from him.

Two years later, in company with his dearest friend, Joseph Severn, he sailed for Naples, September 18, 1820, hoping to prolong his life. It was too late and he died in the arms of his kind friend, February 23, 1821. He is buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. Many critics attribute his death to the vindictive criticisms which appeared on the advent of his *Endymion*. Though he was only twenty-two years of age when it was composed, still, we feel that he took the criticisms much as a foot-ball player takes the blows he receives in a scrimmage—merely as part of the game. It is a bewildering piece, still one should not judge it as the finished work of a master but as the work of a promising poet. When it was composed, he was not in the exact mood for writing: his brother George was on the point of emigrating to America, and Tom was ill, and so he rushed through the work. However, we find it still lives at the present day because of the over-flowing beauty of thought and diction. One realizes the strength and weakness of the poem and judges it as the composition of a young poet, overflowing with promise and the striving of the soul of the man "to enter into communion with the spirit of essential beauty in the world."

He was indeed a striving poet, as is shown by his understanding of Greek literature. He never studied the language, but we find his works permeated with the classic spirit and it glides as gracefully into his poem as the ship into its port. In the *ode to a Grecian Urn* we find all the Greek moderation, calm, classic grace, the poet's kinship with Greece, wonderfully enshrined. It is the marvel of ages, the work of a master painter. He used the Greek brush but the colors are modeled with his own rich, exquisite English diction. This poem is one of six which make up his masterpieces; the golden coins by means of which its priceless coloring and take its place among the masterpieces.

His *Ode to a Nightingale* is a most musical and exquisite poem, as musical as the bird and as graceful as the simile towards which the nightingale sings. It is music wedded to the ethereal beauty and the beauty which flood all nature.

John Keats the Apostle of Beauty, the "poet

of poets" has come into his own. Though he suffered much during his twenty-six years of life, we have enshrined him within our hearts and to-day he stands forth as one of the most poetic and alive figures in all contemporary letters. A man's influence on civilization is not to be gauged by the extent to which he is known on the streets. Keats was always a comparatively obscure figure and remains so today. Since 1821 "many a reputation has flamed up and fallen to ashes," many a line of verse has passed over the mill-wheel, and many a novelist has waxed and waned. Meanwhile, Keats has been read by an ever increasing few. To-day there are only two schools, the modern school and those following Keats—the lover of beauty. Those whom he affected most profoundly and who stand so high in our estimation are: Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Lowell, and Lanier. Keats rightly deserves the distinction of being the beloved poet to the adept and to the amateur in poesy. Now after one hundred years his figure stands not for despair but for the triumph of genius over material and of beauty over the dissolution of the grave.

Keats in choosing his epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," chose the sweetest and most enduring voice of all nature to chant his name through all ages. Frank Dempster Sherman has set to music the heart thoughts of those who love the name of Keats:

"River or sea, the voice is still the same,  
Each curving water-lip the words repeat,  
Forever murmuring the poet's name,  
And murmuring melodiously, Keats."

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#### FRIENDSHIP.

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KATHERINE DOLAN, '21.

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IN this great world of ours, we find the need  
Of friends, as flowers are to bees, and stars  
To the dark night; we see great rocks with mars  
Made smooth and fair by waves and brooks which feed  
The meadows hungry banks, and then the flowers plead  
And turn to sunbeams bright and find the wars  
Of life made clear; and birds which find the bars  
Of a high flight are set, return and lead  
The weary to the trees. But best of all  
We know the man, whose friendship is staunch and true,  
The one on whom in trouble you may call  
And feel the real support so good and true,  
Who tries to take the road and never fall  
Below the standard God has set, for you.

## YOUTH.

MERCEDES REMPE, '21.

HAIL! fair dreamer of fantastic dreams!  
 Your youth has made you see all things  
 Through fairy glasses of purest white  
 That give all plain things fancy light.  
 For you, our hopes are raised in prayer,  
 That ever you may be so fair,  
 That always we may turn to you  
 For light and faith, for sky so blue  
 That chases darker clouds away.  
 We hope that all their sorrows lay  
 At your dear feet; that you may keep  
 Their faith in God; their joys all reap.

## THE EVOLUTION OF A LIAR.

CLARA SELEGUE, '21.

WHEN Tito Melema came to Florence, he seemed eminently fitted to lead a life of innocent pleasure and of ease. He was young, beautiful, talented, with a disposition which gained the affection of all who were not too penetrating. His childhood, under the kind care of his foster-father, Baldassare, was happy. He had been a bright, lovely boy, a youth of even splendid grace, who seemed quite without vices, as if that beautiful form represented a vitality so exquisitely poised and balanced that it could know no uneasy desires, no unrest. But Tito Melema was a moral coward: he tried to blind himself to the fact that there was evil in the world, and the result of this was subterfuge.

Tito's virtue and truthfulness were negative. He had done no one any positive good, only fostered his selfishness in desiring all the good of life without return. His beauty, his talents, his joyous nature—what had God given them to him for if he, Tito, were not to profit from them? For a time, Tito stood in the balance, neutral between good and evil. But life is a swiftly-moving current; a man must progress or slip backward. When the first necessity for an important choice came, when the florins were handed to him with which he should have rescued Baldassare, his natural gratitude put up an intolerant plea for the right, only to be submerged instantly in his self-love. Tito affirmed within himself, "I believe he is dead." He had lied to himself. This was the first great step: the balance was no longer equal.

"The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our

self-interest on the side of falsity." This is what Tito had done, and it stained his soul with a blacker guilt because he had had to suppress all his good tendencies and emotions to make possible this one great untruth. His selfishness was a prolific source for future deception. Then, too, Tito had an innate love of reticence—let us say a talent for it—which acted as other impulses do, without any conscious motive, and like all people to whom concealment is easy, he would now and then conceal something which had as little nature of a secret as the fact that he had seen a flight of crows. This built up in his nature a barrier of tendency toward subterfuge, an unconscious determinant of future action. Swiftly and certainly he was evolving into that pitiable creature, the perfect liar. His selfishness, his hatred of the unpleasant, and this talent for reticence conspired together, as it were, for his undoing.

The next great untruth, with lasting results for him, was when, at the Peasants Fair, he did not undeceive Tessa as to the reality of their marriage. He had no vicious purpose in this. To tell her, he believed, would take some of that pretty trustfulness from her face which at the time was giving him pleasure. He had, furthermore, no desire to inflict pain on any living creature, and he was sure it would pain Tessa. So he let her go on in this illusion, while he himself was forced to build up a bulwark of untruths to avoid exposure to Romola.

This bulwark of deceit closed about him and finally betrayed him. It brought upon him the slow, persisting vengeance of Baldassare, which made his life an agony of fear and finally brought it to an ignominious close. The time came when the growth of this tendency did not leave him volition enough for a prudent choice between falsehoods. Instead of quickly declaring Baldassare to be a madman, he might instead have avowed recognition of him, and the danger would have been less. But "it is an inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that determines character." Tito had long since determined his. The evolution of his character from negative veracity into positive deceit was completed. He had already betrayed the Florentines, deceived Tessa, violated the trust of Romola, but when he disavowed his foster-father, his doom was sealed. He had brought his nemesis upon himself.

## WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS—AN APPRECIATION

MARIE GUEDELHOEFER, '21.

PICTURED in the *Literary Review* for March 5, 1921, we find a kindly-looking old gentleman smiling out at us, who might be just a typical American grandfather but who really is William Dean Howells, lately the foremost man of American letters. The contour of his face is strong and convincing; but his dreamy blue eyes seem to veil the spirit of eternal youth in strange contrast to his white hair.

He began his career without influence, or money, or education in a little village in Ohio; and it is to be regretted that his early life is vague in many minds; perhaps because he hid the heroic side of his youthful progress even from his friends. Any word of self praise was indeed foreign to him. He gazed out upon the world, listening to what it had to say, and reflecting on its comments, then writing his own thoughts as perfectly as possible. William Dean Howells built for himself an enduring monument in his writings. In genial, humorous fashion he wrote of life, and though the present day critics, the "Jewish Naturalistic School" of critics have been ignoring him as a 'derelict' of an older, hence unimportant generation, his writings will come back into popularity when most of the moderns and their books are forgotten.

Howells' strongest enthusiasm in writing was art. His English is perfect. It is as fresh as if it had been written only yesterday. He never took the easy road to success, he always labored for his perfection even though his style was natural and no efforts were required from him. Mark Twain said of it: "In the sustained exhibition of certain great qualities, clearness, comprehension, verbal expression, felicity of phrasing, he is, in my belief, without his peer in the English writing world."

Howells never wrote in a careless fashion and never published a single thing of which he afterward felt ashamed. Being an idealist, he presented life to his reader in a most pleasing manner. Being also an artist, he understood the necessity of perfection in the work of art. No one could improve his elegant style and diction. He was always able to find that elusive word, the word of gold, the right word. The secret of his success in writing a great thing is having

an ordinary thing in a great way. The latter was Mr. Howells' achievement.

Mr. Howells began his literary career by the composition of a volume of poems as did many of our other great novelists, such as Meredith and Hardy. All during his life he wrote more or less verse, but without achieving distinction, hence he is not known widely for his poetry. His first volume of poems was published in 1872. Twelve years later appeared his first successful novel, *Their Wedding Journey*. It is written in a style that is responsible for its author's popularity and fame. It is full of the clever dialogue, humor, and wholesome charm that all readers associate with his name. It is a real reflection of his own personality. His earlier novels are more purely artistic than his later ones. And they are real representations of American characters, clever, humorous, joyous in mood, and above all charming. "From his initial efforts, like *Their Wedding Journey* written fifty years ago down the long list to *The Leather Stocking*, published with signal success only a few years since, there are an evenness, a sureness, an uncompromising authenticity which compel admiration." He produced a great number of works because he was a man who regarded his vocation as a writer seriously, and who had a great business head. He was not like many of our modern authors who work spasmodically, only when the spirit moves them. He always had his work planned, and more or less followed the plan in a manner of routine. All his earlier works commanded and received highest approval. He published and sent forth a constant stream of novels, poems, short-stories, and essays. His books of travel and volumes of criticism were in quality and quantity such as no other American author ever produced.

"His best comments are objective, pleasantly disdainful; from his point of view in a corner of a gallery overlooking the human scene he touches lightly a trick of character and illustrates an obtrusively neat generality with a trivial action or gesture."

Mrs. Howells was a great help to him. She was a woman of wide experience who had travelled extensively and was very well read. Thus



there resulted mental comradeship, sincere and intellectual which served to complete their marriage in the highest sense.

An atmosphere of delicate feminine refinement pervaded his whole life and writings. He judged people and things by their standards of refinement. He disliked war, and even the thoughts of it because it is so cruel and inelegant. He writes "I was born with a love of laughter." Howells seems to hold himself above the world, yet the world sought after him. He was given his honorary master's degree by Yale and Harvard, and later he received the honorary doctorates of Yale, Harvard, Oxford, and Columbia. He was offered professorships at Yale and Harvard but he refused them. Yet, well as the world knew him, he did not know the world. He seems to be hardened and strengthened but not embittered by the war, and his writings that were produced after this change in him were his best.

In order to understand Mr. Howells' books we must know their author. In *My Mark Twain*, which gives us a remarkable insight into Howells' work, he shows sublime condescension for the old New England tradition; he makes an appraisal of his friend that is altogether feminine; and he evidences his inability to foresee a time beyond his own present. Style is always the man, and no author can hide himself in any robe of wonder, so that we shall not be able to know what manner of man is within it.

"He says everything he has to say in a most succinct and perspicuous way; and the result is that for the purest and simplest speech of modern fiction one must read what he has written."

As for the man himself, he was, as Mackail once said of Vernal, "A living example of how greatly the art of letters may sustain and reinforce the art of living, and how literature is not a region abstract and apart, but a real thing, the image and interpretation of human life."

Howells gave himself whole heartedly in his works to American experience. He became the total of his work and he desired to be in each of his novels, "a faithful mirror of time and place." "The whole great mass of Howells' work is Howells, and it has made him the force that is American life and American thinking; and upon American reading and writing the greatest influence that American letters has produced."

He tried to be realistic. His earliest production was *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. In this novel the supreme quality of Howells' art began to reveal itself to his readers. He portrayed the typical American with the typical American ladies about him. This story emanates not by the beautiful and striking scenes but by his introspection and by his insight into human characters. He studied characters, human emotions and purposes, and he had a kind, benevolent attitude toward mankind. This one point made him more real and likeable. *Indian Summer* is a novel of which all Americans as well as its author should be greatly and justly proud. It was written in a glow of artistic creation. The composition of this book, the author enjoyed greatly. The conversations are the great features in his stories and they are always very interesting and clever. The old man, the woman, and the girl, are set off in a very admirable way. This book in a way is a masterpiece and if one lacks enthusiasm for its author, he should read it again, —then he is bound to appreciate such a great piece of literature. *The Lady of Aroostook* is his best production. It is most delightful and is a sympathetic portrayal of a New England country girl. The story is full of observation, and human affection, but it is not vital. *The Kentons* was published in 1912. It was a real surprise to most of Howells' readers. It is a thoroughly charming novel containing the pleasant adventure of an Ohio family on the ocean liner and in Europe. All such problems as ethics, politics, and socialism are absent, and the only material the author uses is human nature. It bubbles over with humor and it is rich in tenderness and sympathy. This novel has all the charm one would expect. It is wholesome, healthy, and above all, realistic. It is a profound study of life by one who has the deeper wisdom of the heart, as well as the wisdom of the head. *A Modern Instance*, published first in serial form, is one of the most powerful as well as interesting of his novels.

Mr. Howells' novels form a most important contribution to our literature and to the study of natural life. Many critics differ as to his place in literature. His personality shown in his novels commands our greatest respect for him. "He is a simple, democratic, kindly, humorous, healthy soul with rare refinement." He has and always will have a great hold on American fic-

tion. His influence has been wholesome from the standpoint of arts and morals, because his interests were wide and his abilities many. The creed of Howells, the critic, is realism, which he used faithfully even to measure the value of the works of novelists living and dead. Howells was a great critic and through all his life he knew how to make criticisms and showed how to make them. However, he is a creative more than a critical writer. He is the well-loved novelist of the young and of the old. He was at one time our great figurehead in letters, and his was no ephemeral glory. He is part of the

daily life of his readers, and he has had and probably will have the best readers in literature. To-day Howells is in the great tradition of English writers. He already has a secure place in our history, but just what place it is we cannot yet determine. We esteem him principally because, though he was delighted when one of his books was a "best seller," yet he never consciously sold his art. The passing of the splendid old artist ought to give us pause in these days when art is commercialized, when reticence is laughed to scorn, and bitter wit is levelled against all the lasting ideals for which he stood.

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#### OLD DIAMOND PEAK.

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FRANCES KENNEDY, '22.

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REFLECTING morning radiance o'er the plains  
In glory soars the steep old snowy range.  
A rocky mount of whiteness very strange  
That drifted snow of many winters feigns,  
And sprinkled nightly with rare diamond rains,  
In whose chill beauty there is ceaseless change.  
So fascinating does He thus arrange  
God's best of monuments upon the plains.

In dazzling frozen loveliness it shines,  
A diamond thrown against the turquoise sky;  
A jeweled wonder for the ones who seek  
In everything, to find His great designs,  
Is this proof in a precipice so high,  
Of God's great power that made old Diamond Peak.

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#### THAT GHOST OF JIM'S.

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AMELIA SCHLECHT, '22.

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"JIM PIKE'S ghost! Oh, man, what's eatin' you?"

"Yes, Jim Pike's ghost, O'Connell, and as long as I am a man and a man of this shift I am going down that shaft."

"What did you see?"

"I heard mostly. It was like the sounds the men heard before Jim's death. I laughed at the report then, but I am not laughing now, you'll notice. I went down with the big Creek to look over the mine. Coming from the big slope on the right, I noticed I arrived at the station just in time to prevent the Creek from running into the

shaft. He said that he saw Jim, and the sounds I heard made my hair stand on end."

"Oh, your nerves are unstrung, Matt. The men will give you the laugh if you tell them this."

"Oh no, they won't, most of this shift was on that night."

"Matt, you haven't had any sleep since the accident and it's getting you. Think, if these men hear that a ghost is down the mine, you won't have to prevent their going down, for you won't be able to hire them to. It will be twenty minutes before the men make the hill and I'll go down."

"No, O'Connell, I'll go myself. You never can tell what will happen."

"Listen to reason, man. You are fit now only for a bed. Why the devil you have come is more than I can see. Your going down is out of the question, so forget it. These men are as superstitious as they make 'em and if they ever get this fool notion of Jim's ghost! Well—it's going to take some persuasion to get them out of it. Suppose Jim is down there—he was a friend of mine—you know he may have some valuable information regarding that new ore bed."

"But, O'Connell."

"No but about it. Hey Cruger! I am going down. Let her down slowly and when I ring, stop. If I give two put on all your steam, old boy, and lift me in a hurry."

"Cruger, I'm a fool, letting him go down."

"Sit down, Matt! O'Connell would scare any ghost."

"How deep is he?"

"Seven hundred."

"Now?"

"Eight hundred."

"Faster, Cruger, it's the eighteen hundred."

"Ghosts aren't particular; they might like a change of level."

"What level?"

"Say, Matt, go out and cool off."

"There he is! the bell from the seventeen hundred; I told you he wouldn't be particular."

"He's been off the cage five minutes, Cruger!"

"O, give him time, they are having a chat."

\* \* \* \*

"Ten minutes! Good God, what can have happened?"

"Sit down."

\* \* \* \*

"Fifteen minutes! More dirt could have fallen! Oh, why did I do it, his wife, children! I'm going down the other cage."

"Isn't fixed."

"Then I'm going down the manway."

"Now, you are crazy, climb down eighteen hundred feet."

"Cruger, if anything should happen I would never forgive myself, and I let him go down alone."

"Cut the pacing, Matt, and for heaven's sake, sit down; you are getting me nervous, and you need a steady head at the engine. Jim's prob-

ably telling him about the old timers up there. He might be staking a claim for you."

"Stop your gibbering."

"I wish you would do that yourself, and sit down! You'll be the next to be coming back if you walk into that shaft."

"Cruger, if he doesn't ring in five minutes, I'm going down through the 'Silver Queen'."

"You needn't, here he is."

"Put on all your steam. Oh, wait a minute, he may not be on!"

"Say, how many years have I been running this cage. Get away from that shaft, the tin is slippery."

"Oh, God, he's alive! but sixteen hundred, fourteen hundred! ten hundred! More steam, Cruger!"

"Say, we don't know what kind of a reception O'Connell has had; better carry him gently."

"Seven hundred!"

"Get away from that shaft."

"Your so—unconcerned."

"Someone has to be; here he is."

\* \* \* \*

"O'Connell! O'Connell, what has happened. Your face! Your hands! Bloody."

"He was some ghost to find, Matt, I had to go down the manway from the seventeen to the eighteen hundred. I scared him more than he scared me and he made for my face. I thought I would have to choke him. He didn't get my view point. How this cat got down to the eighteen hundred is beyond me!"

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#### YOUR STATE AND MINE.

FLORENTIA CLARKE, '22.

I love Indiana's variation,

To me she is a wonder of delight  
When changing all her colors over night,

For Jack Frost's yearly coronation;

And I say after much deliberation,

Her sloping plains all wrapped in fleecy white

When shadowed by her wondrous twilight,

Seem loveliest of all things in creation.

But now and always shall I be most true

To a fair land whose gold sands ever shine

Beneath a curving sky that's ever blue,

Most perfect joy and beauty there combine,

For Mother Nature there is always kind,

Such constancy nowhere else can I find.

## THE STONES OF CRANFORD.

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

"SERMONS in stones!"—what a fascination there is about that phrase when one considers it with the aid of a run-away imagination! What sermons stones could preach had they but the mouth "wherewith to speak". I can imagine the congregation nodding drowsily, lulled by the gentle voice of some fatherly old stone worn smooth and shiny by the friction of many years. The mossy stone down by the river would speak in parables I am sure; I think little children would like the kind of sermons it would preach. As for those energetic souls who demand excitement and novelty in everything, doubtless they would prefer the forceful words of some jagged boulder, all rough edges and unexpected corners.

But of all stones I can think of none better qualified to sermonize than those of the quaint "Amazonian" village of Cranford. What moralizing would be theirs—what a collection of admonitory precepts, what dissertations on propriety! Fancy a Sunday sermon gleaned from such sources, a bit here, a bit there; an aggregation of sentiments from all the best stones of the village.

Of texts and subjects there is as great variety as there is of stones; it is hard to decide where to begin our quest for a sermon, there are so many places to choose from. But here is a stone willing, even anxious to speak to us; it is a great oblong piece of sandstone and serves as a back door-step for Miss Jenkyn's modest home. "Elegant Economy" is the theme of its discourse and it is with pride that it displays the scratched and worn place at one side whereon Miss Jenkyn's kitchen deity is wont to sharpen her bread knife for the manufacture of those wafer thin bread and butter sandwiches which form the *piece de resistance* at evening entertainments in Cranford where economy is always "elegant" and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious". It is well we stopped here first for our friend the cook-stone is able to give us many hints on what to do if we wish to be regarded in a favorable light by our community. Especially are we impressed with the fact that in Cranford one never

refers to pecuniary difficulties; poverty, like death, is not to be mentioned in public.

We find this "Elegant Economy" again referred to by the loquacious cobblestones to whom we next apply for enlightenment and improvement. They can give us testimony that the consequences of the practice are worthy not only of admiration, but also of imitation. For example, early hours; for over these cobblestones the ladies of Cranford clatter in their pattens on their way from a party at no later hour than nine o'clock, and such a thing as traffic after ten-thirty is positively unknown as the whole town is safely asleep by that time. Contentment, too, finds a prominent place in this part of our sermon for we hear that the ladies always insist that their home-coming in the pattens is because of the refreshing night air, not because sedan-chairs are luxuries beyond their modest purses.

As we go through the village listening to our long-observant, if long-silent instructors, we must smile a little at the whimsies of the village, at its gray-flanneled cow, and its red-silk umbrella; we must weep a little at its brave concealment of its troubles. But between the smile and the tear there is a whole-souled respect and hearty admiration for these quaintly independent folk, for their tender kindness toward one another in times of trouble, for the peaceful harmony of their lives, for the wholesome good-will that reigns among them. "Sermons in Stones"—here we have found at least one sermon that is not at the same time a soporific.

## TO A SONGSTER.

ARMELLA HELLMUTH, '23.

O tiny feathered songster,  
 Messenger from the sky,  
 You call, "Tis morn, awaken."  
 You sing as day draws nigh.

What joy has made forsaken  
 Your nest in yonder tree,  
 Is it a song to dawning—  
 Or just a song to me?

Then sing, O kindly creature;  
 Your Heaven-messaged voice  
 Calls to the world, "Tis Morning!"—  
 Make human hearts rejoice!



## TRIOLET

REGINA WOLTER, '22.

SHE agreed she would cook  
 If the family would eat it.  
 So she hunted the book  
 She agreed she would cook,  
 But the kitchen forsook  
 When the family "beat it."  
 She agreed she would cook  
 If the family would eat it.

## A BOY'S A BOY.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

OTHER efforts having failed to make a man of Jimmy Campbell, the family council decided that college life was essential to the effecting of this end. So Jimmy went to college. At home, the transition was awaited by the family with varying degrees of emotion; mother proudly expectant, dad non-committal, and grandfather frankly dubious. They had not long to wait for the first manifestation. Jimmy's letters were not very illuminating, but the bills and bulletins were. The second manifestation came in the form of a large photograph for mother's birthday. From a silver frame, the young man smiled mechanically at her. His usually unruly hair was now parted with mathematical precision in the center and plastered close to his head, a trim little mustache hovered above the fixed smile, his clothes bore the ultra-fashionable stamp, and between the first and second fingers of his left hand, he dangled a cigarette with all the nonchalance of an inveterate indulger in the weed. Beneath the figure in a bold flourish, was inscribed the name J. Connington Campbell. Dad muttered something about a puppy, grandfather laughed derisively, and mother concluded that, the winter having produced this effect, Jimmy's fancy could hardly withstand the Spring. Mother was right. The third manifestation was an episode resulting from the mingling of youth and springtime.

Jimmy fell in with the crowd whose members prided themselves on being the good fellows of the school and the town. Because he had money, and pep, and a jovial spirit, he passed quickly

through the initiatory steps and from a satellite he evolved into a meteoric leader; that is, among the good fellows. In the dance hall, the pool-room, and even at the stage door, J. Connington had become a familiar figure. Every opening performance at the one vaudeville house found him in the front row and he felt that his approbation had done much to encourage many a struggling ingenue. Then he met Elaine. It was about this time that he wrote his mother in most affectionate terms, assuring her that he was gradually, as it were, putting away the things of a child and becoming a man. Elaine was a member of a stock company in which she played the role of the coy maid of sixteen, simple and unsophisticated—and had been playing it for almost as many years. In fact, so long, that she played the role at her best, off stage. As she confided to Jimmy, the night they first dined at Sheffield's, she really was ready to desert the footlights and settle down. Jimmy cleared his throat, ruminated a moment over his fatima, and finally confided similar aspirations. In the course of three such little dinners and confidences, Elaine learned that Jimmy would soon be of age, that dad was a good sport and had plenty of cash, and that Jimmy thought himself very much in love, being convinced that he had found the one woman in the world. In the course of the three same dinners, J. Connington learned that Elaine's romantic fancy wandered to elopements and a little home in the West where she and Jimmy would—as the song goes—let the rest of the world go by.

At first, Jimmy did not feel comfortable about being engaged. He gulped a little when he thought of mother and how she would take it; and then, too, he could not get the idea of the girl next-door out of his head. But then, he reflected, he could not begin to compare Elaine with a quaint small-town girl; and this breaking of home ties was inevitable in the process of becoming a fan. The stock company was to leave for the South the following Thursday, and as Elaine suggested, rather firmly, they would have to decide what they were going to do; for if she left with the company, he would probably not see her again. During the fourth dinner at Sheffield's, the elopement was decided upon for the following Wednesday.

When the two-forty-five limited pulled out of the South Shore Station, Jimmy, nervous and breathless, looked at radiant, giggling Elaine as she sat enthroned among her endless bags and boxes, and he sighed relievedly, his spirits began to rise by bounds. As they sat lost in happy reverie, her little hand in his, they were rudely jolted to their feet. There was a slight collision which would necessitate a delay of about twenty minutes, the porter informed them. Jimmy rushed off to assure himself that there was no real danger, and Elaine took advantage of the few minutes to wire to some of her friends. The damage had been done to the last coach and Jimmy crowding in among the town stragglers became engrossed in the repair work. When he looked up some minutes later, he gasped with amazement: for the coach had been detached and the rest of the limited with his bride-to-be aboard was but a speck in the distance.

Frantically, J. Connington explained his predicament, assuring the railroad officials of his relationship to Matthew Campbell, one of the Company's directors. Soon he had impressed a handcar into service, thinking he might overtake the limited at the next stop. At Knollton, the freight train was held for him and ninety miles farther on, he boarded a mail express which later transferred him to the New York Central. At intervals, he wired messages of encouragement to poor Elaine. Again he resorted to a gasoline handcar and yet late that night he found he had missed the limited at Cleveland by just fifteen minutes. He had not thought of food or of rest during all these hours and he was beginning to

lose his grit. He wished he would not keep thinking so much of mother and of that little girl next-door. He was in an unhappy frame of mind, as he jolted along in a freight car toward New York City. He almost wished he had not met Elaine. As he threaded his way wearily through the New York Central train shed toward track number 36 where the limited stood, he felt cold and hungry, and martyrlike. Despite his disheveled appearance, the porter recognized J. Connington and handed him a telegram.

With the telegram in hand, Jimmy sprang up the steps and into the warm interior of the parlor car so that he might better see to read it. Then he stood white and seemingly stunned. The message read:

"You poor boob missed train and guess I will go back to stock company. Elaine."

Gradually, it dawned on him that this had been the wildest of wild goose chases. His Elaine was traveling in a far different direction.

"Well, look who's here," a hearty voice broke in on his train of thought, a voice that sounded mighty good to him.

"Dad," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Me?" said dad in a puzzled tone, "Well, you got my wire, didn't you, to meet me and ma here?"

"Mother?" stammered Jimmy and turned to see his mother in the doorway.

"Jimmy," she cried, opening her arms to him. And Jimmy forgot all about wanting to be a man and mother knew that Jimmy was just a boy again.

### TRIOLETTES.

ROSIEA KRAMER, '22.

#### 1. NANCY.

I dreamt I who dreamed  
 Just a dream of sweet Nancy;  
 How exquisite she seemed!  
 But I who dreamed  
 That he, my love, light gleamed  
 As a butterfly, day-fancy,  
 He like I was dreamed  
 Just a dream of sweet Nancy.

#### 2. MAN.

HE is only a man,  
 Just a mere helpless sinner!  
 Change him if you can,  
 He is only a man,  
 And as fickle as Pan;  
 All he likes is his dinner—  
 He is only a man,  
 Just a poor helpless sinner!

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SEPTEMBER 1921

## THE NAME OF MARY.

There is no name held more sacred after the name of Jesus, than the holy name of Mary, the mother of God. Devout Catholics feel extraordinary delight in pronouncing her blessed name. They realize the depth and the abundance of its meanings. September is a month especially dear to the St. Mary's girl because during it the Church celebrates the birthday of Our Lady, and commemorates her great sorrows, and because it is in September that she returns to the welcoming arms of her dear Alma Mater.

The name of the blessed mother might be said to have a three-fold meaning. It signifies the sea, the great waters which touch all lands and hide in their depths countless riches and treasures. The most Holy Virgin represents a sea of endless graces, which flow from her and are bestowed upon all her children, the rich and the poor, sinners and penitents, angels and men. All gifts are contained in her sea of graces.

"Most blessed Virgin Mary, thou  
Art rightly called the Sea,  
For graces still from age to age  
Flow richly out of thee."

Maiden, Lady, Queen are also implied in her most holy name. The angels honor her as their Queen, and even the King of Kings as a child in Nazareth subjected Himself to her. In heaven He shares His power and throne with her and complies with all her requests.

"Bright Queen of heaven, Virgin most fair,  
Mary, most gentle, list to our prayer;"

As the sailors direct their ships in order to reach safe haven by the stars, so too, Christians look confidentially to Mary, the Star of the Sea, that by her maternal intercession they may attain everlasting salvation.

"Star of the ocean, shedding soft light  
Solace in sorrow and rest mid the night,  
Send in our slumbers, peace from above  
Shine on us ever, bright Star of Love."

So it is that all peoples reverence and cherish the blessed name of Mary. In it is found consolation and joy. "The name of Mary," said Saint Anthony of Padua, "is sweeter to the lips than honey, more melodious to the ear than a caressing song, more precious to the heart than is the purest joy."

## HAIR.

Fashion has brought us to a point during the last year where we are quite willing to concede that it is a wise head that knows its own hair, and wise hair that knows its own color. What with the ear-muffs and the bunches of curls which Madame pins to our heads at an exact point of latitude and longitude, and the shampoo preparations which are guaranteed to make our hair a more natural color than the original shade, doing one's hair has become one of life's important businesses.

The coiffure has become more capricious than the weather of an April day. It is an alert woman indeed, who can keep up with its variable moods. Tonight milady's hair may be sleekly marcelled, with the coil, if there be one at all, tucked deftly under, that no one might guess milady to be guilty of having more than just a skull covering of shiny flat waves, like a snug-fitting cap of mouse silk. Tomorrow milady may go forth to the matinee with her hair in a fuzzy outstanding mass.

There are hats, too, that give not-to-be-ignored orders. Hats which demand the high hairdress, and hats which plead for the low hairdress. And there are faces which become Madonna-like when the hair is parted in the middle and simply done, and faces that require a veritable haystack of flippant curls to harmonize with their impishness.

There is the "vampire coiffure", which draws itself severely away from the temples. There is the flapper coiffure, which disdains the limits of the flapper age, and is lightly called "the bob". It is piquant, this "bob", and dangerously saucy, but to the woman who is fat or the woman who can't deny her grandchildren, the "bob" is but an artist of caricature.

Ears are coming into vogue. It is true,

shameful as the fact is! Think of the unabashed vulgarity of showing the ears. What next? It is enough to make the days of yesterday blush themselves into greater remoteness.

And so it goes! Yellow hair, black hair, red hair and auburn hair! curls and artificial earmuffs and waves that are electrically permanent! Is it a wonder that we are willing to concede as wise the head that knows its own hair, or the hair that knows its own color?

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#### AMBITION.

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Ambition serves as a basis for plots in many of the dramas of Shakespeare. According to Webster's—ambition is the conceiving of a desire to achieve some object or purpose, as to gain distinction or influence. Ambition is the foundation on which many of the foremost men in our histories have climbed to success or sunk into ruin. Ambition destroyed the Garden of Eden, and Lucifer's desire to become as great as God founded Hell.

Shakespeare has woven the whole story of *Macbeth* from ambition. Macbeth's ambition to become king seems to overpower him. He, at first, fights this ambition because of the difficulties he will have to surmount before he can attain the throne. His wife's sole ambition is for her husband and through her taunts, his ambition mounts higher and higher until he conceives the idea of murder and treason. He surrenders himself with these words:

Start not your eyes,  
Let not light see my black and deep desires,  
The eye wink is at hand; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears when it is done to see"

Cicero, the hero of the Roman people, was ambitious but more in a personal than a selfish way. When he refused the crown he thought that by so doing the Roman people would press him to accept it and his glory would be greater than if he accepted it when it was first offered. His ambition would never have either helped or harmed Rome, while the ambition of Brutus was entirely for Rome. He was intensely patriotic and would do anything for Rome. His character may be summed up in these words:

"And yet in all the world, there was no man."

He only consented to the crime after Cassius persuaded him that it was for the good of Rome. While Cassius believed that once Caesar

was killed he might eventually become king. Perhaps of all the characters in *Julius Caesar* the ambition of Cassius is the most selfish and harmful. Although Brutus consents to the conspiracy he will not do anything that is not absolutely honest but Cassius will not stoop to anything to carry out this ambition while he hypocritically mourns for Caesar before the world.

In most cases Shakespeare has shown us the evil results of ambition. He has shown us the ambition that has conquered man and made him a murderer and a traitor. But it is through ambition that not only all the evil but most of the good is accomplished in the world. Ambition is good in itself but its evil effects are brought about by having our will conquered by it.

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#### MIDSUMMER NOTES.

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—Vacation letters from the students report health, happiness and a wealth of good times; in all were notes of tenderness for Alma Mater.

—In every circle are to be heard expressions of keen regret at the recall to Notre Dame of the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., who for the past seven years has been assistant chaplain at St. Mary's. Aside from his duties in the community church, Father Gallagher was active chaplain for the aged and infirm Sisters, who waited expectantly for his daily words of consolation and of cheer, and for his priestly blessing. There is satisfaction in the thought of promised neighborly visits, since the Monastery is not far distant. St. Mary's loss is gain for the Priests and Brothers at Notre Dame, hence we offer sincere congratulations to those over whom Father Gallagher has charge, knowing well the happy days in store for those under his kindly administration. Words are words, but the prayers and good wishes of the Sisters are truest tokens of their gratitude.

—Not a collegiate, or an academic, or a preparatory was to be seen at St. Mary's for six whole weeks. During these days the students booked to remain here, enjoyed the gracious hospitality of the Sisters at Sacred Heart Academy, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The Rev. Timothy R. Murphy, C. S. C., has been appointed assistant chaplain at St. Mary's. For some time Father Murphy has been stationed



at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Though his surroundings there are in contrast to those of his present mission, we trust Father Murphy will soon feel quite at home.

The long stretch of concrete pavement (from the buildings to the gate) will make roller skating a popular sport. With such grace-producing exercise, St. Mary's girls will become the envy of all beholders.

—Among the former students welcome during the summer were: the Mesdames Nellie Gilmore-McDonald, Erna Freschel Mobray, Lenore Freschel-Squire, Florence Freschel-Lobell, Lorain Lenz-Carroll, Emma Herbert-Finkl; the Misses Marie and Loretta Broussard, Mildred McDonald and Erma Sagendorph.

—Miss Mildred McDonald has put new life into the Appeal for the St. Mary's Building Fund, great schemes for its furtherance are in progress. We trust former students and friends will give hearty cooperation to Mildred in this work.

—During their Summer Normal work the Sisters enjoyed the following delightful programs:

Lectures:

"Dante" and "The Quest for the Holy Grail", by the Rev. Michael I. Stritch, S. J., of St. Louis University.

"Foreign Missions" by the Rev. John Delauney, C. S. C. of Washington, D. C.

"Canonical Interpretation of the Rules of the Sisters of the Holy Cross", by the Rev. George Sauvage, C. S. C., Procurator at Rome.

"Ethics of Modern Spanish Drama" and "Clean Laughter in Modern Light Fiction", by Frederick Paulding of New York.

Music (Illustrated), by Silvio Scionti of Chicago.

Violin Recital, by Mr. Philip Banschach of Philadelphia.

Dramatic Art Recital, by Miss Irena Schnelkner of Sacred Heart Academy, Ft. Wayne.

—From the long list of registration September 14 will be a day of glad reunion for some and cordial welcome to others.

—Announcements of marriage received at St. Mary's since the last issue of the CHIMES are those of Mildred Lucille Crull to Mr. Otis Leroy Bullock of Osceola, Ind.; Marie Genevieve Soisson to Mr. Rupert Donnelly Donovan of Rockford, Ill.; Grayce Rhodes to Mr. John E. Leach of Urbana, Ill.; Lydia Fairfax Krause to Mr. Aloysius Ignatius Dispenbrock of San

Francisco; Gertrude Egan to Mr. Herbert B. Beidler of Garrett, Ind.

—Through the thoughtful courtesy of relatives and friends, the Sisters at St. Mary's have enjoyed many a day of delightful outing.

—The work of preparation for the opening of the school year will be completed soon and everything will be in readiness for Sept. 14.

—The following "movies" were a rest and relaxation from the strenuous work of the Summer School: "The Great Redeemer", "Home Stuff", "A March Hare," "Mother O' Mine" and "Sentimental Tommy."

—At the invitation of Mr. Frank Toepp and the management of the Blackstone Theater, representatives from St. Mary's were among the guests who viewed the "try-out" presentation of "The Old Nest," a picture with an earnest appeal to both parents and children.

—On August 15, thirty-two Sisters of the Holy Cross celebrated the "Silver" anniversary of their perpetual vows, and our dearest wish for them is that their work may continue until long after the golden sun of fifty years shall have shone in loving benediction of deeds well done.

The names of the Jubilarians of 1896-1921 are:

Sister M. Vigilus, Sister M. Dionysia, Sister M. Clarus, Sister M. Ildephonsus, Sister M. Candidus, Sister M. Adelfinda, Sister M. Edburga, Sister M. Syra, Sister M. Victor, Sister M. Richildis, Sister M. Thomasia, Sister, M. Anne, Sister M. Gerald, Sister M. Adriana, Sister M. Guiseppe, Sister M. Bronislaus, Sister M. Carmella, Sister M. Avita, Sister M. Dymna, Sister M. Cletus, Sister M. Ethelrida, Sister M. Benetta, Sister M. James, Sister M. Beda, Sister M. Albertine, Sister M. Clarita, Sister M. Alma, Sister M. Everildis, Sister M. Lioba, Sister M. Dolorosa, Sister M. Bianca, Sister M. Carlotta.

—All St. Mary's was saddened by news of the death of a loyal and devoted friend to the entire Community, the Very Rev. John P. Quinn, P. R. R. D., of Ottawa, Illinois. Only a few days before Father John and his beloved brother, the Rev. James Quinn of Rock Island, Ill., were the most welcomed guest at St. Mary's. Father James has the heartfelt sympathy of every Sister of the Holy Cross.

—With deepest sympathy for her bereaved family, we record the death of Antoinette O'Neil of Akron, Ohio, a former student.

## RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

Custom, or rather, Ecclesiastical Law, requires of Religious Communities throughout the world certain prescribed ceremonies for the reception of candidates and for the making of either temporary or perpetual vows.

Biennially, on Jan. 6 and August 15, the Sisters of the Holy Cross observe these regulations. After a probation of "six full months" and a Retreat of "ten days", the candidates for admission, in bridal robes, approach the Altar and petition for admittance from the Bishop, who, in the name of the Church and of the Congregation, receives them. Then, the candidates are clothed in the Habit and white veil, after which they are given a "new name", and begin their novitiate of two years.

At these observances on August 15 of this year twenty-five young ladies became Novices in the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, sixteen Novices pronounced temporary vows and seventeen Scholastics made perpetual vows.

The preparatory retreat for the older members was conducted by the Rev. William Steinbach, C. SS. R., of Kansas City, and that for the Novices was directed by the Rev. Henry Beine, C. SS. R., of Chicago.

The Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D., Bishop of the diocese, presided at the ceremonies of Investiture, after which, the Rt. Rev. Joseph S. Glass, D. D., of Salt Lake City, celebrated Mass. Other officers of the Mass were: Assistant Priest, Rev. James J. French, C. S. C.; Deacons of Honor, the Revs. Joseph Boyle, C. S. C., and Bernard Mulloy, C. S. C.; Deacon of the Mass, the Rev. Thomas Irving, C. S. C.; Sub-deacon, the Rev. Patrick Haggerty, C. S. C.; Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. William R. Connor, C. S. C. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Henry Beine, C. SS. R. Others in the Sanctuary were the Revs. J. Gallagher, C. S. C.; A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C.; E. J. Finnegan, C. S. C.; J. W. Donahue, C. S. C.; D. J. Spillard, C. S. C.; N. C. Warken, C. S. C.; J. Burns, C. S. C.; T. R. Murphy, C. S. C.; T. Vagnier, C. S. C.; M. Gleeson, C. S. C.; B. Ill, C. S. C.; G. Marr, C. S. C.; J. Jansen of Elkhart, Ind.; D. Hayes of Detroit; J. E. Burnes of Marshall, Texas; W. L.

B. Steidle of Denver, Col.; T. Travers of Anderson, Ind.; C. O'Hara of Indian Head, Md.

The names of the young ladies who became members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and those by which they will hereafter be known, are:

Miss Brigit Shore, Sister M. Patricia Clare, Ireland; Miss Marie Daly, Sister M. John Vincent, Logansport, Indiana; Miss Florence Roy, Sister M. Helen Therese, White Pigeon, Michigan; Miss Genevieve Daly, Sister M. Genevieve, Logansport, Indiana; Miss Abbie O'Connell, Sister M. Katherine Jerome, Ireland; Miss Beatrice Harvey, Sister M. Francis James, Los Angeles, California; Miss Cecilia Moran, Sister M. Francis Cecile, Elkhart, Indiana; Miss Emily Johnson, Sister M. Bertha, New York City; Miss Jean Scott, Sister M. Honora, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Angela Lavery, Sister M. Helen Angela, Rexburg, Idaho; Miss Florence Higgins, Sister M. Richard, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Miss Mary Costello, Sister M. Daniel, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Emma Warren, Sister M. Brendan, Port Dover, Ontario, Canada; Miss Anna Haggerty, Sister M. Clara Patrice, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Miss Cecilia Flynn, Sister M. Leo Blanche, Davenport, Iowa; Miss Margaret Prindiville, Sister M. Francis de Sales, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Anna Sabinash, Sister M. Agnes Anne, Lancaster, Penn.; Miss Elva Cooney, Sister M. Paul, Lancaster, Ohio; Miss Thekla Kosnowska, Sister M. Rose Magdalen, South Bend, Indiana; Miss Margaret Weber, Sister M. Eucharis, Detroit, Michigan; Miss Monica Gaffney, Sister M. Clotile, Cumberland, Maryland; Miss Helen Sommer, Sister M. Rose Veronica, Dusseldorf, Germany; Miss Mary Deka, Sister M. Valentina, South Bend, Indiana; Miss Christine Solms, Sister M. Helen Christine, Gas City, Indiana; Miss Mary Wituska, Sister M. Francis Gertrude, South Bend, Indiana.

Those who made Perpetual or Final Vows are:

Sister M. Ursulyn, Sister M. Floracita, Sister M. Rosalima, Sister M. Hermaneda, Sister Maria Gloria, Sister M. Helen Rose, Sister M. Lumen, Sister M. Delphine, Sister M. Francis Roma, Sister M. Gennaro, Sister M. Coronata, Sister M. Antoinette, Sister Stella Maria, Sister M. Cora, Sister M. Hildegardis, Sister M. Christeta, Sister M. Placida.

First or Temporary Vows were pronounced by:

Sister M. Ivan, Sister M. Cyrilla, Sister M. Frances Joseph, Sister M. Jovita, Sister M. Justin, Sister M. Amanda, Sister M. Ursulita, Sister M. Berenice, Sister M. Maria Antonia, Sister M. Anatholie, Sister M. Hilda, Sister M. Elvira, Sister M. Vincent, Sister M. Olga, Sister Margaret Marie, Sister M. Amabilis.

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Heartiest congratulations are offered to Sisters M. Crucifixion, M. Caroline and M. Transfiguration who on August 15 completed the fiftieth year of their Religious Profession. Though veterans in the army of the Holy Cross these Sisters are still active in the service of the Master. May the golden sunset of their lives be but a ray from the Throne of their Divine Spouse as He waits to fold them in a welcoming embrace.

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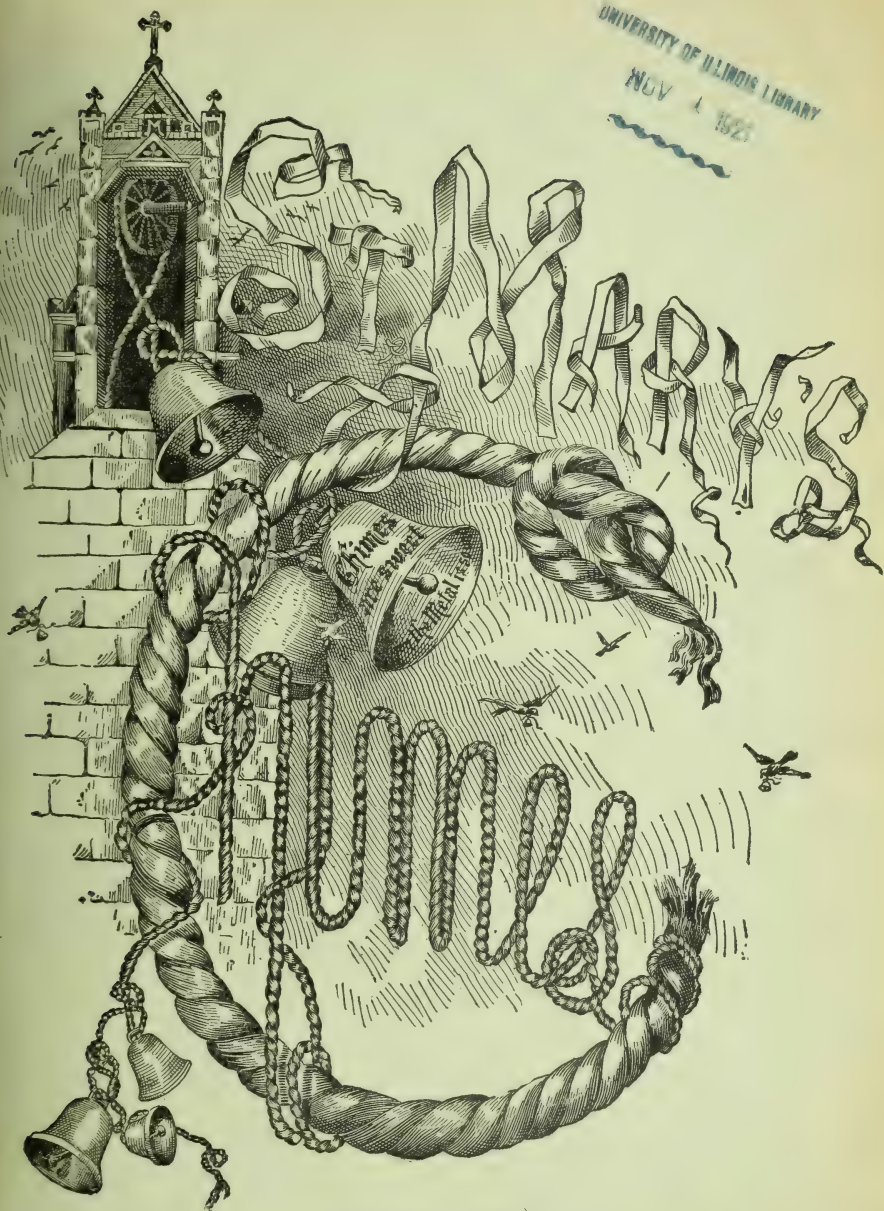
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Father, who is in heaven." Matt. XVIII, 10

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., October 1921

No. 2

## YOUR GUARDIAN.

S. M. E.

I think the angel, pure and strong,  
That all the ages through  
Knelt low before God's great white throne,  
Then heard a whisper meant for him alone  
And straightway flew  
Down through the clouds, a star-lit way along,  
And came to earth when it was early morn  
To guide your new-made soul through all life's ways—  
I think he must have sung his sweetest song of praise  
To God—that you were born!

## NEW POETRY.

BEATRICE REA, 21.

IN a sympathetic, albeit rather humorous discussion of our 20th century poetry, Mr. Phelps calls the atmosphere of our age, "congenial to the muses's rather delicate health." Three interlinking causes have brought about the present great enthusiasm for poetry. They are in very truth, the *sine qua non* of every poetic era: for, whereas there must be a national attitude of aesthetic appreciation and sureness of ideals, so also, there must be human hearts attuned to sing these psychic feelings, and other appreciative personalities to discover and encourage the unknown poets.

The luxuriant soil of our literary fields today is contested for by three elementally different applicants who would win the myrtle wreath. There has sprung up the inevitable lichen-like growth of the ultra-conservatives, insinuating its white veins into the vigorous, life-giving blood that flows through the strong vine—which is genius,—of the modern conservatives. Flourishing on all sides and claiming the place allotted to the fruitful vine, is that powerful, weedlike crop harvested by the radical school—often refreshing because of its very boldness and independence; at the same time we realize the necessity of uprooting any plant not subject to artistic cultivation. These, then, are the opposing forces in the new poetic movement: ultra-conservatism, radicalism, and the *via media*—golden norm of all art held by the modern-conservatives.

The ultra-conservatives have been called by Lowes, "poets of low vitality who esconce themselves like hermit-crabs, generation after generation in the cast-off shells of their predecessors." They are to be classed with those "of strained originality", mentioned in *New Voices*, "in whose minds the ages progress backwards in time to a lost and lamented golden age of impossible virtue and intolerable beauty." For them, while surrounded by archaic boundaries, these lines can have no meaning;

"Yet still my most of peace is more unrest,  
As one who plods a summer road  
Feels the coolness his own motion stirs,  
But when he stops the dead heat smothers him."

Their one claim to any serious mention lies in the fact that it is from their stilted diction, unyielding form, and impossible treatment of subject-matter that the radicals have so violently recoiled.

The most important phase of radicalism in the "New Poetry" is that of the "Imagists" whose principles as stated in *The Advance of English Poetry*, contain an epitome of the fundamental doctrines promulgated by the different insurgents in the realm of technique. They are: first, "to use the exact word; second, to create new rhythms; third, to allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject; fourth, to present an image; fifth, to produce poetry that is hard and clear; sixth, to study concentration." Another aspect of the radical school is that of the very pugnacious "Humanitarian Radicals" who find fit subject-matter for poetry in the revealing of Chicago's noisome corners or in the ghastly biographies of a Spoon River Graveyard's population whose business it is to rise from unquiet graves and tell life-histories of misery, want, and base unlawfulness. In their gayer moods these too-true poets, with much gusto, as one critic expresses it, "slap Life on the shoulder and chuck the Universe under the chin." And yet their better work has all the vigor, health and normal enthusiasm that should be a part of real American poetry. Two lines from "A Prayer", by Clement Wood are not easily forgotten for they show the poetic potentiality that is theirs:

"Keep me from dream-ridden indolence,  
That softens the sinews of my spirit."

In many of the important anthologies today are quoted the poems of Ezra Pound—including the one with a Greek title. This gentleman is representative of a class of poets who give the effect of very much knowledge but little of the wisdom that concerns the deep, wide emotion at the heart of the common folk. They are clever, intellectual, sardonic,—yet never from their singing could be revealed.

"Beauty that lies along the road of simple things."

In the works of the modern-conservatives is shown that ability to see and make use of those things that are good in the "new" while founding their principles on the eternal nature and essence of things. Walking our common sod, their eyes seeking new-old wonders of the stars, they pierce with unerring vision the mystic veil of Idealism—and discover there a glorification of everyday life that is ours, not a world set apart for the favored few:

"No fool need fail to enter in  
The guarded Heaven we strive to win  
Or miss upon a casual street,  
The fiery impress of his feet  
\* \* \* \* \*

But touch with every stone and sod  
The extended fingers of our God."

Ultra-radicalism has shown its greatest influence in the *form* of the "New Poetry". It is these poets, seeking to reform decisively the basic laws of English rhythm, who likewise forget in their subject-matter that the originality which is the flower of genius comes from a power to breathe into eternal truth new beauty, new life.

The tendency of their revolt is to reduce the organized design of poetry to the minimum. One is reminded, when reading the greater part of *vers libre*, polyphonic prose and the fragmentary verse, of a story in *The Yellow Fairy-Tale Book*. There was once a great prince who having wearied of his royal robes, sent for two visiting tailors whose claim was that they fashioned garments of so fine a material that they could not be seen by the ordinary individual. The prince ordered them to make for him an entirely new wardrobe; and, following a short time of much gesturing, (but no measuring) tailors at their trade, they said the garments were simple. But when all the garments were presented, they were so simple that they presented many polite though not complimentary remarks. One small boy (who had not noticed the garments) cried out:

"It has happened just as I thought."

This little allegory has a rather forcible bearing on both the *form* and the subject-matter of "Patterns" which collection of squirming snakes is the *summa gloria* of the "Imagists". As a matter of fact, there is a theory upon which the free-verse writers say they base their work.

Amy Lowell, foster-parent of this lawless child from *la belle France*, defines *vers libre* as, "a verse form based upon *cadence*. Until the present innovations in patterns English poets made designs of a two-fold rhythm, that of a metre measured off in more or less regular feet, and that of the sentence rhythm which organizes the poem as a whole, and, assisted sometimes by the use of a rhyming scheme, fuses with the metre into one harmonic effect. Amy Lowell discards this symphonic rhythm. She says, "The unit of *vers libre* is not the foot, the number of the syllables, the quantity of the line. The unit is the *strophe*, which may be the whole poem or may be only a part. Each *strophe* is a complete circle. By the circle referred to Miss Lowell seems to mean an accented syllable or stressed beat, followed by a number of unaccented words or minor beats, each circle being regular in that it takes an intelligent reader an uniform length of time to read one;—then, the allotted seconds having expired, there is a closing in of this circle—which closing in is called the element or "quality of return". The uniformity of each circle with its pauses, quickly spoken words, and words of greater length, the metronome has not proved to anyone's satisfaction, unless we consider the tranquil sureness of the free-verse writers themselves. The circles may include the whole poem or there may be quite a series of these circles—revolving through the open road of the "new" verse after the manner of a cart-wheel. And like it, they leave not the design of white frost upon the window or of rain-stars in the sand, only a straight wagon-track through the dust of words that might have been poetry. This is only a meagre sketch of the whole theory on form, but one is disappointed in the hope of finding much enlightenment by going further into the subject. J. A. Symonds, writing in 1894, says of *Blank Verse*, "It admits of no mediocrity. It must be either clay or gold." This is even more applicable to the "free-verse"—granted that its alchemists can produce any gold therefrom. The theory has not yet been proved by the *vers libristes* writing accurate illustrations of the *cadence*



*idea*; therefore the modern-conservatives are to be pardoned when they accept the first part of the *Chicago Tribune's* definition: "Free-verse is a form of theme unworthy of pure prose embodiment." The conclusion, "developed by a person incapable of pure poetic expression" we hold to be true, only when applied to the imitative and unbalanced writers in this form—in that some of our most representative of modern-conservatives have employed the new rhythms. Of this latter class we say regretfully,

"He or She has ceased to be a poet but is no prose writer!"

Polyphonic Prose is simply another attempt to break down the old barriers between prose and verse. With the characteristic complexity of radical terminology, it is defined by John Gould Fletcher to be, "a way of fusing together unrhymed *vers libre* and rhymed metrical patterns, giving the rich decorative quality of the one and the powerful conciseness of statement of the other." His exposition is interesting but not illuminative. Assuming that the *vers-librists* can realize their theory of *cadence*, to fuse old rhythms which include metre, with *vers libre* seems impossible; for this same orthodox rhythm will, artistically speaking, refuse to be "fused" with its norm-less arch-enemy,—the so called "New Poetry."

Edwin Markham, in his advice to young poets, says, "Do not let your little poem run about too soon or it may become bandy-legged." What an excellent admonition for the ears of certain fragmentary writers! Fragments like the one below, coming from the captains of the revolution, may well prove to have the encouraging effect of a cold spring rain upon the enthusiasm in the rank and file of the radical adherents. This particular morsel of poetry slipped from the genius of the "Fragmentary Imagists" who modestly employs the name of "H. D."—and after reading "The Pool" without the assistance of the title, one of ordinary intelligence and a normal imagination, might find great difficulty in deciding that the poet addressed anything other than a basket of sea-food, or the rainbow. Here it is.

"Are you alive?  
You quiver like a sea-fish  
I cover you with my net.  
What are you, banded one?"

Could we marvel if the "pool" did not recognize this description of itself?

There is a vast unknown extension that these insurgents in form would occupy—but whether their design, if perfected, will occupy an entirely new place in the field of poetry, or in the end be either a modification of standard poetry—or end in oblivion, remains for them, by writing poetry that lives, to prove.

John Masefield is the great leader of English and American poets who are modern in their viewpoint, in their diction and in some variations of their rhythm, but who do not sacrifice the attributes of the eternal to modernity. He has made of poetry a form that has power to hold the rapt attention of the multitude and has helped more than any other of the modern poets to remove poetry from the stilted heights of conventionalism to the pulsating poignant level of everyday life. He has a basic pattern, but varies his rhythm in a vivid and an original way,—fulfilling Sara Teasdale's idea of design in a poem being "a clear window-pane through which you see the poem's heart"; and upon the unclouded window of his poem's beating heart falls the dazzling light of a great genius. His is the search for treasures hid in the store-houses of the ages and he brings to the view of our own day his wealth of rhythmic variation, masterly treatment of subject-matter, and a natural and essentially modern diction whose beauty lies in its simplicity. This 'man against the sky' is not only the champion of those who have found victory in the good fight lost, he is the bard of those worse than failures, of whom Marguerite Wilkinson speaks, "the terrible spawn of life that we so little understand—the sinner from whom most of us run away, with whom Christ remained." This poet of the people is the realization of those qualities which make the "modern poet" of any age a personality and an artist whose name is engraved upon the record of the years. Beauty is suggested by the unrevealed rather than by the revealed and it is the beauty born of restraint that gives value to his poetic symmetry.

Sidney Lanier's ideal theory on the construction of English verse revolves around the principle that poetry is born out of the wedding of sense with sound, or as a result of an intimate union between the spoken word and the relative musical accompaniment. In "Symphony", this poet writes,

"Music is love in search of a word", and art realized one dream in the poetry of Sidney Lanier.

It remained for Vachel Lindsay to take up the flute and the violin laid down by the poet-musician. Lindsay, beloved vagabond and wandering minstrel of American poets, believes that all arts should converge toward poetry at the center to give of their best in perfecting it. Music is the predominating element in the form of his poetry. His lines throb with the awful passion of the golden Nile, cutting its way to the sea through the black of tropic jungles; they thrill to the piercingly sweet tones of a Chinese nightingale; and go marching, again, to the mighty tread of armies on their way to Heaven's gates.

In *Scattered Leaves From a Chinese Jar* it is written, "the first time the emperor had heard a certain word he said, 'It is strange.' The second time he said, 'It is divine'. The third time he said, 'Let the speaker be put to death'." This interesting proverb is at once, the statement and a solution of the problem of "poetic-diction,"—or, what is more to the point, words for the poet's use. A poem's diction must be that of the individual for whom the poet speaks—not that of a remote age whose very distance casts an unnatural glamour of romance upon words; and the terminology of science is not the language for poetry in that it is unfamiliar to the general public. In "The Everlasting Mercy", John Masfield's characters call each other "coshyp put" and "bloody liar" because he speaks for a class that knows no other terms of scorn to rain upon an enemy. So also, the vivid characters of Lindsay's poetry sing and laugh, shout and gesture, play tricks and make fun of each other with all the vigor and joy of their overflowing spirits,—and all through the medium of their artist's splendid handling of words. Color is the predominating characteristic of the best modern diction—a tendency included in the effort to revive the beauty of languages as they were in the Middle Ages. Illustrative of this movement are the lovely lines by Louis Untermeyer in "Landscapes":

"The stars are not just the brilliant  
 Great little bits of glass  
 And the shining constellations there  
 Were scattered withers long ago,  
 A million years from a celestial sphere."

The words that Untermeyer uses exact, colorful words in the attention of the "Landscape", and they would weave their language into such brilliant pictures as those that decorate, here as would rival the tapestries in an oriental mosque.

Working in something of an artistic frenzy, their word-paintings are inclined to merge into a mass of color until we get the effect of a picture seen from the wrong perspective; and in their poetry, as a whole, there is little of calm philosophy, of music, or even of form. Their brilliant, fantastic verse is but a bright casket upon which fall the rain and the dew, without breathing into it a living soul and an artistic form. However, Imagery, when legitimately employed, is not only of wonderful value in giving beauty, clearness, directness of diction, but when used to symbolize a truth, becomes a poetic weapon that is irresistible. Richard Aldington's address to death in "Choricos" has a parallelism of rhythm that has something of the glory and the majesty that is in the canticles and the psalms of the *Bible*:

"O Death,  
 Thou art an healing wind  
 That blowest over white flowers  
 A-tremble with the dew;  
 Thou art a wind flowing  
 Over long leagues of lonely sea."

Again Zoe Akins uses a storm at sea in "The Tragedienne" as a symbol, apparently, of war.

"A storm is riding on the tide;  
 Grey is the day and grey the tide,  
 Far-off the sea-gulls wheel and cry—  
 A storm draws near upon the tide."

Imagery and symbolism may blend also, into a conventional design and the diction be that of the poet's own heart as Alice Meynell has shown in her beautiful little poem, "At Night".

"Home, from the horizon far and clear,  
 Hither the soft wings sweep;  
 Flocks of the memories of the day draw near  
 The dovecoat doors of sleep

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light  
 Of all these homing birds?  
 Which with the strangest and the swiftest flight?  
 Your words to me, your words!"

Poetry by its very nature is the mark of an idealistic age in that a poet must seek always to exalt the public mind by the poems he creates. It may be the Pantheistic Idealism of a Shelley, the glorification of the senses as illustrated in Swinburne, or the praise that Burns bestows upon a poor little frightened field-mouse,—but always there is that giving to things as they are the warm glow of genius and the many-colored cloak of imagination. "The Flute Player" of John Bunker is a very modern Pan in his selection of subjects, for he sings:

"Here on the top o' the windy hill  
 I'll sit and pipe at my own sweet will—  
 Starry hymns or human strains,  
 Natural joys or mystic pains,  
 Rollicking tunes or simple airs.  
 Just as my own spirit stirs"

The encroachment of materialism and aggressive realism upon the boundaries of natural poetry is opposed to the purpose for which the poet must labor—the exaltation of ideals, pleasing of the fancy, and the poetic elevation of the material side of things. The radicals are to be criticised, not because they fail to ignore the shaded and evil side of life, but because they should, as they do not, present these subjects in a way that will not only make the reader abhor the wrong, but will arouse in him the contrasting desire and love for the good, the true, and the beautiful. In speaking of the realism of Mr. Sandburg, one critic has said, "I do not like poems that black your eye, any more than Professor Ferkins . . . likes poems that put up their mouth to be kissed." Another characteristic of some modern poet-philosophers is the tendency to submerge the idea of the *ego* into the theory of one great animating principle—a "world-soul". This is the attitude taken by the English poet, Thomas Hardy; and it has resulted in philosophy that is poisoned to the heart's core with pessimism in those poets who have been influenced by the doctrine. John Bunker in "Judgments" expresses with his characteristically clear philosophy, the real dependence that is man's in spite of free-will. He says:

"What thing I am, I am,—no more, no less,  
 Than that which God shall find to ban or bless."

His philosophy of pain is expressed in the concluding lines of "Haven", and it is worthy of the great Francis Thompson to whom this poem is dedicated.

"Through pain, defeat and most outrageous wrong  
 Alone is man made strong;  
 And ever the way of sorrow shall be the way of song."

When William Butler Yeats wrote these fanciful beckonings to a world-weary heart

"Come away—  
 With the fairies hand in hand  
 For the world is more full of weeping  
 Than you can understand," the healthy,

earth-loving Chesterton replied with his own theory on pain in "The Mortal Answer":

"The world is not cruel,  
 We are weary of heart and hand  
 But the world is more full of glory  
 Than you can understand."

And again Lionel Johnson addresses "Sorrow", saying,

"Come Lady of the Lilies! blanche to snow  
 My soul through sacred woe!"

Among the Irish singers there is a two-fold spirituality, an idealism, and in their philosophy, a mystic element that had characterized Celtic literature since the birth of western civilization. It is a part of the writings of poets like Padraic Colum, William Butler Yeats and "A. E." It has made the Irish fight in a desperate cause for the ideals of their country and their God. Thus writes Theodore Maynard "To The Irish Dead":

"You who have died as royally as kings  
 Have seen with eyes ablaze with beauty—eyes  
 Nor glory nor ease nor comfort could make wise,  
 The glory of imperishable things."

After writing a poem on nature that would make of the world itself, as so described, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," Louis Untermeyer concludes "Landscapes" with these unforgivably agnostic words,

"A stirring landscape and a generous earth!  
 Freshening courage and benevolent mirth—  
 And then the city, like a hideous sore . . .  
 Good God and what is all this beauty for?"

Two splendid poems (Relative) and (Absolute) have been written by Theodore Maynard on "Beauty". His philosophy of Beauty is the consummate glorification of the Beautiful.

"But one may come at last through many woes  
 And pain and hunger, to his resting place,  
 The watered garden of the Mystic Rose,  
 The quest of all his wild, adventurous pride;  
 And, seeing Beauty, shall be satisfied."

Of the Creator and God who gave His Son to the death of the Cross, Ezra Pound has written in his "Ballad for Gloom",

"For God, our God, is a gallant foe  
 That playeth behind the veil."

He would make the fulfilling of our life-work a game of dice with the Infinite Intellect of our God opposing our futile efforts! In "Prevision" there is the faith in the Divinity of one who has approached to the boundary of the veil that hides the Beauty of God's face.

"I shall have hope in spite of heavy shame,  
 Among God's pensioners to find my name,  
 In Him who for the strayed and lost ones came  
 I shall have hope."

Although modern lyrics of nature are so often permeated with the principles of Pantheism, there

are those poets who have found the real cause for beauty in nature and have drawn profit therefrom; and that reason for all material beauty is expressed in Theodore Maynard's "Gratitude,"

"But woe upon the Judgment Day  
If my heart gladdened not at May:  
Nor watched among the expectant grass  
The Summer's painted Pageant pass.  
\* \* \* \* \*

If I gave no kiss to His lovely feet  
When they shone as poppies in the wheat."

and again in the "Return," he says:

"So when has ceased the tumult and the riot,  
A man may rest his soul a little space,  
And seek your solitary eyes in quiet  
And all the gracious calmness of your face!"

Of the poems written in behalf of the poor, Edwin Markham's "Man With The Hoe" is the classic. He takes Millet's individual to be representative of a class, and his words are like bombs cast into the camp of the labor-capitalists; "How," he questions,

"Will it be with kingdoms and their kings—  
When this dumb terror shall reply  
After the silence of the centuries?"

Other poets of Democracy in England and America are, Masfield, Untermeyer, Gibson, Lindsay and Margaret Widdemer. In the latter's "Factories" is shown the influence of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children", that "curses deeper

Than a strong man in his wrath."

When the maelstrom of a world war swept the harpstrings of the world there replied a piercing thrill of music that found words in the heart-breaking of every man, woman, and child. The most beautiful songs of patriotism are confined to no particular class of individuals but are representative of each one affected by the blood-shed and the fusion of strife. Edgar Lee Masters spoke for the nation in "Draw the Sword, O Republic," Robert Service gave words to the parent-heart left lonely by the hearth-side, in "Young Fellow, My Lad." Other poems that shall live, (if the test of sincerity and interpretation of emotion be a criterion) are the remarkable poems of Rupert Brooke, the "Rouge Boquet" of Kilmer, Alan Watts's beautiful poem "I have a Rendez-vous with Death," and Lieutenant Colonel McCrue's "Remember me to the dead, 'Flanders Fields'". In his "Preface" to *Friends*, Wilfred Wilson Gibson wrote the epitaph for every soldier who, dying that the world might live, left someone to mourn

his passing until death shall reunite all friends.

Among the poems of animal-life is shown a gratifying understanding and sympathetic treatment of that part of creation that suffers all man's natural pains without any of his lasting rewards. Lindsay has written two poems, "The Bronco that Would Not Be Broken," and "Two Old Crows," the former being symbolic of the indomitable spirit of the west, while the last may well be interpreted to be a sly poke at ephemeral-philosophers who propound insane question of cause and effect without answering them. Ralph Hodgson, lover of all created things has written "A Prayer" for all suffering animals, especially for,

"Tamed and shaggy tigers  
And dancing dogs and bears  
And wretched blind pit ponies  
And little, hunted hares."

Sara Teasdale in her *Love Songs* has written the best modern lyrics on this subject of universal appeal; and of those who have written with deep insight concerning the beautiful things of home, none have surpassed Alice Meynell in her mother songs. Among the many poems written for children, are Lindsay's "King of the Golden Butterflies," Louis Untermeyer's "On the Birth of a Child," John Bunker's ode "To a Little Girl Who Died," and the lines of James Oppenheim to "The Lincoln Child."

The great number of poems written by modern poets with the personalities of eccentric, unfortunate, even cruel, and pitifully unhappy people as their subjects, is expressive of a growing love for and a mindfulness on the part of mankind for the rest of humanity. Even the foreign population of the most deplorably miserable slums receives the sympathy of a Thomas Augustine Daly. In his exquisitely tender and beautiful son of "Da Leetla Boy," he concludes,

"Da spreeng ees com'; but oh, da joy  
Eet ees too late!  
He was so cold, my leetla boy,  
He no could wait."

When poets can write with an understanding that walks down the valley of fear, want, and death with a poor, bewildered and sorrowful emigrant father, then is there hope of a new generation being born out of a mutual love and fellowship among all nations and peoples, then,

"Love shall be clothed with beauty,  
And walk through the world again,  
Hearing the haunted cadence  
Of an immortal strain."





## TO THE KNIGHT OF NOTRE DAME.

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 ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.
 

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FATHER, how feeble is my mortal song  
 To voice the thoughts that in the bosoms throng  
 Of these, the children in your care;—  
 My song! How can it join the great refrain  
 Of blessed singers, and in soaring gain  
 The potency of heavenly prayer!

A little time, these well known paths you strayed,  
 Telling your beads while twilight shadows played  
 Upon the golden dome, while rang the evening chimes;  
 A little time,—and, then the voice which thrilled  
 Like tender melody, on earth was stilled,  
 To seek a worthier song in Paradisal climes.

Faint is my voice, a-tremble with delight,  
 Unheard before the throne of Her whose knight  
 You are, it dies, mute suppliant to be  
 For these, the wandering flock with shepherd gone—  
 O gentle guide, still must you lead us on  
 To share with you celestial ecstasy!

## THE PATH TO ROME.

S. M. B.

[F, indulgent reader, by virtue of a high and holy state, you have been cheated of all the genuine joys of the life of a tramp, a gipsy, or a pilgrim (call it what you will) you will relish as I have relished, Hilaire Belloc's *The Path to Rome*. Forgetful, for the time being of the painful fact that when you travel, you travel as a tourist, you find your own heart echoing and re-echoing the author's words, "All the world is my garden since they built railways and gave me leave to keep off them." And so you vow the vow with Belloc to go to Rome on a Pilgrimage to see all Europe which the Christian Faith has saved; and you will say as I have said, "I will walk all the way, and take advantage of no wheeled thing; I will sleep rough and cover thirty miles a day, and I will hear Mass every morning; and I will be present at High Mass in Saint Peter's on the Feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul."

Unshackled by a conglomeration of other person's opinions and with my love of the out-of-doors as interest-guide and my own peculiar literary likes and dislikes as appreciation guide, I shall set forth. Would that my invocation to all the works in the world were as effective as our author's. Would that I were the captain of a whole regiment of words to do justice to Hilaire Belloc the writer and the pilgrim.

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute?"

At the very few word friends who never fail me) pass in silent array, one salutes with such a degree of assurance, that I am minded to take *the into mind* *the unique*. *The Path to Rome* is, in truth unique; unique in its subject matter, its description, its humor and its style. In subject matter, it is like yet unlike *Travels With a Donkey*. Both Belloc and Stevenson have recorded the incidents of their journeys, the *pleasant* *the path* *of* *travelling* independently of any wheeled thing. Yet Stevenson had Modestine and Hilaire Belloc had not. While I missed all the fun which Modestine's inherent characteristics afforded me, the many digressions of the "little uneducated animal" caused all along the way, nevertheless Belloc's independence of research & heart's representation in part. Had he had Modestine, there would have been

no opportunity for his incesing complaint of the pain in his leg, and the boyish delight which came from relief—that relief immediate and almost miraculous which always accompanied the application of the "balm." The digressions which Modestine offers in the *Travels*—they were digressions, but who can ever forget the purchase of the brute thing, her stubbornness, her exasperating and successful method of playing upon the sympathies of her all too sympathetic owner?—these digressions, I say, were made up for by the delightful and amusing, rather irrelevant incidents of which Belloc is guilty. That his continuous review of the events become not monotonous, the author has interspersed here and there paragraphs which I would call familiar essays in miniature. One of the first to attract my attention was his value of Bakers. The author, or rather the philosopher, satisfies all those who are curious about the geniality of Bakers, in general. According to him, the explanation is this: bakers are always up early, can watch the dawn, thus living in lonely contemplation enjoying the early hours. How refreshing, and how much more—a fine appreciation of the "serene hours", and a timely reflection for those whose business it is to rise with the dawn! In his little dissertation on a day without salt he has described, perfectly, our "blue" day—a day when for us everything is just ordinary. "The air was ordinary, the colors common; men, animals and trees, indifferent. Something had stopped working." Probably no digression is more pleasing than the one on "Windows." In his own inimitable style, he has seen what many of us have not time to see, that to a building, windows are everything; "they are what eyes are to a man, and but for windows we should have to go out of doors to see daylight." These few extracts suffice to show that there is in Belloc something that we find not in other books, a something which is strikingly individual. Of his digressions, I may say, even at the expense of literary mutilation what M. Pauley has said of Milton's poetry. "They are indeed not so much essays as collections of hints from which the reader may make familiar essays for himself."

The author has literally packed his book with lovely descriptions—yet without pretending to do so. The coming in of evening, the night in the forest, these reminded me of Stevenson's *Night Among the Pines*. While there is in them not

so much artistic beauty, there is a suggestiveness peeping out behind the lines that adds to the loveliness of the descriptions; and there is an added something in his many accompanying reflections which makes the passages even more enjoyable. "I took from this silence and this vast plain of still water the repose that introduces night;" and "The Kingdoms that have no walls and are built up of shadows began to oppress me as the night hardened." Though Belloc pleaded the futility of describing the Alps, "the magnificent creatures of God", what he has said of them is especially fine. There is a strength peculiarly appropriate, yet withal a rhythm that is pleasing. I found myself trying to scan such lines as "Up there in the sky, to which only clouds belong and birds and the last trembling colors of pure light they stood fast and hard. They were as distant as the little upper clouds of summer, as fine and tenuous;" "they occupied the sky with a sublime invasion, and the things proper to the sky were forgotten by me in their presence as I gazed." Some of his passages are delightfully picturesque—Seven miles out of Lugano, there appeared "at a turn in the road, a little pink house with a yard all shaded over by a vast tree". Forgetful that the author was telling the truth, I expected a little pink lady to play hostess and to serve my companion something less plebeian than sausage, and bread and coarse wine. However, "veritas vincit", and I was disappointed. I was compensated, later on, when at the town of Lugano, a very young and beautiful girl set before him a delicious lunch.

There is a style about Belloc's book that is particularly its own. Simplicity and strength, suggestiveness and directness, all these are characteristic of this interesting pilgrim book. If style is the man, then truly our author must stand alone.

There is something that is of greater interest in the book than the written word,—the writer of the written word. Belloc lets us get a glimpse of himself and for that we are grateful. What a humanly human man he shows himself, filled to the brim with humor and good humor; yet withal a man—one of the men that the Catholic Church has helped to make "Capable of firmness and discipline and recognition." His humanness is so evident! He breaks all his vows but one—he shows gladness when he is glad and dullness

when he is dull without any excuse for such! He complains when his leg pains and even puns himself to such an extent that he succumbs to a "wheeled thing," and rides from Como to Milan. "Thus did I break—but by a direct command—the last and dearest of my vows and as the train rumbled on, I took luxury in the rolling wheel." Indeed it was by a direct command. In the cathedral in which he had taken refuge to think he settled the question "to ride or not to ride" by making use of candles for an "ordeal of heavenly judgment." The left hand one shall be for attempting the road at the risk of illness; the right hand one shall stand for my going by rail till I come to that point on the railway where one franc eighty will take me." And so he rode to Milan.

Belloc has a humor, too, that is unique—a humor that fairly stares out at you from behind a wall of very ordinary looking word expressions. Surely it was Belloc's sense of humor which helped him not to miss, and to make note of the fine sight of the "hay-making nuns." Along the road clattered a cart, drawn by a galloping donkey containing two nuns, each with a scythe. No other single incident in the whole book delighted me so completely. And why? Because it symbolized the perfect peace and the prosperity of the children of God; and yet, somehow, Belloc's narration of it is reverently humorous. And who, once he has read, shall ever forget, "I notice that those whom the devil has made his own are always spick and span.

There is another, a deeper phase of Belloc to which a whole essay is due—the spirituality of the man. His very pilgrimage marks him so. He was annoyed when he could not hear Mass each day, "For what is a pilgrimage in which a man cannot hear Mass every morning?" Although he speaks of the temporal advantages of daily Mass, there is behind that the appreciation of the great Sacrifice which he does not thrust upon an irreligious reading public.

But now, "Tenipus abire tibi est." I am glad that Fate put the book in my way. My time has been profitably spent were it for no other reason than to deserve Belloc's benediction, "final, complete, full, absolving and comfortable," and to be numbered among those of whom he says, "I loved you all as I wrote." But that is not all. I have met a writer, a Catholic, a man. I wish I knew him to speak to.

STAR-DUST.

TO ALMA MATER.

CLARA SeLEGUE, '21.

WHEN ride cloud argosies on high  
To greet the morning in the sky,  
When birds in matin-song reply  
To the flowing river's wakened sigh,  
As silver-voiced it sings;  
Or when the blazing arrows sent  
By sun of noon-tide all are spent  
And stilled its murmurings,—  
In evening's misted wonderment,  
A garden fair art thou to see,  
A rare-hued jewel, daintily  
Embosomed, by her Queen's decree,  
In Nature's blazing heraldry:  
And Mary's mantle blue  
Of skiey texture all the day  
Folds round thee, and the blossoms gay  
From Mary's hand bestrew the way  
Thy children travel through.

But when at evening's death, dark-throned night  
Assumes his sway, and the pale inaureate moon,  
A water-lily in a sable sea,  
Floats on and on, until her brightness soon  
Bathes all thy roofs and towers in liquid gold,  
And little stars out-creeping, bright and shy,  
Surround her, and a dazzling network spread  
Of ardent rays between thee and the sky,  
Then thou art fairest; painted with these threads  
Of gold from her blue cloak, a pictured prayer  
Art thou of beauty, to the Mother-Maid  
Who keeps the night, the stars, and thee in care.

All through the day thine incensed prayers ascend,  
A supplicating cloud, to Heaven's Queen,  
And lo! at night she smiles, and showers down  
The pale gold that a thousand sunsets glean,  
And crowns thee thus: so, by her sweet decree,  
Thou needst not strive for stars—they fall to thee.

Ah! truly then art thou most fair  
When purple shadows from their lair  
In caverns of the sunset snare  
These gems from moon's and starlight's flare  
To crown thee reverently;  
When still the argent river dreams  
Of silver song, when morning beams,  
To sing,—a hymn of love it seems,  
Thy children's love for thee.



## THE CRYSTAL BOWL'

ESTELLE BROUSSARD, '21.

MY life's young years, my Lady fair,  
 I place within thy care,  
 That thou mayst fashion them to be  
 Fruitage of purity

Make me a temple of thy grace,  
 A humble dwelling-place  
 To shield the fount of happiness  
 In walls of tenderness.

Like lilies in a crystal bowl,  
 Place virtues in my soul;  
 Of maidenhood, thy rare, bright gift,  
 Enraptured vision lift.

Though all joys from my life depart,  
 Deep echoes in my heart  
 Will waft sweet trustful prayers above  
 To thee, the Queen of Love.

## WESTERN MOONS.

NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

FROM her low window, Lillian watched the little village street dimming into the quiet gray of evening. Yet she hardly saw the street, the garden before her house, or the wide rolling meadows and the hill beyond. All day she had thought of the wonderful Paris she had known during her student days—the Paris free from care, sorrow, war. She had lived again her happy girlhood and had seen her beautiful young mother standing before enchanted audiences lifting them from earth to a heaven of music with her magic singing. And her song was a lullaby that had sung itself into Lillian's soul as she rocked a doll to sleep. A low cough roused her. She crossed to her mother's bed hastily. The pale, worn, little woman could scarcely speak. "I did not call, dear. I am only tired," she whispered. The muscles of her throat twitched from the exertion.

The sight of her mother's suffering flashed white horror over Lillian's face. She turned away. Was the mad applause of multitudes worth the suffering serving them had brought? The tested golden love in her mother's eyes answered her question. Then applause was not, but the joy and hopes which her singing had rekindled was worth whatever unselfish sacrifice time and nature demanded. After that demand was answered, her eyes spoke of reward.

A soft dropping of rain caressed the young grass and little leaves of May, while the fresh

perfume of awakened but sleepy flowers laden the air with sweet breaths of spring. Irresistibly, it drew Lillian to her window. The garden gate swung open, and a man walked leisurely to the house. He turned his face straight toward the rain as if he understood its playfulness and joyed with it.

Lillian met him at the door.

"Here's the telegram you've been wanting, Miss Lillian." He smiled. "Mrs. Courtney sent you this pail of warm milk hoping it would be the right tonic for your mother. And, if you want me to stop to take the answer of your message, I'll be going to the station at eleven for the express train." He hurried away, childishly, and gave her time for no words but a sincere "thank you."

She held the envelope, hesitating to open it, unwilling to have its message haunt her with a longing for the days she had lived again that afternoon. Suddenly braver, she read:

"I accept them all. Come to play them for Ralfa.  
 DAVIES."

Lillian started with a surprise she had half expected, yet half dreaded would come. An expression of success mingled with righteous pride in rewarded work, lighted her unhappy face. At last, her compositions had been accepted, and, more, Davies had asked her to accompany the renowned Ralfa—to take again, her just place in the world of musicians. It was success. Yet—

and a tight iron hand of disappointment crushed her moment of happiness—she could not go.

She and her mother were alone there in a lonely western town, with only the freedom of western skies to comfort them. Lillian knew that her mother could never leave country life. But she knew, too, that her mother would, gladly and insistently, offer Lillian's careful tenderness at the shrine where she had sacrificed her own life—at the altar of her art that now was feeble, at the altar of music and the charity of its power.

The evening had grown into night—a night when every cloud in the sky showers its wealth to bathe the feverish earth. Once more Lillian sat by her window, and in the fallen darkness, listened to the solemn benediction the slow rain was singing. In her hand she clenched the yellow paper, the passport to future glory or more hidden existence.

She awakened with a start. The rain had ceased, the sky was flooded by a sea of silver light diffused through thin flying shadowy clouds. At first, it seemed a dream. But soon Lillian saw not the sky, but the beautiful silver light of happiness through clouds that were heavier than shadows.

Then Mr. Courtney returned, and she gave him the message. When he turned to go she said, as if by sudden impulse,

"Would your Jimmie like to take music lessons? He watches me closely when I play at church."

"Yes, ma'am, he would. I would have sent him to you long ago, 'cept I heard you wouldn't teach. Besides, with six others, I can't afford to be buying music."

"Never mind about the music. Send Jimmie over here in the morning."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mother, here is some milk Mrs. Courtney sent to you. It will be a lonely breakfast," Lillian smiled, when her mother lifted herself from the daze of sick sleep.

"Why, Lillian, you look different this morning. Is some one coming? You are all dressed like you used to dress when you loved to live, and dress like other girls."

"Nothing unusual, mother. I thought you would like to see me careful again."

"This morning there was the most beautiful sunrise! I believe western sunrises can be as beautiful and western skies as blue as Italian skies. I-I believe I love this country now. I see why Mr. Courtney calls it 'God's Country'!" She moved the bed closer to the opened window where her mother could see and feel the sparkling beauty of the early morning.

"Perhaps you will receive word from Mr. Davies today."

"No, mother. Mr. Courtney brought me a telegram last night. I did not waken you because I intended to show you the telegram; but—" she hesitated, "it fell in the fire. Mr. Davies has accepted my songs."

"Lillian, girl, I am happy. I can die easier now, because you will find the use of your talent and can give it everything like I have done."

"Yes, mother. And Jimmie is to begin lessons this morning."

"What! You teaching! You teaching a country boy like Jimmie."

"I didn't think there could be music in the hearts of these plain villagers. But, maybe, Jimmie can learn to describe western sunrises..... and western moons."

#### THE CALL OF GOD.

ELIZABETH MAGINNIS, '24.

THERE is beauty when the morning smiles,  
And bid—the night be gone,  
There is music in the sky lark's song  
As he gently wakes the dawn.

This is the call that nature knows,  
When dawn the life be joined,  
This is the call that nature knows,  
When dawn the life be joined.

This is the call that nature knows,  
The cry of a new-born day;  
And nature knows it comes from God  
And echoes far away.

## THE PRIMARY COLORS.

DOROTHY MENDEN, '24.

THE golden glint of sunny hours,  
 The feelings folks call blue,  
 On His pallet broad, with deft brush  
 The Master-painter blends these two.

He shades the rose of hopeful dawns  
 With days that we call gray,  
 With these four tones life pictures life,—  
 All in His Master way.

## NANCY INTERFERES.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

IT is late afternoon of an unusually warm May day. The doors of Lawton's formidable looking school house are open—school is just out. The students rush out in groups of three and four, every heart happy to get temporary relief from rigid rules, and the stuffy air of the classroom. Particularly happy is Nancy Pick. Her rival in love, war, brains, and every other conceivable thing, the curly haired Elsie Dale, is now suffering her first scholarly misfortune. For some reason or other Elsie did not have her day's Latin assignment, and Nancy had her first victory when she eclipsed Elsie in the recitation. The second victory came when Elsie had been asked to remain after school to make up her work. Now, the doubly victorious Nancy is standing outside of the class room window, and with a nod of conquering satisfaction looks inside at Elsie, whose curly head is bent over her work. Still, Nancy is hoping for a third victory. She takes her stand at the door way, head high, eyes sparkling. Nancy knows that Elsie's particularly faithful friend, Jack Bowers, has not yet left the building. Nancy is not exactly naughty, but like many girls of her age, she is jealous—and madly in love with Jack. Unfortunately again, her rival is the fair Elsie.

Nancy has a scheme. Here is my chance, she thinks. Jack certainly will not wait for Elsie tonight—so—I'll just make him happy by walking home with him. Soon the innocent Jack, quite unconscious of the havoc he is creating in a girlish heart, steps briskly out of the doorway. Looking about and not seeing Elsie, he installs himself on the doorstep, fully deciding to wait. Nancy's heart fails her.

"I certainly can't ask him to walk with me," she says to herself, "no—that would not be just the proper thing. Still I am certainly not going home alone." She walks back to the window. Thus far Jack has not even seen her.

After a while Nancy's friends gather about her, and Nancy, to attract Jack's attention begins to tell the girls about Elsie, and in her ardor to prejudice Elsie's gallant hero against her, she exaggerates the cause of Elsie's present punishment loud enough for even the unwilling ears of Jack to hear.

This is more than this worthy gentleman can bear. He turns about and faces the girls.

"I should think, Nancy," he says, "that you might at least let Elsie be in peace. She is doing you no harm."

Nancy puckers up her freckled nose. Things certainly are not shaping themselves to her liking.

"Huh, what do you think you are, Mr. Jack Bowers? Mind your own business!"

"You're minding yours, aren't you?" retorted Jack.

Nancy makes another grimace.

"I'll do as I please—smartie—little Jackie is in love and with who?—Elsie, the goody, goody," Nancy assumes a very pious expression at this, and Nora, the girl at Nancy's left, laughs encouragingly.

Jack turns the other way, and as unconcerned as possible begins whistling "Everybody Works But Father."

Nancy grows more excited. She lifts her skirts and passes by Jack without even deigning to look his way. All her admiring friends follow her.

"Didn't I give it to him," she asks. "What do I care about Jack Bowers. He's an innocent little know-nothing, just like Elsie."

Yet our heroine can not resist the temptation of looking back to see if Jack is still sitting, like a waiting cavalier, on the doorstep. Sure enough, there he sits solemnly whistling, and thinking how little he knows about girls. Nancy, however, is more jealous than ever.

"I've a splendid idea," she says, "I'll have a party tonight, and I am not going to invite Elsie Dale. Who wants that little saint around, anyway?"

The girls all agree. They always acquiesce in anything Nancy proposes.

The next two hours Nancy spends in planning the entertainment. She invites all those who from her own point of view should be admissible to her select circle. First she calls up Jack. What would the party be without him?

"Hello," she says sweetly, "is this Jack—Mr. Bowers? This is Nancy Pick."

"Yes," from Jack, at the other end of the line.

"I am sorry for what I said this afternoon—Jack—and I'm going to give a party to make up. Will you come?"

Jack, thinking that Nancy's new attitude and invitation includes Elsie, answers,

"Certainly, at eight, is it?"

"Yes, at eight—and thank you, Jack."

Nancy's heart beats just a little faster, but she can not suppress a smile at her own cleverness.

At seven all is ready. Nancy is seated at the piano thrumming a new waltz—just out. The door bell rings. Nancy herself runs to the door, eager to greet the early comer, but to her surprise it is Elsie.

"Why, Elsie, I-I-, why, come in."

"Yes, I will. I didn't have anything in particular to do and besides, I want to hear you play those new pieces you talked about."

Nancy can not but be obliging. She hurries to the piano.

"Never mind hurrying," says Elsie, seating herself.

Nancy cannot restrain her impatience. In fifteen minutes she plays through a half dozen pieces with a newly acquired and amazing rapidity—hoping all the time that Elsie will soon go. Elsie makes no motion to leave. She begins to talk about everything. Never before has Nancy heard so much detail. Every few minutes she gazes at her wrist watch to see if it is eight. Again the door bell rings. This time it is Jack. Nancy's face is a blank, and Elsie looks up surprised. Before either says a word, Jack asks,

"What made you leave so early, Elsie. I stopped at your house but your sister told me you had already left, so I came right down. Are we the first ones at the party, Nancy?"

"The party," asks Elsie, "what party?" She is slowly grasping the situation.

"Why, yes, the party," Nancy says, getting an inspiration. "It was to be a surprise party. We intended to get you after every one came. Jack did not know it was to be a surprise."

"How nice, and dear of you," says Elsie.

Jack is beginning to think so himself. Nancy is not so bad after all.

The party passes by nicely. No one questions Nancy about Elsie's presence—because Nancy always does just what she pleases, anyway.

When the party is over, Nancy has the satisfaction of seeing Jack leave with Elsie.

Nancy is not hoping for any more victories.

#### A MONDAY MORNING LAMENT.

MARGARET WILLIAMS, '24.

COME ye, hither, merry Muses,  
Bring me thoughts of rare design,  
For they're handing in their papers,  
And I needs must hand in mine.

Give me thoughts on any subject,  
Any topic whatsoever;  
Does not matter what the thought is,  
If the words but rhyme together.

From the rostrum towering o'er me  
"Soph'more class, pass out in line!"  
Oh dear Muse, an inspiration!  
For I needs must hand in mine.



# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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### THE CALL OF SCHOOL.

"Into the street the Piper stept," so the story goes, and we all know what happened when the sweet magic of his pipe reached the ears of the children of Hamlin. Once more, the Piper has stepped into the street, and this time the Piper is Education and the Street is every street in every town in America. With the first long sweet notes of her song of promise, there is a rush of eager feet as the boys and girls awaken to its meaning. And so once more our colleges have recruited new armies to be trained and drilled and polished into the future citizens of the world.

Already these boys and girls of yesterday, who step so eagerly through the wondrous portal of college life, are going through the putting away process of today that will make them the men and women of tomorrow. They are finding that they must relinquish the many childish pleasures that made up the happiness of home, the little endearments, the special attention, and the quiet sympathy of one's own people. It is not an easy process, this putting away the things of a child and stepping over the threshold, knowing that once the door is shut fast it will never be opened.

Yet having reached this stage in life, most of the students in our colleges know that great things are accomplished slowly, painfully, and with great effort; and so they are ready to meet the test and to pay the price. With the ever-swelling notes of the Piper ringing in their ears, luring them on into the hidden mountain of learning, they find it not quite so hard to face the truth of the words, "I have put away the things of a child."

### A FEATURE OF ST. MARY'S.

Physical training has taken a novel turn at St. Mary's. No longer we hear at the breakfast table the old familiar greetings; "I'm dead tired," "I never was so sleepy;" but are greeted now with an enthusiastic "Good morning," accompanied by a healthy filling up of plates. The ranks that used to march sleepily towards the refectory for breakfast, now move at a brisk rate towards the campus. In front of the college building, at the early hour of seven, participating in setting up exercises, are all girls of all classes, uniformly dress and arranged, shoulders back with head and spirits high. What life and vim is expressed in, "Forward, one, two, three, four." The effect of the early morning air and exercises is manifested by the ranks as they march back to the refectory. This morning feature savors the breakfast and incites to enthusiasm which lasts through the day. This prescription daily carried out, guarantees the removal of all yawns and dumps and adds new life and "personal color".

### AN APPEAL FOR CHEERFULNESS.

There is a kinship between laughter and tears. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery; one is wind power and the other water power, that is all."

There are some people who seem to want not to know the bright side of life. If a person has great sorrow we expect to see her shun society and try to overcome her grief alone. But we have a secret contempt for the trivial sorrow that comes from a mere denial of privileges. We hate to see a person mournful and tearful because a silly vanity has been injured or a whim not satisfied. These actions lower the character and leave no room for personality.

There are also some people to whom affliction seems to be a welcome thing. They hug their grief as if it were a blessing. They refuse all comfort and find a secret source of morbid pleasure in the concern of the people around them. They really do not realize how disgusted people get with them. Their grief gives them the center of the stage and their vanity is gratified.

This class of people should strive to forget themselves and their petty worries and give more time and attention to people around them. It is only selfishness and egoism which makes them act the way they do. They should start right in to conquer their bad habit. Of course, it will be hard at first; but if the start is made now by doing little things for others, saying kind things, and thinking sweet thoughts, the secret sorrows will soon be forgotten and these people will find that this world is a good place to live in after all.

A noted man once said, "work hard, play hard, and pray hard, and you will all be happy." Add to these the practical wisdom and humor of America that make life well worth living.

#### RUTS.

Although ruts are convenient places in which the wheels of life's routine may run, they keep us away from much that is good and worth while. After the wheels have once cut down through the solid surface of the road, it is very difficult for them to turn from this course. Perhaps you have seen how one rut breaks its way through to another, but still there is a rut. In some places you can see where the wheel has slipped a little in its endeavor to pull itself out and has fallen back into the smooth but narrow groove.

When we start out on life's high road, seeing the deeply rutted wheel tracks, we often resolve to keep on the smooth hard ground above them. But something in the distance beckons to us, until, forgetting to be watchful, we slip slowly and surely to the deep and narrow track. We seem to ourselves to travel along just as well, and to be just as much a part of the world as before. But when we wish to drive nearer to the goal at the end, to touch more intimately with the life that is there, the wheels slip and we wonder whether the auto will be worth the effort. If we slip lazily back into the rut this time, it is probable that future attempts to pull out will be made even less energetically, until we are content to coast along the rut of our earthly existence in the same old track.

Many people are slow enough never to be caught in a rut, or are forewarned enough to

force themselves out when first they realize that they are there. For those who never are able to pull out of a narrow track of thought or action, the only consolation is that, perhaps because of their deep concentration upon this, they will never realize what they have lost by not being able to appreciate what is being done by the roadside.

#### PROCRASTINATION.

Procrastination—or the putting off until tomorrow what you can do today—applies to nothing better than to school life. There are days in the year when one "falls in," as it were, with study. The pen fairly slides along and a problem is worked, a composition finished, an article outlined, a book digested, before we can hardly think about it. There are other days, and many of them, when we are unable to study and can scarcely tolerate the classroom. Time drags, lessons seem lengthened and boring, the very contact with books depresses us. When such days come, we should strive for the mastery of feelings, for only the fool believes in procrastination. We should agree with Cervantes when he says: "By the streets of By and By, one arrives at the house of Never," for when a lazy or slothful person has made up his mind, his chance has gone by.

#### SECOND-HAND OPINIONS.

Who does not hope and strive for broadmindedness and sincerity? Have you ever stopped to think what constitutes these wonderful assets to character? Some persons realize, from experience, the value of thinking for one's self, especially along the line of forming opinions. This is the essential requirement in acquiring a broad mind.

Frequently, a person, misguided by jealousy or hatred, will form a very unjust opinion and circulate it among us. Whether this opinion was made innocently or regardless of the consequences, we find that soon most of us share it and are helping to spread it. Oh, it is easy to accept some one else's opinion rather than to trouble our minds by forming an independent one. There we are—letting someone else do our thinking! We are narrow-minded without realizing it.

The use of a little will-power and the refusal to accept these second hand opinions, pass them on, or disclose our own, would abolish the greater part of the jealousy and gossip, which exists in colleges.

We all lament the gossip situation, but do we do anything to alter it? One or two persons can do no great good, but, as Kipling has said:

"It ain't the guns nor armament, nor funds that they can pay,  
But the Close Cooperation that makes them win the day—  
It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole,  
But the Everlastin' Teamwork of every Bloomin' Soul."

---

### SCREAMING

---

It is thought by some that school girls alone are addicted to that well known habit of screaming. This is a mistake, for screaming is now the noise of the highest civilization.

The secret of this little game is the pitching of the voice. The aim of the screamer is to pitch his voice above the ordinary tone. Some are not able to stand the strain and their throats become sore and their voices broken. However, this adds to the excitement, and it is a thrill of victory and pleasure that a person feels after an hour or two of screaming.

Go to a social function and pause at the entrance to the reception room. A great noise greets the ears—it is quite different from the continuous roar of the traffic, it lacks any musical quality whatsoever. This is not a chance affair, for the best known, best educated, best liked people are here gathered by special invitation. They have come together not for exercise, but for pleasure; and the more they cram, push, pull, the louder they scream—and likewise, derive the greater pleasure. It is a sort of contrast! The person with the loudest voice, or rather the shrillest, is the most successful.

Screaming is not a fashion, it is an act. It requires practice to become adept. In this little amusement, men, by virtue of their deep voices, can never become proficient; however, some auctioneers, farmers, and brokers have reached notice. Ladies are the masters of this art. not alone because of their natural endowment. but because of their constant practice.

The effect of screaming is best noticed at a dinner-party of ten or twelve, when, just as soon as they begin to talk—the effect is that of a dynamite explosion. It is the cheerful babble of indistinguishable noise, so loud, and shrill, that two persons seated side by side, or across the table from one another can not catch an intelligent sentence. This makes a lively dinner. Everybody is animated and, if there is no conversation, there is at least a glorious chatter and roar. When the dinner is over, everyone is exhausted and hoarse, and the host can be sure he has done his best.

Screaming is practiced not only by pleasure-seekers but by others as well. Teachers scream at their pupils; girls, not alone laugh over good news, they scream; the ragman in his "Any rags, any bones, any bottles today?"—screams; the tired mother screams at Johnny to come to dinner; the elevator-man screams the number of your floor; the "Red-cap" in his plea for baggage screams; the tiny baby screams, for what we do not know, but scream he does; in truth every want is now made known by screaming.

It is asked by some very ambitious reformers if screaming could not be abolished. They agree that a lower tone of voice would save much energy, confusion, and trouble. This is quite so, but we must bear in mind that screaming is not alone a habit, but a fashionable habit—one much in vogue. And of course, to be in vogue, you know—!

---

### LOCALS.

---

—The scholastic year for 1921-22 was formally opened by Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost, Sunday September 18. Rev. W. R. Connor was the celebrant, with Rev. T. Murphy and Rev. C. Miltner as deacon and subdeacon. High ideals and character building was the subject chosen by the Rev. Wm. Bolger, in which he pointed out to the student body some of the advantages of convent school training together with the accompanying responsibility of making use of the opportunities offered.

—A surprise awaited the old students returning to St. Mary's. When the girls arrived at the gate of their Alma Mater, they naturally expect-

ed their taxi to turn in; but were greatly amazed when the driver after passing the main entrance, drove into an unfamiliar lane. As the girls rode over a "bumpy highway," they saw red lights and danger signs, all of which indicated road construction. Thus the problem was solved—St. Mary's was to have a stretch of pavement leading from the gate to the college building.

—Miss Margaret Mellet of Anderson, Indiana, returned to St. Mary's for a week-end visit. She showed her loyalty to her old classmates, the Fourth Academics of last year, by taking them on an auto ride to Niles, Michigan, where they had refreshments.

—Perhaps it was to make us feel free and "out in the world" that St. Mary's introduced a most strenuous fad. Every morning, whether in the bleak December days, or in the roasting sun of June, St. Mary's must strive to become superbly healthy by taking the "setting up exercises."

—The Seniors enjoyed a "steak fry," Wednesday, September 28. Leaving home at 10:00 A. M., they walked to San Gabriel where they cooked their dinner in the woods. After satisfying their appetites with well seasoned, juicy, brown steak "two inches thick," they went on a long hike.

—The Seniors showed their ability as charming hostesses on Sunday evening, September 18, when they entertained the college department at an informal reception in the parlors. The old talent, combined with the skill of the new girls, rendered a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The Misses Catherine, Gladys, and Mercedes Rempe motored from Chicago to be at St. Mary's for a day during opening week. Other guests were Margaret and Patricia Sullivan, former students of St. Mary's.

—To help the pupils attain ease and poise, St. Mary's has added public speaking to the curriculum. It is compulsory for Seniors, Juniors, and Fourth Academics, but elective for others.

—The Children of Mary Sodality held its first meeting September 30. The officers were appointed for the coming year. Those in the col-

Amelia Schlecht	-	-	-	-	President
Catherine Johns	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Teresa Stocker	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Florentia Clarke	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Frances Kennedy	-	-	-	-	Librarian
Katherine Duffy	-	-	-	-	Sacristan

#### In the Academy:

Margaret Betz	-	-	-	-	President
Dorothy King	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Irene Kermin	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Leona Berghoff	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Katherine Graham	-	-	-	-	Librarian
Virginia Morse	-	-	-	-	Sacristan

Regular meetings of the Sodality will be held on Friday evenings.

—The Seniors were guests at the Notre Dame vs. DePauw football game, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 1st.

—The pupils of the Journalism Department of St. Mary's College enjoyed a real treat in being able to attend the Advertising Convention at *The Tribune* Auditorium. The speaker, Mr. Guy Davis, proved very interesting, giving various advantages and statistics along with some of the "inside" of newspaper advertising, which greatly interested the students. The Department thanks Mr. F. A. Miller for his kind and thoughtful invitation.

—A new sport has been introduced at St. Mary's in the form of Soccer Ball. For this purpose a field has been laid out west of the lake. The girls are very enthusiastic about the new game judging from the large number who turn out for daily practice.

—Autumn is rivaling spring in the peals of wedding bells. Cards have been received announcing the following marriages: Miss Dorothy Kiplinger, Omaha, Nebraska, to Mr. Charles Allison; Miss Marjorie Shepard to Captain Joe Miller; Miss Clara Seidel, Chicago, to Mr. Vincent Mulvaney; Miss Jessie Holthouse, Decatur, Indiana, to Mr. John Brunton; Miss Belle Munger Riggle, Riverside, California, to Mr. Irwin Hays Rice. To these St. Mary's extends congratulations and implores heaven's benediction upon them.

---

St. Mary's offers sincere sympathy and an assurance of a remembrance in prayer to Alta Gracia and Dolores Cicero, who were called home by the sudden death of their mother.

---



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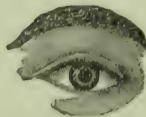
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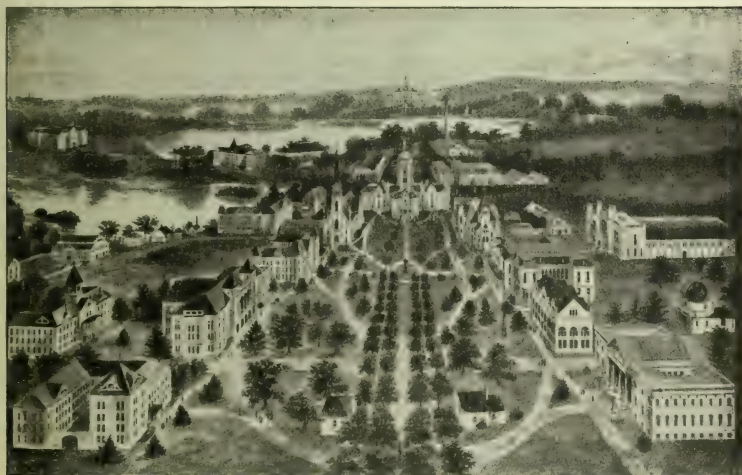
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EMPTINESS.

---

S. M. E.

---

I joyed in a garden once—'twas wondrous fair  
With moss grown paths and roses everywhere,  
In the days of long ago.  
A song bird trilled in a brooding tree,  
And beneath it, free as the wind is free,  
Laughed a child with wind-blown hair.

I weep in the garden now—though still 'tis fair  
With roses, roses, tumbled everywhere,  
As the days pass sad and slow.  
Dew, as of tears, is upon the leaves,  
And with plaintive note the song bird grieves  
For the child with the wind-blown hair.



# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., November 1921

No. 3

## TO A DEAD ORIOLE.

BEATRICE REA, '21.

HIGH, high to the limpid sky,  
Bird of the lyric song, you fly!  
Low, low, to the earth below,  
Bird of the broken wing, you go.  
Here we had found you  
When death had bound you  
Fast in his cold embrace.  
Soft, on your golden body, sunlight plays  
Through imprisoning glass that barred sweet ways  
To Heaven's soaring-space.  
Poor frantic, blinded thing—could you not feel  
Over your ebon wings Dawn's warm breath steal  
Caressingly,—despite these prison walls?  
Ah no!—for, in a nearby sheltering tree  
Your hanging nest and nestlings you could see,  
Could hear your patient mate's high-lilting calls!

\* \* \* \* \*

Far, far from each gleaming star,  
Would I fathom the things that are!  
Deep, deep in my soul I keep  
Desires that death alone may reap,  
For the Light that is Life in me  
Wages stern strife in me;—  
And only ends with the spirit's release  
The beating of impotent wings, in Peace!

## THE BEAUTIFUL IN MUSIC.

ESTELLE BROUSSARD, '21.

MUSIC is one of the means by which man's senses reveal to man's mind that great mystery, the beautiful. The love of the beautiful is that divine spark which God has placed in the soul of man. In music, as in other arts, it is not alone the beautiful object that is considered, but also it is the perceiving subject as he is affected by the beautiful. To communicate an apprehension of the beautiful, is one of the aims of music.

There are three kinds of beauty in music: the sensuous beauty embodied in tone, the intellectual beauty of symmetrical form, and the beauty that is the adequate expression of a noble emotion.

The true aim of music is the common aim of all arts; to express something beautiful so clearly

as to affect the imagination. The musical composition is originated in the mind and made concrete in the imagination of the composer and is intended for the mind of the listener through his imagination. From this it may be seen that the imagination only is affected directly—the resulting emotion being indirectly caused. Definite emotions, moreover, cannot be portrayed in music. For example, it is often said that a certain piece of music tells a story, but it is self-evident that a series of sounds cannot embody a complete story. There are of course stories told in connection with compositions that have become so much a part of them that the mind of the listener unconsciously interprets the passages of the music as the unfolding of the story.

Carlyle tells us that music is "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that." Since music, as an indefinite form of speech, is incapable of expressing definite ideas, it likewise follows that it is incapable of arousing definite emotions. A certain class of ideas is susceptible of being expressed by means proper to music. Within this class are all the ideas which are associated with audible changes of volume, movement, and rhythm. These ideas are usually denoted by such terms as, calm, graceful, vigorous, inspirational. Thus, the meanings attributed to the different sounds are symbolic, and the words are used simply because of the habit of associating certain ideas with certain effects without embracing any ethical or concrete meaning. The true element which is inherent in the idea is that of motion taken in the wider sense, crescendo or decrescendo of single notes or chords being motion also.

The nature of the beautiful in music is then, specifically musical, consisting wholly of sounds arranged artistically. The material which the composer has at his disposal, is the scale of musical tones. With these he originates melodies, harmonies, and rhythms. Melody is the art of linking together a series of tones in an agreeable manner, the basis of all musical beauty. Harmony, the arrangement of several tones for si-

multaneous sounding, affords the variety in music, with its modulating, inverting, and intensifying. Rhythm is the life of music; it is the vivifier, the controller of melody and harmony. The art of composing is a mental working on these materials. The whole structure in its main features, appears in the composer's mind. He has then, only to express this composition through the medium of his art, being restricted by its canons. The character of the composition will depend on the intellect of the composer. But the impress of the author's own personal temperament is limited by an objective process, reproduction. The player expresses his impression according to his own desire. It is then, the performer, not the work of the composer that gives us the enjoyment of the moment. A composition may weary or may inspire us according to the spirit and the ability of the performer who interprets it for us. We are sometimes moved with joy or with grief, we are enraptured or depressed. Music affects our emotions more intensely and more rapidly than does any other art. A frame of mind may be established by only a few chords.

The fabled god of music, armed with his Thracian lyre,  
 Restrained wild beasts, and calmed the troubled wave;  
 Moved by Amphion's lute to life and to desire,  
 Unhelped, the Theban stones the world a city gave.

Beneath the crag of Aetna, O mighty Polypheme,  
 Her quivering sea-horses wild Galatea turned,  
 Lured by thy lovely music into love's mystic dream,  
 For songs from thee unloved, her young heart yearned.

Thus does the old Latin poet Propertius tell us of the power of music, a power so great that it gave life to things inanimate, and wooed and won the wildest of all wild creatures. The poet then rises to loftier heights of song, and bids us remember that he is writing of no ephemeral glory.

The garlands with cloud-encircled peaks that rise  
 To throned the wealth of the Mænelean tomb,  
 The home of Elean Jove, star-spangled as the skies;—  
 All these must those children's cruel doom.

The strength of cooling winds, the all-devouring flame,  
 The weight of years shall drag their glories down,—  
 But genius wins from deathless realms her fame,  
 Gemini alone wears an undying crown.

With truth does the old poet tell us that fame

is entrusted in vain to material objects, but that one whose memory is treasured in the heart of a song will live forever in the hearts of men.

The most beautiful instrument for which a composer may write is the human voice. Mere spoken language has not the power to arouse those subtle emotions that result from the suggestive force inherent in music. Words added to music gain from the union this power. The human voice is the medium by which this union is effected and by which a more perfect interpretation of a composition may often be given. Yet there is music which is too subtle for words, music which words would weaken or cheapen.

These are the beauties of the art of music as man knows and loves it. But music rises to the sublime, it is the one art that can claim God directly as its maker. He reserved the creation of music for Himself. All other arts man was permitted to bring into being. He learned to copy on canvas beautiful things in nature; he devised sculpture; he compiled language to express his thoughts, but the art of music was God's gift to man, a gift made in Heaven long before the earth was made, an art taught to wind, and wave, and tree, and bird, that man might be born into a world of song. God made this gift, not for man alone, but for Himself. The eagle alone of birds can gaze upon the sun, and his dwelling-place is on the mountain; there is but one art that can gaze upon the face of God, and its dwelling-place is before His throne where a song of praise unceasingly ascends. Music shall know immortality.

#### THE FLIGHT OF THE MOON.

VERONICA MCCABE, '22.

AS the moonlight meets the shadow  
 Of the late-departing day,  
 Then it touches heavy eyelids,  
 Of wee children tired by play.

O'er the lake its bright wings flicker  
 Till it finds a dark canoe.  
 There it sparkles forth the worship,  
 That in lovers' eyes is true.

When to door-yard, o'er the meadow,  
 It has found its glist'ning way,  
 There it whispers to the old folk,  
 "Golden be your night as day."

NOVEMBER.

DOROTHY DORAN, '23.

NOVEMBER is here with us again;  
 Let's walk o'er hill, through valley and glen.  
 Let's glance at the leaves all red and brown,  
 That are falling slowly to the ground.  
 Let's shuffle through them with laughter so clear  
 And proclaim to the world that Fall is here.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY: IDEALIST

MADEE CAREY, '21.

MANY people who have justly earned renown and praise are not brought to our notice until death claims them. Then they receive their mede of glory when it no longer means anything to them. Louise Imogen Guiney is an illustration of this great truth. Amid the fuss and fury of the national election occurred the premature death of this poet and essayist. Many people lost interest in the political campaign, after reading of her death for "great presidents may be replaced, but not a true poet whose departure leaves the mournful impression of inexorable night-fall." She is of especial interest to us because she was an American and a Catholic, and this loss is especially keen to Catholics.

One good judge of poetry declared that Miss Guiney was the best woman poet of our time in England and America. Miss Bregy pays a touching tribute to her: "There passed away a poet and scholar of rare distinction whose worth to contemporary culture was far above rulers because of her delicate and unswerving fidelity to the strict canons of her chosen art."

Louise Guiney was born in Boston, in 1861, the only child of General Patrick Guiney. Her early education was carried on under the Madames of the Sacred Heart in Providence, Rhode Island. Private tutors completed her education. Her father was her constant companion and was to her an ideal as well as an idol. From him she obtained her ideal of chivalry which is the predominant note of many of her latest poems.

Even at an early age she produced verses of a gem-like quality that won the admiration of all. She put into her poems the charm and inspiration of her vivid personality. When her father died in 1876 she was left in somewhat straitened cir-

cumstances and we cannot but admire the courage and constancy which kept "the pen of Miss Guiney consecrated to the high dreams of perfection which remunerative popularity does so much to displace in the career of writers."

All her inspiration she obtained from her Faith and she labored without counting the cost to rescue "delicate Catholic flowers of literature from under the hoofs of a pagan world." Her first volume of poems, *Songs at the Start*, was published in 1884. In all humility she tells us that a believing relative pushed her into print while she was yet in the first glow of flamboyance, so this deluded relative financed her first volume and by some never-since-understood miracle it just paid for itself. In this book of poems Miss Guiney reached a perfection of technique rarely attained in youth;—there was such spontaneity in it. The first poem in the book is "Gloucester Harbor" and in this she reaches a musical height; it is wistful and appealing.

The *White Sail* was more elaborate than her preceding poems and shows deeper thought and wider experience; but it holds nothing more beautiful than the exquisite lyric to youth with its haunting refrain "Youth, Oh Youth! All men's desire and sorrow." Her taste in topic and expression was always fine and she had no sympathy with one who mirrored too exclusively his time and ordinary environment; when she was asked to write a review of a collection of poems by James Whitcomb Riley she said that she had to decline because of her inability to appreciate it.

In her volume, *The Roadside Harp*, she has achieved the highwater mark of an unfaltering philosophy which she put into verse as her Talisman.

Take temperance to thy breast  
 While yet is the hour of choosing,  
 An arbitress exquisite  
 Of all that shall thee betide  
 For better than fortune's best  
 Is mastery in the using,  
 The art to lay it aside

Ethically, this is the last word of wisdom, "worth to be carved in jade or beryl."

Her temperament was most spontaneous and charming. "Her Celtic wit was ever at play and her letters will one day take their place as literature having at once that tang and humor for which one would have to look to Charles Lamb for a parallel."

We cannot forget the echoing refrain of the *Wild Ride* when once we read it.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses  
All day, on the road the hoofs of invincible horses,  
All night from their stalls the importunate pawing and  
neighing.

There is in it a superb criticism of life:

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,  
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty,  
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fa-  
thers.

The theme of many of her best songs is the ideal of chivalry. The general's influence stamped something of his own militant valor. She has written in exquisite prose the sum of her debt to him.

*Unforgotten Soldier Mine*, shows us that she is a poet of chivalrous character. Her poems breathing with a military spirit show one of the themes that her gift of song has enriched. Her devotion to her ideal in character rings clear as a bugle call from the battlements. The warfare that she pictures is not the kind that has to do with the smell of powder and booming of cannon, nor with the slaughter of men; "hers is rather the atmosphere and entourage of chivalry and of the methods of knighthood, and of the steadfast pursuit of honor and of a goal that is beatitude."

*Knight-Errant* exhibits her passion for the pursuit of honor, for the better things to which the mind and heart of man aspire. It has in it a quality of courage, of high undaunted and holy happiness which we sorely need in these most evil days.

Spirits of old that bore me,  
And set me meek of mind,  
Between great dreams before me  
And deeds as great behind,  
Knowing humanity my star,  
As forth abroad I ride,  
Shall help me wear with every scar  
Honor at eventide  
Let claws of lightning clutch me  
From the summer's groaning cloud,  
Or ever malice touch me,  
And glory make me proud—  
Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword  
Choice of my heart's desire:  
A short life in the saddle, Lord!  
Not long life by the fire.

There is a note that should find an echo in many hearts. *The Colour Bearer* is another of Miss Guiney's poems of 1916. In it she voices in her unique manner the aspirations that other people have who follow the Christian ideal.

*Happy Landings* contains all her best poems.

She gathered into this one volume what she modestly called, "all the better nuggets in that disused mine."

Miss Guiney's was an elusive and aloof personality and there seemed to be in her soul a fresh simplicity. We can safely say that sincerity was the keynote of her character. There is no lack of tenderness in her works. No style so personal or so distinct as Miss Guiney's has appeared in poetry in recent years. Her touch in prose and poetry always seems inspired.

"Her verse is instinct with a zest that invigorates like a breath of mountain air. Knowing always the struggle inseparable from her work she still held her way gladly and made her wants commensurate with the return which life had made her." She symbolizes herself and her mood toward life in her poem of the poplar:

Yet, branches never parted  
From their straight, secret bole,  
Yet sap too single-hearted  
Prosper as my soul.  
In gallant poverty  
A girt and hooded tree  
Rise up as spirits do  
And be a spirit crying  
Before the folk that dream  
My slender early-dying  
Poplar by the stream

She wrote with a love for her subject that makes her fine discrimination all the finer and shows an insight into history all the more admirable for the research it has compelled. Her literary touch is always admirable and not infrequently inspired. Bliss Carman characterizes her by saying that she was the most undoubtedly genuine spark of genius in America. "This seems not extravagant enthusiasm for Miss Guiney's work with its personal flavor combined with the paradox of classic fineness which has set her sharply apart and has given to her verse a distinction wholly its own." Scarcely a poem but bears witness to her spiritual encounters, but all by indirection, for no one was less didactic. The mystical note which pervades many of her poems is at its best in *Beati Mortui*, that beautiful salutation to the dead.

Not passed but perfected,  
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant  
Of peace anticipant.

Her mastery and fine choice of words mark her as a true creative poet.



Miss Guiney's verse has more than a little in common with the "classic grace and restraint of Lionel Johnson," about whom she has written with sympathy. The music and viewpoint of her poems are original. She exemplifies Edgar A. Poe's assertion that the poet never sees and consequently is incapable of ever saying the obvious thing. Even of common things she always speaks with some touch as of uncommon things.

Her nature poetry has so much tenderness and eternal rightness in it; "all her poetry has the perfection of form which characterizes genuine passion for beauty." She was essentially a poet and as a poet she will be treasured, but her prose works are also worthy of note. She was a very good critic and a discerning judge of literary excellence. It has been said of her that she could discover a needle of excellence in a haystack of commonplace. She was always very anxious that shy and retiring geniuses like James C. Mangan and Lionel Johnson had public recognition. Of Joyce Kilmer she said, "He is the best kind of literary soldier of Christ. I take an American pride in him in his clearness and cleanness." She referred to his death as going his knightly way to God, and a sharp loss it was to the Faith and to the art in America.

Her prose is always satisfying to the imagination and to the ear. Many were her intimations of beautiful and storied backgrounds, Greek or Roman "like the ravishing glimpses of distant landscapes in old Italian paintings." In one of her best essays, *The Under Dog*, she strikes at the heart of several universal truths, of the folly of attempting to understand such mysteries as human failure and success. Her wit and humor make her essay on English weather very interesting.

Other of her prose works distinguished by literary charm and scholarship are: *Goose-quill Papers*, essays on *English Reserve*, on *Catholic Writers and Their Handicaps*, on *Lionel Johnson* and *Robert Emmet*. With an instinctive storyteller's art she makes her ordinary narrative portray the character of her subject. With a mere word she lets us know of what splendid stock Robert Emmet was made. With a cultured ease and style and with a chivalrous devotion to her theme she narrated how young Robert conceived his plan for Ireland's freedom; how he shared every secret with J. P. Cannon's daughter whom he loved; how in the failure of his plans his

hopes perished utterly, and how at last in fearless fortitude he died, the boy-martyr of Erin. It is a charming sketch and familiar as is the story, it is lit up with fresh life as Miss Guiney tells the story so dear to the wide world's heart.

Perhaps the best of her essays is on Lionel Johnson. She greatly admired him and said of him that "whenever he spoke there was authority in his speech colored by companionship with the great of his own selection, with Plato, Virgil and Shakespeare. Neither vanity, ambition nor envy ever so much as breathed in on him. He was full of fierce uninfluenced independence."

In making an estimate of Miss Guiney's place in the literary world we must realize that she is recent and time has not as yet decided her place. In a bachelor's thesis it would not be quite proper to say what her place will be, but at least I predict a brilliant future for Miss Guiney's poems. Her work is too fine and demands too much of the reader ever to make a popular appeal, "and herein lies its best assurance for the future because it will always gather around it the discerning few who will be the arbiters of tomorrow."

"Her poetry draws richly for its sources upon the beauty of Yesterday. The particular lovely thing in her career which can almost rob death of sorrow is the perfect way in which like Joyce Kilmer she fused literature and her own life in a Catholic spirituality of robust sacrifices and saintly courtesies." Miss Conway, an intimate friend of Miss Guiney's, in her reminiscences of the poet's earlier life and works, speaks affectionately of her labors in the world of poetry and said that "she was a lofty and lonely soul with great gifts which she exercised greatly." Miss K. E. Conway has characterized her poetry in a few words which tell us of the diverse realms which Miss Guiney has visited in song.

"Her harp of song is not a slender thing of one string, rather is it one of harmonious chords reaching wide in many octaves." "Her poetry is not a popular poetry even as her comrade in arms and ideals, Lionel Johnson, but it has a free and swinging music and the beauty of very tall trees in moonlight."

Even though hers is not a popular poetry it has many of the qualities which insure permanence and when time has stamped its hand of approval on the works of this American poet we will be reading her poems with pleasure and realizing that she was a poet of our nation and our faith.

## THE POLITICS OF DANTE.

MARILLA GREENE, '20.

DANTE ALIGHIERI was not only a poet and philosopher of the highest rank, as testified by the immortal *Divina Commedia*, but a man with high political aspirations and diplomatic ability. He took an active part in the political dissensions that brewed perpetually in turbulent Florence, and was recognized as a man of power while still in the early thirties. According to Boccaccio, "No envoy from abroad was listened to, no answer to foreign powers returned, no reform introduced, no war declared, no peace made, without his counsel and consent." From his great poem, we know that he possessed a broad knowledge of the political affairs of Europe and the men who took part in them. Dante is not always correctly informed on matters of history, but this is due to the sources of information which he undoubtedly accepted in good faith.

There were two political parties in Florence, the Guelphs, the democratic party that later became identified as the Pope's party, and the Ghibellines, the aristocratic party. Dante was born and educated in Guelph surroundings. He began his public life as a Guelph in the armed struggle against the Ghibellines at Campaldino. Later, when he had been made one of the twelve priors of the city, the Neri and Bianchi factions from Pistoia split the parties of Florence, and he favored the Bianchi and became identified with the Ghibellines. His acts, prompted by his rigid sense of justice, made many enemies. Within a short time, the Guelphs regained control of the government while Dante was at Rome seeking an audience with the Pope to represent the claims of his new party. According to the usual custom, the leaders of the opposing party were exiled, but Dante's exilement was made permanent by a later enactment. The patriotic young Florentine gathered sympathetic partisans and fought to re-establish his party, but without success. Disgusted with his fellow exiles, yet craving to return to Florence, he resumed his philosophical studies and began his wanderings over Italy and France.

Before his exile, the backing narrowness and partiality of the local parties made him dissatisfied with conditions. He felt that there must be a more fraternalistic way to procure good gov-

ernment. His frequent journeys to foreign courts had broadened his intellectual outlook upon life and his knowledge of the machinations of the different organs of state government. Rising above the inter-city-state warfares, he conceived the idea of national unity. For this, it has been said of him that he "ceased to be a Guelph and a Florentine and became the first Italian." He believed that national unity was the "cornerstone of the future greatness of Italy." The old Roman Empire was his ideal. With this idea of Italian nationhood in mind, Dante began his political treatise, *De Monarchia*.

After Dante had abandoned all parties, he was roused again to political zeal by the coming of Henry, Count of Luxemburg, to be crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. In him, Dante thought he saw the one person, divinely appointed, who could unite the states of Italy into one Empire. His written appeals to the cities of Italy, particularly Florence, were most eloquent in their exhortations to welcome their "deliverer" from the eternal strife. But they fell on unheeding ears, and Henry died before anything could be accomplished. Dante, bitterly disappointed, returned to his dream of the ideal state where Peace and Concord made their permanent habitation. Now he realized that there would be inter-state warfares if Italy were a nation and she would not have attained the desired peace; so he broadened his first plan and became the first Internationalist.

In the new plan, Dante conceived the idea of a general organization of the different nations of the world, which would place his own country in the pre-eminent position but would also establish a political union that would bring permanent peace to the world.

In order to develop and promulgate his idea, Dante again began work on *De Monarchia*. He divided the treatise into three parts. In the first he shows that mankind must be politically united in order to secure the object of its destiny. In the second, he demonstrates that it is the duty of Italy to affect this union. The separation and independence of Church and State is the subject matter of the last division.

In the fourteenth century, Dante thought out his plan for an inter-national empire. It is

strikingly similar to that proposed by Woodrow Wilson just six centuries later. The object of each was to secure peace among nations. This was his plan. "Civilization should be one, composed of many nations; free yet united by the ancient mistress of the world." Rome was the moral center of Europe, therefore, Dante concludes that Italy, the national heir of Rome, should take her place among the nations. This union is not to be attained by conquest, but by the "harmonious distribution of national agencies for the highest common object." But the other nations were not to be subjected to the military despotism of Italy. "When I say that mankind may be governed by one ruler," he says, "I do not intend to propose that municipalities and municipal laws should originate from one source, for nations, kingdoms and cities have a character of their own, which makes it necessary that they should be ruled by different laws."

The fact that "nations, kingdoms and cities have a character of their own" was stated recently by Mr. Wilson and he concluded that nations have the right of "self-determination." It was one of the fourteen-points made to establish peace. In Dante's league, there is either one chosen ruler at the head, or a body of men, chosen representatives from the different nations, to settle disputes. The home of the body is at Rome. Dante did not provide an armed force to enforce the laws of the ruling body,—no doubt he thought that it would not make for the peace he desired, or that it would not be necessary in his universal Monarchy.

The third section of *De Monarchia*, advocating the separation of Church and State, comes as a distinct shock to us when we consider the staunch religious faith of Dante and his reverence for "the keys." It was a new and not unbiased view, for Dante had suffered political misfortune because of the intervention and intrigue of Boniface VIII. But if we are to correctly interpret the tendency of the political leaders of European countries, as shown in literature and history, it was not an unwelcome solution of the problem to escape Papal restraint. The favor, sanction and influence of the Pope were coveted by the contending factions of every political dispute. There were a few unscrupulous Popes whose conduct smirched the honorable esteem and in-

tegrity of the Chair of Peter, by their political ambitions. In his *Divina Commedia*, Dante metes out their just reward to them, as in the case of Nicholas III. Dante believes that the temporal power of the Pope should be limited. He reasons that "the Emperor does not derive his authority from the Church, any more than the Church derives its authority from the Emperor." They are separate institutions. But he adds, "Caesar is to be reverent to Peter, as the first-born son to his father." Although this theory seemed outrageously improbable when it was promulgated, yet four centuries later it was realized. Now, most people can not conceive of any other relation existing.

To me, it was a revelation to know that Dante, the dreamer and idealist, had dreamed and actually devised a system of peaceful union among nations. I had thought it a twentieth century myth or—if you will—an impractical dream. But in Dante's day, as in our day, the chief occupation and recreation seemed to be warfare. If he had devised a course of conquest to realize the union of nations, as did Hannibal, Alexander the Great and Napoleon, we might have admired his daring and discussed his tactics and strategic ability. But to conceive of a peaceful union of hostile nations was an achievement that calls forth awed admiration. I shall always think of the third section of *De Monarchia*, the treasure house of Dante's political ideals, as the pre-cursor of the League of Nations.

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#### SERVICE.

HELEN MINAHAN, '23.

WHEN God the firmament set in its place,  
The stars with gladness bent to His design,  
To please Him all their duties they'd combine,—  
Sorrow from gloomy earth they soon erase  
By light that travels far through night-filled space.  
Submissive, modest, they forever shine!  
Ah, stars! a choice reward will not be thine;  
Thy lot will fade; thine is a useless race.

'Tis joy for stars to execute God's plan  
With no reward; nor ne'er do they complain;  
The hope of every blessing comes to man,  
Yet he neglects God's plan for he is vain  
O, grant me grace to start this every day,  
And e'er obey when Jesus points the way.

## SONNET.

HELEN JOHNSON, '23.

HOW commonplace we find our earthly days  
 As forward on the path of life we go,  
 From morning's dawn 'til eventide we know  
 The toilsome round that pressing duty lays  
 Before us. Oft in brightness of the rays  
 We pause to rest, yet never see the glow,  
 For now our childhood's early dreams meet woe  
 While dreary shades make darksome all our way.

How fraught with mighty cares our hours may be  
 Sunshine and sadness each must play its part  
 Within our lives, as to the summit we  
 Take heed the call. Keep close my trusting heart,  
 O Lord! While courage comes to face the end,  
 And wake my soul to find its Faithful Friend.

## "WELL, TALK ABOUT LUCK!"

VERONICA McCABE, '22.

"WELL, talk about luck," snapped Helen as she turned her superior little nose up at the humble old farmhouses which were there an instant and then gone, as the train ripped its way through the oppressive August air. "The very week that Jack Tilden is coming to our neighbor's cottage! I don't see why Aunt Emma has to have rheumatism and threshers at the same time. He's been my ideal ever since I met him at the Prom last spring. At last we're pulling in. Oh, there's Uncle Dick on the platform now." Jerking her suitcase from the rack above her, she stepped into the aisle and filed out with the other passengers.

"Oh, Uncle Dick, I'm so glad to see you but I'm very sorry to hear that Aunt Emma is sick. Do tell me—is she better?" queried Helen as she grasped her uncle's hand.

"Why, bless your heart, child, you're looking fine!" ejaculated her uncle, as soon as he could get on a word.

"Good and a better, but not able to get around very well yet. Come, give me your suitcase and step into the car. We must hurry because the threshers will be out at our place tomorrow and I have some preparation to make."

And before Helen had had time to resume her mournful soliloquy, the car had sped over the low hills which separated her uncle's farm from

the town and was turning up the familiar lane, so shaded that the few rays of sunlight which penetrated the branches, flickered, went out and flickered again.

As the machine whirled up before the front porch, her aunt, rising with difficulty from the porch swing, called out, "You dear child. You can't realize how glad I am that you came. But I am very sorry that I had to call you away from your good times at the Lake."

"Dear me!" grumbled Helen under her breath, as her aunt hurried her into the room which she always occupied, when she visited there, "Must I always have that horrid boy's room! It's more like a gymnasium and a museum combined, than a bedroom."

At the same time, her thirteen year old cousin Joe, who had seen the car drive up from the lean-to of the barn, in which he was constructing some unrecognizable thing with hammer, nails and boards, said:

"Guess I'll have to live out here while she sticks around. Darn that girl anyhow! She threw a whole can of nice fat worms that I was going fishing with, right out of the window because I forgot and set them down in my own room a few minutes."

During the remaining hours of the afternoon, Helen and her aunt busied themselves, preparing



some eatables which would be needed to feed the threshing crew on the next day and exchanging bits of family gossip. When the supper bell rang, Mr. Burns, approaching the lean-to, called:

"Son, Son! Hurry, so that we won't keep your mother and cousin waiting."

"Gee, I hate to go to supper, dad! That girl sure hates boys, but she hasn't got anything on me as far as girls are concerned."

"Why son, I'm sure that she doesn't hate boys. Your Aunt says that her house looks like a regular Y. M. C. A. every night." Whereupon Joe marched along beside his father, but nevertheless, he wore the expression of a young martyr, the remainder of the evening.

As they were finishing supper, Helen exclaimed, "What a beautiful sunset! Look, auntie! The crowd at home are going out on the lake in canoes this evening. Won't they have a good time! The waters will ripple like a flag of gold."

"Never mind, dear, the heaven's are full of sunsets and we're on the main route," comforted her Aunt.

"That's true, Auntie," responded Helen and she seemed to be in good spirits again, until her cousin opened the victrola and put on some records of songs which her grandmother would have sensed the staleness of.

Thoughts of their labors of the next day, sent them all to bed early and called them up with the sun in the morning. The preparations for dinner were finished so early that Helen's Aunt told Joe, who had come up for drinking water for the threshers, to take his cousin down to the field for a while to see the work. As they drew near to the place in which the threshers were at work, Helen screamed and dashed to a large rock nearby, which she mounted at a single leap. "Well, what the—," broke out Joe, and then bursting into peals of laughter, he seized the arm of a young thresher, who had run

from his post to rescue the terrified maiden, and pointed to the meadow before them where the swishing and bending of the second-growth marked the path of retreat of a frightened snake.

"If that female St. Patrick hangs 'round here long, Ireland won't have anything on us and—well, for the love of Mike, what's the matter with you two?"

At first Helen had been too frightened to look up, but when she did, her eyes met those of none other than Jack Tilden. He, being the first to recover from his surprise, exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Helen! This is a surprise indeed. I thought that you were spending the summer at the Lake."

"And I thought that you were at home, preparing to go to the Harrison house party tomorrow," gasped Helen, as she recovered her breath.

"Well," responded Jack, "I suppose that I should begin the explanations. I have an uncle in this neighborhood and I always come down to help him and to 'change work' for him with his neighbors, at threshing time. I thought that they would not thresh here till next week, so I had planned to spend this week at the Lake. I was so busy with preparations after I received my uncle's letter that I forgot to write to my friends until last night."

Then Helen told her story and expressed her regrets that he was not coming to the Lake. But he assured her that, since he had been invited to come at any time during the month, his visit would be made, after she had returned to the Lake.

As soon as the explanations were finished, Jack remarked, "Helen, we can have a splendid time every evening, for my uncle's roadster is at my disposal while I am here."

"Well, talk about luck," chuckled Helen, as she watched the tail-light disappear in the distance that night.

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#### CONSOLATION.

MARTHA MORRISSEY, '24.

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THE way that has once been trod,  
Is never so rough for the feet.  
The tasks that we once have learned  
Are never so hard to repeat.

## THE PROPHECY OF ZACHARIAH.

TERESA STOCKER, '22.

JOHN SARGENT in his picture "Frieze of Prophets" has painted the prophet Zachariah with a sad, sweet, far away look, his arms outstretched as if to embrace everyone.

Because of his facial expression I determined to read his prophecy to learn what he perceived in the future.

When Zachariah first began to prophecy he beheld many visions which were interpreted to him by an angel who appeared in the visions. One foretold the end of the long captivity of the Jews by the Persians, another concerned the spiritual Jerusalem which should embrace the Gentiles, that is, the Church of Christ. The greatness of the Church is predicted,—“Jerusalem shall be inhabited without walls by reason of the multitude of men. . . in the midst thereof, and I will be to it, saith the Lord a wall of fire round about and I will be the glory in the midst thereof.” Chap. 11:4-5. Still another vision promises the successful rebuilding of the temple by Prince Zorobabel which had been destroyed by the Babylonians.”

All the visions of Zachariah are figurative and may likewise be interpreted as types of Christ and His Church as well as immediate blessings to the Jews.

Zachariah refers often to the synagogue, and to the present sanctity of the high priests and their coming deterioration: “Take to thee yet the instruments of the foolish shepherd. For behold I will raise up a shepherd in the land, who shall not visit what is forsaken, nor seek what is scattered, nor heal what is broken, nor nourish that which standeth, and he shall eat the flesh of the fat ones and break their hoofs. O shepherd, and idol, that forsaketh the flock: the sword upon his arm and upon his right eye: his arm shall quite wither away, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened,” Chap. XI:1-16-17.

The prophet refers very often to the Church of Christ and two or three times to Our Lord Himself and His Sacred Passion. Christ is called the servant and the Orient because He is the servant of mankind and is to rise from the East to lighten the world. “For behold I will bring my servant the Orient. For behold the stone that I have laid before Jesus; upon one stone there are seven eyes, behold I will grave the passing thereof, and the Lord of Hosts, and I will lay away the iniquity of that land in one

day.” Chap. 111, 8-9. Jesus is not Our Lord but the high priest at that time, but the stone mentioned is another emblem of Christ, the foundation and cornerstone of His Church. The seven eyes on the stone are the seven sacraments or the all-seeing providence of God and the one day is the day of the Passion and Death of Christ. The graving upon the precious stone foretells the cutting and piercing of Our Lord's Sacred Person by the whips, thorns, nails, and spear.

Zachariah likewise foresees Christ's triumph on Palm Sunday and the universality of the Church. “Behold thy King will come to thee, the just and saviour, he is poor, and riding upon an ass and upon a colt, the foal of an ass. . . and he shall speak peace to the Gentiles, and his power shall be from sea to sea, and from the rivers even to the end of the earth.” Chap. IX: 9-10.

The work of the Apostles and the most precious gift of our Saviour are likewise predicted. For holy stones shall be lifted up over his land. For what is the good thing to him, and what is his beautiful thing, but the corn of the chosen ones, and wine which maketh virgins to spring forth?” Chap. IX, 16-17. The holy stones are the apostles, the corn and wine is the Blessed Sacrament which gives and preserves purity. The fall of Jerusalem and the final destruction of the temple are predicted.

Although this prophecy is full of mysterious figures and promises of blessings, yet it contains many fearful passages dealing with the annihilation of the Jewish race and their scattering throughout the world. But one thing is to be noted, Zachariah does not exhort the Jews to penance and contrition; he only threatens them with the miseries that are to come upon them for their treachery. He even gives the minute details of the last days of Jerusalem, the civil wars between the factions, the starvation and depravity of the peoples and the devouring of human flesh. The awfulness of the picture should have influenced the hard-hearted race, but it did not.

Although many of the figures are beautiful, the general style of the prophecy is one of sadness at the uselessness of trying to change his listeners. Even the blessings which he foresees for the spiritual Jerusalem fail to fill him with joy which he cannot impart to his writings.

The language is simple, sweet, and solemn and agrees with the impression given by the picture of the prophet with his hands outstretched, i. e., his writings which embrace Jews and Gentiles alike, promising a fold to all peoples.

## THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

MARGARET AUBREY, '23.

COMES the Autumn and the falling leaves,  
 Sovereign Nature's gentle spirit grieves  
 That the music of each summer rill  
 Soon must feel the touch of winter chill.  
 In sere meadows stand ungarnered sheaves;  
 Over all, the mist a curtain weaves;  
 Snowflakes hover in each passing breeze,  
 As across the hazy, purple hill  
 Comes the Autumn.

Birds forsake their homes among the trees  
 When the chill of dawn a warning breathes,  
 In the southland other hearts to thrill  
 Till spring days the win'try blast shall still,  
 Garlanded with flaming crimson wreaths  
 Comes the Autumn.

## THE POLICY OF RICHELIEU.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

EVERY nation in the course of its origin, development or triumph, has its leaders to whom it invariably owes its growth. Athens had its Pericles and Themistocles; Rome, its Caesars; France, its Napoleon. The only Frenchman who can be compared to the immortal Napoleon in political sagacity, keen sighted ability, and remarkable statesmanship, is Cardinal Richelieu, the "Wolsey of France," and one of the greatest characters of the seventeenth century. His were the giant intellect, the powerful will, and the dominant personality that guided the destinies of a weakening France until it became the strongest power in Europe.

Cardinal Richelieu was born of a noble but impoverished family in 1585. At twenty-two, he was consecrated bishop of Lucon. His rise to political prominence was rapid. As a representative of the Poitou clergy at the States-General, he attracted the notice of the queen mother of Louis XIII. Under her patronage he became Secretary of War and Foreign Affairs. In 1622 he was named Cardinal, and two years later became the king's minister. From that time Richelieu was the actual sovereign of France and for eighteen years swayed the destinies of France and of all Europe.

Richelieu's policy was two-fold; first, to ren-

der the authority of the French king absolute; second, to make France the supreme power of Europe. To attain the first end the prelate sought to crush the political power of the Huguenots; to lower the pride, arrogance, and independence of the old feudal aristocracy; and to suppress or to deprive of all real power the local assemblies and the parliaments, or Courts of Justice. To secure his second end, he labored to break down the powers of the Austrian and Spanish Hapsburgs.

The Cardinal's first important measure was the blow he delivered to Spain in the frustration of an alliance with England to be cemented by the betrothal of the king's sister, Henrietta, and the Prince of Wales. His next task was the destruction of the Huguenots' political power. After a fifteen months' siege, which he conducted in person, concentrating all his energy upon the task, their greatest stronghold, La Rochelle, was starved into submission. Later with a splendid army he reduced Savoy in Italy. After these successes Louis made him a duke, a peer, and the governor of Brittany. The only test of the kingship of the dullard king, Louis XIII, is the wisdom he displayed in allowing Richelieu to assume the reins of the French government, which had been weakened by the grasping tyranny and political inability of its former monarchs.

Intrigue on the part of the nobles, Richelieu crushed with merciless severity. He had no religious scruples in the alliances he formed. He

was a Cardinal of the Church, but the great objects of his life were political and not religious. He aided the protestants of Germany and Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years War, giving his assistance because their success meant division of Germany and the humiliation of Austria. His plans were successful. France received after the war the bishopric of Metz, Toul and Verdun in Lorraine, and also Alsace.

For nearly a generation Richelieu, by intrigue, diplomacy, and war, pursued with unrelenting pursuit these objects. His own words best indicate how he proposed to use his double authority as Cardinal and Prime Minister. "I shall trample all opposition under foot," he said, "and then cover all errors with my scarlet robe." Though lenient and tolerant towards all religions, Richelieu favored Catholicism. He assured the young king that the desire of the clergy was to have the royal power so firm that it might be as a rock which crushes all that opposes it. He was the mouthpiece of the Church on many occasions. In one of his celebrated discourses he demanded that "bishops and prelates be summoned to royal councils, that the Church be exempt from taxation, and that the decree of the Council of Trent

be promulgated throughout France." The prelate was very wary, however, in his dealings with both the Pope and the King in religious matters. "In such matters," he said, "one must believe neither the power of the people of the palace, who ordinarily measure the power of the king by the shape of his crown, which, being round, has no end; nor those who, in the excesses of an indiscreet zeal, proclaim themselves as partisans of Rome."

The hatred of the great French nobles for his rule never slumbered. Once the king dismissed him, but finding that safety rested only with him, he reinstated the Prelate. When the last conspiracy of the Spanish court and the Duke of Bouillon was revealed to him, he had the conspirators severely punished. Richelieu did not live to see the end of the Thirty Years War, or of the one which he had begun in Spain, but his foreign policy resulted in the humiliation of the Hapsburgs, and eventually raised France to the first place among the nations of Europe. His death, in 1542, at the height of his greatest triumphs, deprived France of a leader who dared when all others hesitated, and to whose iron will strong nations bowed.

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#### TEARS ARE NOT MINE.

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NELLIE LEE HOLT, '21.

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DEATH-SORROW is the burden of thine ancient song,  
 Thou bronze-brown bird amid Bronze shadows mounting,  
 Though night hath breathed thy sad cries through all rain-filled skies,  
 And kept thy plaintive anthem ages long,  
 Thine ebon throne of darkening shades I am scorning!  
 Hush thy grieving cries: Love can hear no sighs.

Tears are not mine to echo thy wailing lyre,  
 For I have who went before me, deathward passing;  
 Warrior of Peace and Knight of Freedom's light  
 Was he, who builded of himself war's high funeral  
 pyre  
 Where Victory's flames in wild hungry massing,  
 Feed on Strife in flight and boast their might.

Death winds, stark, in mystic mad unrest,  
 Pant against the feverous breast of earth  
 That now hath ceased its heaving passionate grieving,  
 For, on fleeting wings, Time, in sweet despair, swift  
 pressed  
 My warrior's lips in a kiss that gave no birth,  
 By very Death's bereaving, Peace relieving.

But thou, O Skylark, joy with me! Let thy laughter  
 Fly with winged love, and carry me high  
 Where my warrior dwells. Bringing gladness far flinging,  
 Sorrow, lean on blue air, half-caressing thee after  
 Thy song finds its path. And glad, let slow Time die,  
 When the Nightingale's voice is ringing, thou Skylark singing!



TO YOU.

THELMA CONDON, '23.

THROUGH darkness soft as velvet,  
I hear a clear bird-call;  
It filtered through the rose-hedge  
Across my garden wall.

My heart is filled with sorrow,  
In a gloom-drenched world I roam;  
Till the nightingale's sweet singing  
Brings my heart to you and home.

## A LUCKY HOUSE PARTY.

RUTH MCCARTHY, '22.

EVERYTHING was in readiness for the long-awaited house party which Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Jennings were giving in honor of their only daughter, Clarice, and her brother, Lansing. Four couples, all intimate friends of the young people and a brother and sister who were strangers to the group, were invited to partake of the festivities of the week-end. The strangers were Harry and Alice Carney, the son and the daughter of Mr. George Carney, a friend of Mr. Jennings. When the children were small, the Carneys had moved to a distant city and the Jennings family had known nothing of them until they heard that Mr. Carney, Alice and Harry were visiting in the city. So, Alice and Harry were immediately asked to the house party.

"Have any of the guests arrived yet, Lansing?" said Mrs. Jennings.

"Not yet. Ah! Jack Dunning. But you might as well consider him as one of the family. He and Clarice sure have an awful case of 'true love'."

Mother and son were seated in the spacious drawing room of their lovely home. Mrs. Jennings only sighed at her son's remark and remained silent.

"Mother!" an angry voice sounded from the nearby porch. A moment later, Clarice, wearing a plain sport suit, burst into the room.

"Mother! Did you actually ask that awful Genevieve Johnson?"

"Yes, dear. Now, don't let that girl spoil your party. You know, we had to invite her."

"She shouldn't expect to be invited when

none of the boys will dance with her, or anything. Oh! What shall we do? Well! you've invited her, so you can see that she has a good time. Jack and I are not going to have our time spoiled by her."

"Clarice," Mrs. Jennings spoke a trifle boltlingly, "where is Jack?"

"Oh! He's out in the garden. Why?"

"There is something I think I should tell you, my dear."

"Why, mother!" cried the girl. "You have been crying. What is the matter?"

In an instant, both son and daughter were beside their mother. She continued:

"You know, when you two were little, your father invested all that we had saved, in a company, which later went bankrupt. The president of the bank where he worked found out that he lost all his money and accused him of taking some of the bank's money. Of course, your father was innocent but he could not prove it so, as a result, he had either to make good the money or go to prison. At first, it looked hopeless but Mr. Carney, an old friend of your father's, heard of our trouble and loaned him the money—on one condition."

Mrs. Jennings remained silent for a moment.

"And that condition?" suggested Lansing.

"Mr. Carney desired that your father sign a contract saying that our daughter, Clarice, would be betrothed to his son, Harry, when they became of age. At first we both thought it absurd, but later we thought that Clarice might care for Harry or that something unforeseen might arise. Anyway, your father signed it."

"But, mother," cried Lansing, "no reasonable person can expect Clarice to marry that man when she loves another."

"I am engaged to Jack Dunning, and I refuse to marry anyone else," said Clarice.

"But, my dear," said the mother, "think what you are saying! If you refuse to marry Harry Carney, your father may be put in prison."

A sob escaped from Clarice. Slowly, Lansing arose and walked to one of the windows. The room was so warm that it seemed impossible for him to think. The few seconds silence seemed like hours. Finally, Clarice spoke:

"Yes, I see now. So I shall bear it all as

bravely as possible. Tell me, mother. Did you not wish me to know this, so that I may not rebuff any advances which Mr. Carney may make while he is here?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Here comes a machine," said Lansing. "Both of you run upstairs and powder your noses before the company comes."

Mrs. Jennings arose and quietly passed from the room. As Clarice was about to depart, Lansing pressed her cold hand and whispered:

"I'll get you out of this scrape, some way, little sis. Don't worry and don't let anyone know that anything has happened."

Clarice smiled courageously and followed her mother upstairs.

On Saturday, the second day of the house party, the sun shone brilliantly so that all apparently enjoyed the boat trip and the day in the woods. Harry Carney and Clarice Jennings had seen little of each other and neither seemed eager to encourage a friendship. However, late Saturday afternoon, when every one else had retired to dress for dinner, Clarice sat wearily down in a shaded corner of the veranda. It was the first chance that she had had to think since her mother's awful confession, the afternoon before. She was seated only a few minutes when some one came up the steps behind her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Jennings, if I have intruded upon your thoughts."

"Oh, no! Not at all, Mr. Carney. I only slipped out here for a bit of fresh air before going to my room to dress. So, I really must be going, anyway."

"Pardon me, Miss Jennings. But may I detain you but a short time more? There is something which I should like to say to you."

Every nerve in Clarice's body became tense but, outwardly, she was very calm, when she answered:

"Certainly, Mr. Carney. Shall we be seated?"

"As you wish."

There was a moment of awkward silence which Carney finally broke:

"I suppose that you know of the contract made by your father and my father." The girl nodded affirmatively. "I really don't think it quite fair. Do you?"

Mr. Carney, if he had or not, I am per-

fectly willing to sacrifice myself by such a marriage if, by so doing, I may assist my father in any way."

"Anyone would surely be a cad if he did not admire a spirit like yours. But, what if I should tell you that I do not wish to carry out my side of the contract?"

"I should say that you were doing so simply to release me. You have probably heard of my engagement to Mr. Dunning but it shall be broken as soon as this party ends."

"Now, listen here, Miss Jennings. I know that you are willing to marry me, according to that contract, just because you think it is your duty. But I do not wish to marry you. Like yourself, I love another, in fact, one of the members of your house party. I came here with the idea that I should see what might be done to do away with the contract, having already learned of your engagement. And then, I met this young lady and I was certain that I must do something immediately to release both of us. My father consented to leave the matter wholly to us and I presume that your father will do the same."

"Forgive me, Mr. Carney. I really failed to see your side of the situation. I am more than willing to be released from that bond, as you already know, and father will give his consent, I am sure."

Six months later, Garden City read the item announcing the engagement of Miss Genevieve Johnson to Mr. Henry Carney of New York. One of the readers breathed a great sigh of relief, as she looked at another announcement—that of her own engagement to Mr. Jack Dunning and wondered what might have been the consequences of a certain house party if Genevieve Johnson had not been invited.

#### DAD'S TURN.

EILEEN CUSACK, 23.

THE songs would fill some dozen books  
That sing of praise to Mother dear,  
But the bars that sing to Father  
Are very, very few, I fear.

Why this is I do not know,  
For it makes me feel very bad  
But let us make a great big plea  
And give one rousing cheer to Dad.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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### HOME-COMING

Home Coming! Why is it that when the first chill winds begin to stir the falling leaves men's thoughts turn instinctively to home? And dear old grandmothers busy themselves planning the appropriate welcomes and celebrations for the reunions. Homes all over the continent are alive with preparation. And Heaven Town is also busy, it is a glorious day for God's children who are truly going home. The separation has been long and the joy is beyond expression. The Queen is making Heaven expectant and her welcome is vanishing the pain of long expiation. Deep is the peace for the end of life for them is accomplished.

### LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Glance down the street in any business district at the rush hour a jam and jumble of human beings meets the eye; all, as it were, madly striving, combatting to gain some desired goal; every one pushing, pulling, and pounding his way through the restless crowd. It seems a case of "might makes right", or "just so I get there, I don't care what becomes of anyone else." The tired woman, the crippled man or the helpless child is swallowed in that seething mass of people. No one thinks of the other, save that he himself wishes to conquer.

In life, the successful man or woman is often the greedy, selfish person, for the machinery of this thoroughfare seems never to consider the unfortunate or the weak. Self alone receives all consideration; brotherhood and the spirit of giving are forgotten. Some one has said, "To live, is not to live for one's self, but to help another." Yet how seldom do we think of this? The kindly

word and gentle assistance, unstudied as it may be, is bright for days in the memory of those to whom they are shown. How little is their real cost to the one who bestows them?

The world is but a great city in which men are bound by the ties of love and fellowship, and after all, it is the little courtesies that count in the final accounting.

### SNOBS AND PRIGS.

Chesterton once said that he was no more awed by the flying fashion among snobs than by the flying fashion among prigs. "Snobs say they have the right kind of hat; prigs say they have the right kind of heart." Then with his characteristic directness he continues, "But in both cases I should like some evidence beyond their habit of staring at themselves in the glass."

It is easy to agree with Chesterton that both classes are undesirable, but it is difficult to justly discriminate between them—so that one will not appear better than the other,—or which one should be preferred. Take the snob, an affected pretentious person who thinks that the circle he moves in is the only one in existence; who assumes that his peculiar mode of dress, the extremely modern twist of his necktie, the cut of his shoes, the style of his hat, is alone perfect. Persons of this nature are very unbending. They do not know that a common-herd exists. If they do know they fail to see it sufficiently or regard it with a shrug of indifferent shoulders. Inflexibility and arrogance are their boon companions. But they are very plastic! The slightest wind of good fortune is a hurricane in their estimation—an opportunity to ride in full regalia upon its unruffled path. Their eloquence of silence is the eloquence of an owl at mid-night. If they could but prove that they feel more comfortable in their armor of snobbishness, or that they think better in their new hats, their gentility could be overlooked.

The prig has some things in common with the snob. In the abstract they both have something that other mortals are devoid of. Their essence is something very remarkable. They are of the elite. But the prig is conceited—and is more apt to make a fool of himself. He has developed his conceit to such a point that were one to accord him with divine honors he would think it his natural due. He is a little Chinese god on

a mantel-piece. He always maintains the superficial equilibrium of a veritable coxcomb. Prigs are inordinately selfish, though unconscious of this. They affect a sphinx-like attitude and wear a very complacent smile. They imitate every one—though of this they are also peacefully unconscious. The heart of a prig is the heart of a glass prism. It can be read without impunity. Mind readers delight in the patronage of prigs, because their minds are so empty.

The fault of both the snob and the prig is that they have no sense of humor. Without a sense of humor the world is hellish.

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#### MAIN STREETS.

How well the Main Street of a city or town reflects the life of that community.

The littered streets and cluttered sidewalks of a town, tell you, before you have learned the name of the place, perhaps, that its inhabitants are a careless easy-going kind of people. Dingy street-lights and battered sign-boards deepen this impression, which is almost invariably proved to bear true testimony, when real information concerning the town is obtained.

On the other hand, cleanly swept streets, well-ordered sidewalks, and clear, bright lights and neat signboards seem to tell you that the people are just as precise and progressive in ordering their private affairs as they are in managing the town or city.

In a truly similar manner does the "Main Street" of every person's actions, whisper of what lies within the city of his soul.

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#### AVENUES.

An avenue is a wide road that leads to somewhere in particular.

When the taxi turns into the St. Mary's avenue the truth of the above definition dawns upon the plastic mind of the unsophisticated Freshman. A great deal can be conjectured from the frame of mind entertained by the fair damsel as she approaches the portals of the mansion of learning. If she thinks the avenue is never-ending and ardently wishes she were going out instead of coming in, her attitude is the pose of a pessimist. But if on the other hand she determines to walk confidently up the avenue of school life, through her four years to reach the goal,

hers is the philosophy of an optimist. Someone has said that the "optimist is a fool but the pessimist is a coward." Who would prefer to be called a coward even though she be designated a fool in exchange?

The ideals of the school girls are the ideals of the woman. She may turn off the avenue and get bruised by the briars of the by-ways. Then on her return she remembers only the prose of life forgetting to look for the fairies at the bottom of the garden.

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#### THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

The annual Retreat for the students opened on the evening of Oct. 29. The retreat-master, the Rev. Daniel J. Quinn, S. J., former president of Fordham University, is a long-time friend of St. Mary's, and therefore, deeply interested in "our girls."

That "the Retreat was *wonderful*," expresses the spirit in which it was entered and continued. The exercises closed Nov. 1, at the Solemn High Mass with the Rev. W. R. Connor, C. S. C., as celebrant and the Revs. T. Murphy and C. Milner as deacon and subdeacon. Father Quinn took the text for his sermon from the Lesson of the day: "I saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb. (Apoc. VII, 9.)

At present Father Quinn is doing missionary work in New York City. We trust it will be our good fortune to have him with us again in the near future.

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#### ST. MARY'S WELCOMES AN OLD FRIEND.

On the evening of Oct. 23, it was the pleasure of St. Mary's to greet Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, U. S. Envoy extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Denmark during the presidencies of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

Dr. Egan spoke to the students on the Etiquette and Diplomacy of European Courts. "Etiquette, as regards manners and dress, is a most essential feature of Court life," he said, "and in this royalty takes precedence; one must never address the King until his Majesty has spoken first; if the Queen is exposed to a draught, the Lady-in-waiting must protect her, even at a risk of herself, 'the Queen will not move, and I dare not'."

From Dr. Egan's talk we realized more than



ever, the great freedom of Democracy as contrasted with the demands of monarchical government for elaborate ceremonies and formal customs. The speaker was quaintly aristocratic and his appeal to his audience through his personality was as forceful as his presentation of the subject was interesting.

By special request, Dr. Egan wore the ribbon and cross of Commander of the Donnebrog, a decoration awarded him by the Danish Crown. Explaining the meaning of the honor—after that of the Garter and the Elephant, the most important in Europe, Dr. Egan said, the wearing of the insignia was permitted only in the presence of royalty. With characteristic courtesy, he added, "On this occasion I consider my entire audience composed of royalty, for are not you all princesses in your own right?"

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#### MUSICALE.

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—One of the most enjoyable piano recitals of the season was given by Prof. Silvio Scionti on the evening of Oct. 18. The program was of that classical nature which calls for skillful technique and interpretation that only an artist can produce.

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—On Oct. 21, Miss Ethlynde Smith, noted soprano, made her second appearance before the faculty and student body at St. Mary's. The numbers on her program most popular with the audience were Modern Russian Songs and Children's Songs. Miss Edna Russell was the accompanist.

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—Special interest centered in a delightful Harp Recital on Oct. 20, by Miss Elise Sorelle, solo harpist of the Salzedo Harp Ensemble and one of the Salzedo Harp Trio. Miss Sorelle showed a power and charm quite out of the ordinary and by her artistic playing, proved herself a gifted harpist. Her faultless technique enables her to form charming contrasts and beautiful effects by perfect legato, clear staccato, and delicate pianissimos. Such a high degree of excellence was preserved throughout the program that it would be difficult to class one number superior to the others. St. Mary's is proud to claim Miss Sorelle as a pupil of the Sisters of the Holy Cross at Lancaster, Penn., where she received the greater part of her musical training.

#### NOTES.

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—Anticipating the month of the Holy Souls, on Oct. 16, the Rev. L. J. Carrico, C. S. C. of Notre Dame, took for the text of his sermon the words, "It is appointed man once to die, and after death, the judgment."

—On Oct. 25th the Sophomores were hostesses to the other collegiate. Skill and originality stamped the special feature of the evening—a clever impersonation of some distinguished artists who have visited St. Mary's. Dancing was another number of the delightful program and the music for it was furnished by an orchestra composed entirely of members of the class.

—Through the courtesy of Mr. Frank Toepp of the Blackstone and the American Legion Film Company "A Man Without a Country" was shown at St. Mary's on Oct. 26. The lesson of patriotism was a real one and it served to rouse to loftier heights the true spirit of St. Mary's girls.

—"The Old Nest" and "Deception" were among the screen pictures shown at St. Angela's Hall during the month.

—Founder's Day the newly paved "St. Mary's Avenue" was solemnly blessed by the chaplain, Rev. W. R. Connor. Led by little Ann Elizabeth Dandurant in "Blue and White", the student body, novices, and Sisters marched in procession on either side of the road, while Father Connor was accompanied by the Revs. T. Murphy and J. Gallagher. The pavement, a work of superior excellence, was done by Hoban and Roach, contractors, of South Bend.

The social feature of Founders' Day was an evening dance in St. Angela's Hall, presided over by the class of '22.

—As the CHIMES goes to press we catch the jingle of Little Bells, so we pause to call to our new-born companion, "Long life and success to you, *Les Clochettes!*"

—The first well-matched game of Soccer Football was played on Oct. 26, between the first and third teams of the college. The "Blues", or first, made the only touchdown of the game and they fought mightily for it. The score, 1 to 0, was made during the first half of the game.

—Oct. 22 really seemed as much of a Homecoming Day at St. Mary's as it was at Notre

Dame. Many former students combined a short visit to St. Mary's with the pleasure of that wonderful N. D.-Nebraska Game. Some sixty of the present students were privileged to witness the game on Cartier Field and add their number to the loyal and enthusiastic crowd that swarmed the stands.

—The students of Art celebrated St. Luke's Day in a truly artistic manner; the studios were tastefully decorated in autumn leaves. Art tests and jokes were indulged in until a late hour when delicious refreshments were served.

—One bright, sunny day the Juniors decided to have a "Steak Fry." They arrive at the picnic grounds with "much eats" and "many marcells". Alas! it rained—yes, it poured! However, they did justice to the juicy steak—but the rain did not do likewise to the marcells. Then they—the Juniors—returned be-draggled and be-drenched—but their spirits were still glad for *they* had not been dampened.

—During his stay at St. Mary's Rev. Father Quinn gave several interesting and inspiring talks to the Sisters and Novices.

—Announcements of marriage which St. Mary's acknowledged during the month were those of: Gertrude Walsh to Mr. Eugene Joseph Halligan, at Davenport, Iowa; Dorothy Kiplinger to Mr. Charles Allison at Omaha, Neb.;

Regina Wolter to Mr. Gerald J. Cleary at Sturgeon Bay, Wis.; Anena Carolin Soisson to Mr. John Francis Carroll at Connellsville, Pa.

The death of the Very Rev. Father Fidelis, C. P., takes one long held in esteem by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. St. Mary's was the place chosen two years ago by Father Fidelis, in which to revise and complete his latest book, "The Awakening." During those days his was a familiar figure on the campus, and wherever he was there also were the little children, eager to catch his words and receive his blessing.

A cablegram from Munich, Germany, Nov. 11, announced the death in that city of the Rev. John Zahm, C. S. C., former Provincial of the priests of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame. In company with friends Father Zahm was on his way to the Holy Land for the purpose of verifying statements made in his forth-coming book. During his residence at Notre Dame, Father Zahm frequently came to St. Mary's. His interest in the students and the Sisters was most kindly. Sympathy is offered to his sisters, Sister M. Angelita of St. Patrick's School, Washington, D. C., and Sister M. Angeline of St. Mary's, and to other members of the family.

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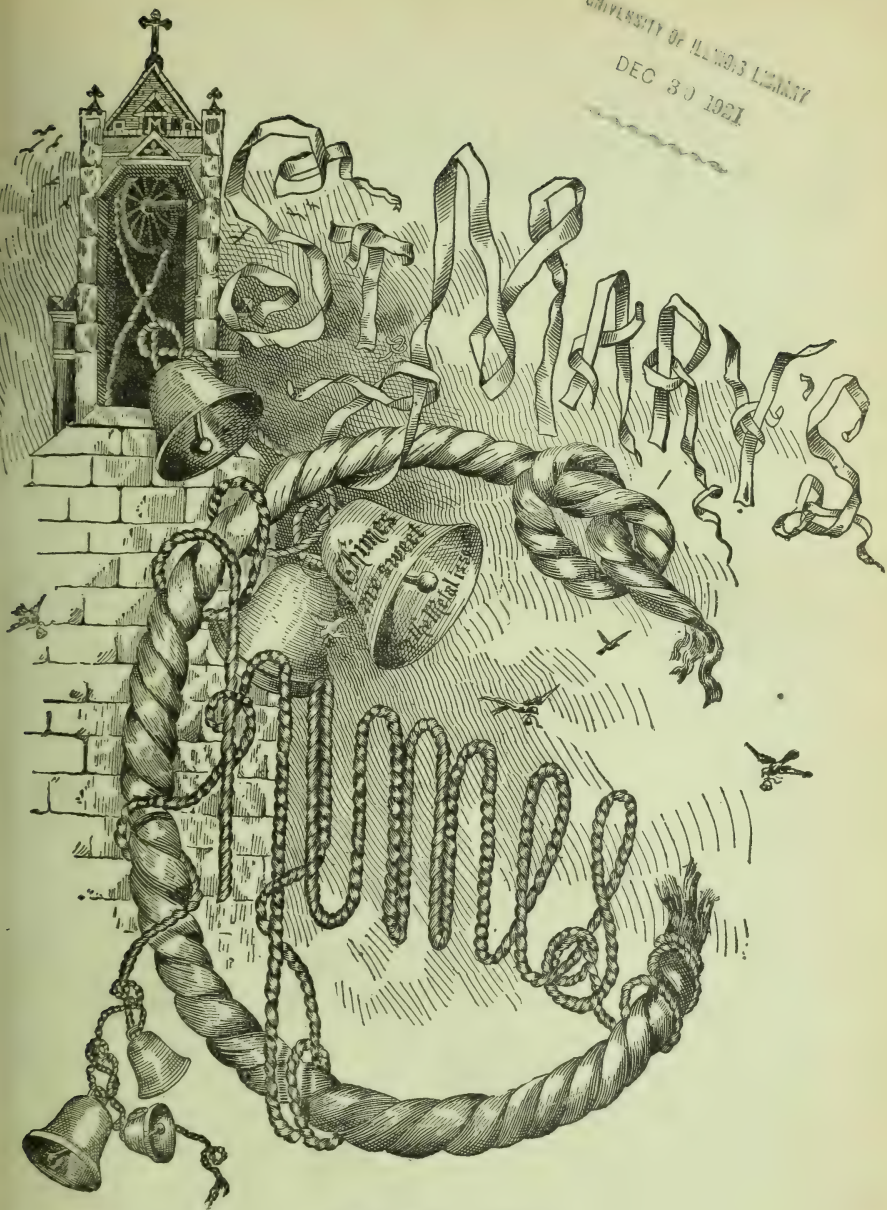
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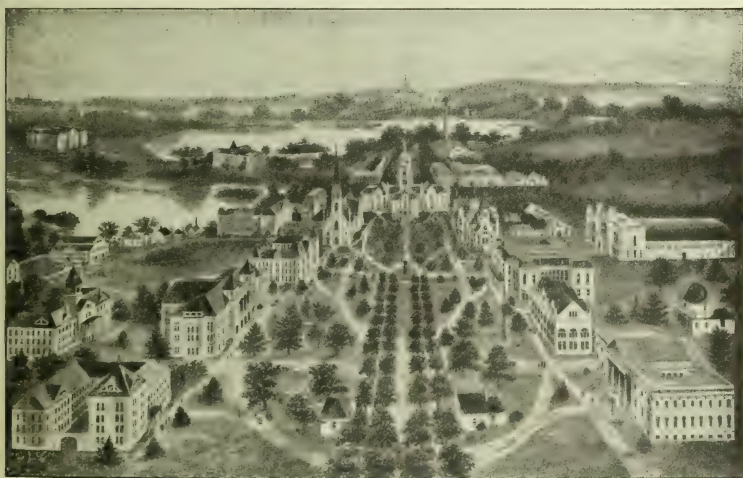
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Peace On Earth

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Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., December 1921

No. 4

## THE NATIVITY.

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

WHAT star gleams thus afar in eastern skies,  
Shedding its rays, translucent, through the night,  
In splendor rivalling yon moon? What light  
Is this that dazzles watching shepherd's eyes—  
What voice that calls, "Fear not, arise"?  
O shepherd band, why tremble with affright?  
See o'er the misty plains a wondrous sight,—  
An angel choir descend from Paradise!

"Glory to God," exulting is the song,  
Breathed from the lips of this descending throng,  
For in the star-lit manger, Jesus lies,  
His mother watching. In her tender eyes  
Adoring love-light gleams. O happy morn!  
To be thus blest, to see the Saviour born!

## THE OLD FASHIONED MOTHER.

LORETTA A. DORAN, '21.

MOTHERHOOD has been exalted and dignified since the time of Christ, for He raised woman to the supreme place which she holds in the Catholic Church when He chose His Blessed Mother in whom He expressed His idea of perfect womanhood. Since then the word mother, ever very near and dear to the human heart, has held a new meaning, and the very utterance of the name has caused many heart aches, joys, and sorrows. It recalls to our minds happy memories of home and those childhood days which we would gladly live over again if it were possible. A mother is the very soul of home life if she is the ideal mother. In all ages the Church has had to combat with the anti-Christian ideas in regard to motherhood and marriage. And in this day these falsely advanced theories are rapidly obtaining almost universal acceptance. The effect which follows this movement is a great danger to the family, state, and society. Three-fourths of the women of today have no knowledge of Ethics, or if they do possess a little, fail to apply it. And yet this is a

most vital subject, to every woman. Since the proper training and care of children is innately woman's duty, it may readily be seen that upon her rest the responsibilities of the world. If she neglects her moral duty the result will be, that the future generations will have no knowledge of right and wrong and no standard of morality. The world appeals to the ideal woman to serve as man's inspiration. It requests that she be of true, self-sacrificing nature. In order to fulfill this obligation which is placed upon her, she must look to God and His ideals and try to live according to them, for if she deserts Him, she sinks to a very low level.

We hear a great deal now about the "old fashioned" mother and of her many admirable qualities. Does this mean that the mother of today cannot and does not rise to the standard of yesterday's mother? No, indeed. She very often surpasses it if she so desires. The requisites are always the same. Since the beginning the mother has done the home making and taken care of her children. The present day holds so much in store for mother and children that if the former is interested in the latter she has every opportunity to give them advantages, socially, morally, and educationally, and a real mother does this.

But the ideal family relations which existed during the days of our grandmothers have rapidly undergone a change. Instead of the father occupying the position as head of the family and the mother as home maker, they are equal and both have their interests outside. In many cases the children, if there are any, are left in the care of a private nurse or at a day nursery and then later on when the girls are educated, it is not for marriage and home but for a profession. The mother's time is spent in the clubs and her interests are economically inclined. The children never know her love, the joys of her care, and the sorrows which attend the lonesomeness caused by her making a hurried visit to the city. The nurse's love is artificial and can never replace that of an interested and loving mother. The problems of the household of today are easily solved by the many electrical appliances and mechanical inventions which, though they have lessened housework, have incidentally caused many evils which affect the family and the state.

The mother is depicted in literature, changeless and lovely. Songs, poems, and books have been dedicated to her honor and written about her and all convey the same beautiful, self-sacrificing ideal of the perfect mother.

Of all the books which have been produced, *Mother* by Kathleen Norris is considered the classic, and it voices exactly the sentiments which the Church holds concerning family life. It is interesting to note that the author of this novel is living at the present time when the ideals of motherhood are so un-Christian and un-ethical.

The mother about whom her story is centered has raised seven beautiful children by means of her own unselfish labor and on a very meagre income. Her work was a pleasure from morning until night, and the children were always grateful to her for her untiring zeal and interest in their welfare. If the father were ill he was humored and coddled but one never heard a word of complaint from her. She possessed a certain refined and dignified air which was always evident to strangers in spite of her limited means and lowly surroundings. This is expressed adequately in the words of Dr. Tennison, an admirer of the little mother, when he says:

"I know what makes you so different from other women. It's having that wonderful mother love, which only the one in a million has."

something to thank God for a mother like that . . . you know in these days . . . there's something magnificent in a mother like your mother who begins eight destinies instead of one. . . you know there's a higher tribunal than the social tribunal of this world after all; and it seems to me that a woman who stands there as your mother will, with a forest of new lives about her and a record like hers, will,—will find she has a friend at court."

To this mother, children were not a burden and she anticipated their coming with great happiness, ever having before her God and His Blessed Mother as her ideal. Her mode of living was the same admirable one which the Catholic Church has always held before its people. At times her daughters became discouraged because they could not enjoy the luxuries which girls who came from smaller families had. So they logically concluded, imbued with the spirit of the times, that the only way to happiness is to limit one's family. But the mother exercised such an influence over them by her example that they decided to keep her as their ideal and realized that true happiness and joy consisted in being like her, unselfish, loving, and kind, interested in home making and in her children.

In strong contrast to this mother in the story was another of vastly different financial and social circumstances, who had two children who were left entirely under the nurse's care and who were not so natural as the other children. They knew not their mother's love and interest and if she were to pass out of their home, life would have continued to be the same for them and their father as before. It is from such homes as this, where there is no soul, that the majority of divorces come. Love is absent and the center of attraction is outside.

This book is illustrative of present day life with its two types of mothers. And now as ever it is the glorious mission of the Catholic Church to preserve the mother who will keep together the family and the state. A mother's influence should be so great that her place in her own little sphere could never be filled by any other person. A little boy was once asked where his home was, and he answered, "Where mother lives." How simple yet how beautiful is the philosophy of that expression. It surely signifies the effect which a true mother has on her children. What would home be to this boy if she were absent?



Our President, Mr. Harding, has spoken of the duties of motherhood, so essential does he feel that the mother is to the country. Before an Ohio meeting of the Child Conservation League he declared that it is the obligation of motherhood to keep the old time spirit alive in spite of the growing tendency to entrust the instruction of the child almost wholly to the state or to public institutions.

The stability and moral worth of the next generation depends on the health and morality of the people of today. In order to return to the old and sturdy ideal of the family we must understand and follow the teachings of the Catholic Church on marriage and its attributes.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," is an adage often heard quoted, and now that women are voting it is being realized more and more. Will their recently acquired privilege detract from the ideals of motherhood? It should not, for who can be more interested in state affairs than she who is its very foundation?

It is utterly futile to attempt to say all that might be said on the subject of motherhood for its meaning can never be adequately expressed. It is a feeling of the heart not conveyed by means of words. This feeling of futility is beautifully stated and the noble sentiment it arouses is suggested, in the following poem entitled "Mother," by Theresa Helburn,

"I have praised many loved ones in my song,  
And yet I stand  
Before her shrine to whom all things belong,  
With empty hand.  
Perhaps the ripening future holds a time,  
For things unsaid  
- For men do not elaborate in rhyme,  
Their daily bread."

---

#### CHRISTMAS.

CATHERINE GERLACH, '24.

STAR of Light in a deep midnight sky,  
Shepherds watching their flocks close by,  
A heavenly stillness caresses all,  
Our Lord is born in a manger stall!

Oh, wonder of wonders! Oh, would that we  
Less unworthy of blessings might be,  
Would that with love our cold hearts might sing  
To adore and worship our Christ-Child King!

#### LIGHT IN DARKNESS

ELIZABETH RYAN, '23.

A starry night,  
Cold and white,  
A mother pale and worn,  
A straw made bed,  
A baby's head—  
A whole new world is born.

A dazzling light,  
Visioning bright,  
A mother beneath a cross,  
While in her prayers  
A whole world shares,  
As Mary mourns her loss.

---

#### A PLAN FOR AMERICANIZATION.

ALICE JOHNSON, '21.

THE position of America, the largest and oldest existing democracy, is unique, in that it is the great melting pot of the world. It is to this country that people of all nations come: because America means opportunity, fair play, equal rights, and co-operation. It is here that a workman can receive better income for honest toil: here, too, there is less foul practice in business. In this great land, no castes or "fourth estate" exist, and here men obey the laws, not in a servile way, but in co-operation with the government. Thus is America portrayed to Europeans and rightly so: therefore, it is the duty of every American citizen to make this the "land of the free and the home of the brave". However, about a quarter of a century ago, there was a tendency toward a false internationalism in which we began to regard the whole human race as fellow citizens. When the United States entered the War in 1917 there was evidenced a failure on the part of the nation as a whole to respond quickly with enthusiasm and solidarity to the issues brought on by the war. It was then that our country was echoing with cries of Americanization. This need became accentuated when we discovered the disloyalty of large numbers of aliens residing in this country, and that twenty-four percent of the men called for military service were illiterate. These are substantial reasons for alarm. Although there is no relation necessary between lack of education and disloyalty, yet it is easy to deceive the ignorant:

and so revolutionary propaganda gathers its most radical and violent recruits from the unlettered masses. This has been verified historically again and again. Socialism, for instance, makes its strongest appeal to the poor uneducated classes: for they are less conservative than educated people.

Since, then, America is the crucible into which foreigners of every race are cast, it is of primary importance that these be taught to become real American citizens. To do this, some plan of Americanization is necessary.

In this thesis, we intend to outline a program for Americanization of the residents of this country, using as means to this end the forces that have made us Americans—the school, the Church, economic organization, political parties, and civic and philanthropic associations. The co-operation of these factors through some definite plan such as that which we propose, can do more to perpetuate the ideals for which this nation stands, fair play, co-operation and equal rights, than an isolated movement.

First, let us consider the importance of the school in an Americanization plan. The schools as a whole are turning out a good product but not a perfect one. In the case of foreign children, it is a process of grafting on principles in such a manner that we guide the "native impulse into proper channels but be exceedingly careful to lose nothing that is of value in the native root."

The teacher's knowledge of English must be adequate and her spirit thoroughly American. For it is natural that children should imitate their teachers and it is certain that they will imitate some of their attitudes and ideals. By stressing the greatness of America and American heroes, they may inculcate patriotism into them. For example, every boy and girl thrills at the story of Abraham Lincoln, a poor, uneducated boy who by his own persistence, rose to the presidency of the United States, and by his wonderful personality became one of the most magnanimous figures of all history.

All similar subjects should be taught in English. History and Civics should be taught in order to develop a love and admiration of our noble heritage of patriotism, an admiration which lauds not only our native heroes but also those who aided us in our fight for liberty. To make patriotism more concrete, so that allegiance may

be regarded as a personal thing, the singing of the national hymns and the saluting of the Flag may become exterior manifestations of interior loyalty. Just as in worship, the exterior expression adds fervour to the interior devotion, so does the expression of loyalty give impetus to patriotism.

True education includes the formation of character. The moral training is immeasurably more important than the mental: for it is this that makes the children honest, industrious, law-abiding citizens. Assuming average ability, mental power without mental soundness leads only to individual social harm; while moral greatness linked to mental mediocrity makes a hero. It is herein that the Catholic schools have an advantage over the state schools: for true Christian ethics has a prominent place in their curricula.

The Public Library supplements the school as an agency in Americanizing foreigners, especially the women. The Public Library in South Bend, Indiana, has a branch library in the Washington School building, which is a community center for the Polish and Hungarian district. By being truly neighborly, the librarian of this branch has done more than many welfare workers of the city to Americanize the women of this district. During the summer months when these women could leave their homes, she invited them over to the library and formed a sewing circle where she would talk with them, teaching them the English language. During the war, when women were using substitutes for almost every kind of food material, a cooking class was organized by this same librarian, to which the women were invited to come and bring their successful substitute recipes. These meetings were supervised by an experienced worker, who, while teaching the women how to cook war-time food, also taught them the English language and some of our customs. Thus by her personal example, this public servant unobtrusively instilled into these Hungarian and Polish women, her own democratic ideals and her faith in our government.

The second factor in the problem of Americanization is the Church, one of whose functions is to teach respect for authority. The Church inculcates patriotism: it warns its members that they are bound in conscience to obey the laws of the state. Its Founder taught respect for civil authority when He said, "Render, therefore, unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God

the things that are God's". And St. Paul reiterates and reconfirms this doctrine in his Epistle to the Romans; "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." Consistently, the Catholic Church teaches that disobedience to civil law and disloyalty to country are sins. Moreover the Church, though she in no way interferes with the citizen in his political life, teaches him his duties toward the fellow members of his commonwealth. The law of charity demands that we love all mankind; but charity, as everything else, is ordered. We love the persons of our family with a greater and a different love from that with which we love our friends; our civic pride is greater than our state pride; therefore, it is only natural that regard for our countrymen should be more pronounced than our love for the whole human race. In this order of charity, we find the true nationalism and true internationalism. That the Church in America, both Catholic and Protestant, is aware of its duty is shown by the plans for Americanization formulated by the National Catholic Welfare Council. It is in this kind of organized movement that men and women can work among foreigners without being considered imposters and meddlers.

The economic organization of employer and employee presents the third factor in the program of citizenship. The employer owes his employee a wage which will not only cover the necessities of life, but also will enable him to live up to the American standard. Employers should abolish the long working shifts, which consume the men's entire energy, making them too fatigued to take an interest in civic development. They should take an interest in the living conditions of their employees, remedying particularly the unsanitary housing. But living wages and improved standard of living are not sufficient. The employee should be made interested in the industry for which he works. The William DeMuth Company has put into practice a plan for the employees' representation in industrial management. This company also ruled that its workmen should recognize American holidays and those only. To increase efficiency among its workmen, it installed classes for the study of English. Half of the time for these classes was taken from the

working hours and the men were compensated for it. It is the function of labor organizations to teach the fundamentals of economic and political liberty. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, showed his true, patriotic spirit by keeping his slogan "America First" before the eyes of the laborer, by his constant denouncement of I. W. W.'ism, and by his strong opposition to socialism.

Politics, too, by a system of political education can do much to Americanize citizens. In this country where the government is "of the people, for the people, and by the people," politics has much influence over them: for by the ballot the public makes known its demands and its desires. In order that the voter may use his ballot to the best advantage, he must be instructed in the platform of the party and the issues at hand. The party leaders must awaken the interest of the individual, for popular apathy is one of the obstacles to democracy. Although political parties accomplish much good by seeing that the foreigners become naturalized and by creating a live interest in public affairs, yet they must be mindful that it is in politics the immigrant sees the most flagrant abuses of fair play. Often his vote is bought by the party boss, and often the fear of losing his job makes a man vote contrary to the dictates of his conscience. However, the good effects of enfranchising the foreigners outweigh the bad, and party organization has done much to unify the people of the United States in bringing them together in a common allegiance that has taught them to know and to co-operate with one another.

The fifth agency that can do much to aid in Americanizing our people and in making them better citizens is the civic and philanthropic associations. Their most important function is to aid and supplement the other agencies in their work: to help the school and the library to turn out the perfect citizen; to benefit workmen by securing the enactment of just laws; to further the plans of the Church; and to assist the political parties to interest the public in current issues.

A plan of Americanization such as we have considered is, then, a paramount necessity. We have made it clear that there are definite agencies which must co-operate in this plan. It is the mission of the school and of the Church to instruct the citizens in their political duties and to

form in them that stability of spiritual and mental life on which the character not only of the individual but also of the nation as a whole depends. The third agency is that solid foundation of economic well-being without which no nation is secure. There is no relation of cause and effect between poverty and bad citizenship, but economic misery makes right living most difficult. Politics is the means by which the citizen participates in the government that safeguards his well-being. It is obvious that we should know how to exercise this function of citizenship. It is the business of the civic and philanthropic associations to further good citizenship among the rank and file; it is their additional duty to care for those who are incapable of exercising these duties. This seems to be rather an ideal distribution of activities among these agencies for Americanization, but it is the only practical one. Only when we have this distribution accomplished and have brought about the co-operation which it necessarily entails, shall we be able to perpetuate all the other ideals upon which our nation depends. Therefore, it is the duty of every citizen whether by birth or by choice, to be a true American, and to know that this country has a right to his loyal support. We must carry on the work of our forefathers and must make our great nation the outstanding nation of the world.

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#### MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

YOU will agree,  
'Tis good to see,  
Within our walls  
When Santa calls,  
A Christmas tree!

May my friends see  
And share with me,—  
Not set apart,  
But in my heart  
My Christmas tree!

Gay it shall be  
With revelry  
(Oh, dancing words,  
Bright, tested thoughts,  
And lighted deeds—  
Athena for These—  
My Christmas tree!

#### EVERY SOPHOMORE.

RUTH HERRMANN, '24.

##### Characters:

EVERY SOPHOMORE.	EVERY PREFECT.
CONSCIENCE.	EXAMINATIONS.
STUDY.	LIGHTS.

Scene I, EVERY SOPHOMORE'S room.

Time: 8:55, Nov. 6, 1921.

E. SOPHOMORE: My heavens! there goes the electric I thought sure that Study and I would be able to get over all these poetry notes before 9:00.

CONSCIENCE: Well, you know, it serves you right, think it is terrible that you are such a good friend of Study's just before Examination's visit, and other times you always snub her. If I were Study, I wouldn't have anything to do with you. You see Concentration doesn't. She has more sense. You needn't think you can slight her all along, and she'll have her come in and help you at the last minute. No, sir; you've got to be on good terms with Study before Concentration will help you.

E. S.: Oh, I get so tired of hearing you talk! Honestly, it seems I never can do one thing to suit you!

CONS.: Well, you never try to suit me, do you?

E. S.: Well, I don't care about that now. Study is here and she is going to help me with my Poetry, so I won't be afraid when Examination comes tomorrow.

CONS.: Why, my dear, the electricians have rung. You must put out Lights now. Besides, you will be able to answer Examination questions better if you get good night's rest. So put out Lights right away.

E. S.: Well, I guess not. What do you suppose I have an extension for? Study and I shall take Light into the closet with us, and finish these notes.

CONS.: Oh, now, Every Sophomore, don't do that. It is underhanded.

E. S.: Oh, you are such a goody-goody. How do you ever expect me to answer Examination's questions unless Study and I get together for a while? Good night's rest won't do you much good unless you study too, and since I can't do both, I guess Study and I shall go in the closet.

CONS.: Well, all right, you do not seem to care much for my advice, so I will leave you alone.

E. S. (to CONSCIENCE): I hope you find out how unreasonable you are. (To STUDY): Isn't she awful?

(STUDY says nothing.)

E. S.: Well, Study, we must be quiet for a while, until Every Prefect goes to bed, and then we'll go into the closet.

(Curtain.)



Scene II. EVERY SOPHOMORE's closet. 10:00 P. M.

(LIGHTS are perched on wash-stand, while EVERY SOPHOMORE and STUDY are going over Poetry notes. Door into room is ajar.)

E. S.: Oh, I do hate Examinations, don't you, Study?

STUDY: Well, Examinations and I get along pretty well. All my friends are her friends.

E. S.: But they say that Poetry Examination is terrible!

STUDY: Well, it depends. If you are on good terms with Concentration, Reason, and Memory, she is not bad at all.

E. S.: I suppose not. But, really, I think they are all such stupid people, and they don't care much for me, either. I invited Concentration and Memory here tonight but they wouldn't come. I guess they prefer other people to me.

STUDY: I don't know why they wouldn't like you. They always like everyone that likes them, but I believe you snub them quite a bit.

E. S.: Oh, you are just like Conscience, but I suppose I'll have to get along with you tonight. Let's go over these notes.

(Silence for 5 minutes.)

LIGHTS (suddenly): I believe that I had better leave. I hear Every Prefect coming. (Exeunt.)

(EVERY SOPHOMORE comes out from the closet just as EVERY PREFECT opens the door.)

EVERY PREFECT: What do you mean by having Lights in your room at eleven o'clock at night? And Study, too! Get right into bed!

E. S.: Yes, I shall.

(EVERY PREFECT looks at EVERY SOPHOMORE for fully two minutes, then turns around and leaves the room.)

CONS.: Now, Every Sophomore, do you wish you had listened to me and—

E. S.: Oh, do stop your talking!

(Curtain.)

Scene III., Geology Class Room.

Time: 10:00 A. M.

EVERY SOPH. (as she enters the room): Oh, Poetry Examination is coming in a few minutes, and I'm so scared, and so tired I can't think. Perhaps I should have minded Conscience's advice, and gone to bed last night. Study didn't do me any good except to get me into trouble. Oh, everything in my mind is all mixed up! I don't know whether Kalevala is a Hindu or the Persian Epic. I wonder which!

(Just then EXAMINATION enters, looks around, spies EVERY SOPHOMORE, and starts asking her questions.)

What is versification?

EVERY SOPH.: Oh, yes, (Writes on paper 'Versification is the representation of the Ideal.') —the difference between natural and artificial epics? Why, I never heard of them before! (Looks around to see the other girls busily writing.) Oh, isn't Poetry Examination terrible! Such questions as she asks!

CONS.: Well, why didn't you and Study get together months ago as I told you to?

E. S.: Oh, I don't know. Why didn't I pay attention to you last night, too?

CONS.: Yes, I don't see why. My advice was always good.

E. S.: Yes, I guess you're right. You always turn out to be right at the end, but at the time, you seem so unreasonable. Well, I guess I might as well hand in my paper. (Signs name.) Conscience, after this I'm always going to follow you. You believe me, don't you?

CONS.: Yes, I do.

(They shake hands.)

(Curtain.)

## CHRISTMAS TIDINGS.

MARGARET FRAWLEY, '24.

HARK! the Christmas bells are ringing  
On the frosty midnight air;  
Messages of peace they're bringing,  
Tidings of a king they bear.

For this night in lowly manger,  
Is born a Saviour, Christ, the Lord!  
Angel choirs from Heaven descending,  
Chant their hymns in sweet accord.

Shepherds of the hills all listen,  
For they hear the angels' song,  
And to Bethlehem they hasten,  
And now around the manger throng.

So we, too, with hearts of gladness,  
Gather 'round the crib this day,  
To offer to our Lord our praises,  
And our homage to Him pay.

## A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

MARY ROARK, '24.

A star, low-hung in the eastern sky;  
 Eastern hill-sides hushed in prayer;  
 Angel choirs ethereal, joyous, high;  
 Waiting hearts, awe-stricken, there.

O little Babe, whose tender hands enfold the world,  
 Grant us the peace of star-bright eastern skies;  
 Take from our weary hearts the restless pride of life,  
 And make them pleasing to Thy Father's eyes.

## WANTED—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

MARGARET BUCKLEY, '22.

"IT'S either to be or not to be. There are no two ways about it. I'm either on *The New York Star* staff or I'm not. Ole man Wallace says it depends on this assignment. 'Write a Xmas story, 1500 words. Human interest.' Of all things a Christmas story! What do I know or care about Christmas? Guess this is one time when your likes are not so good, Jim Westly, so you better snap out of your leisure and shove the pen. Heavens!—Suppose this calls for some sob stuff on Santa Claus or some starving paper-boy. A Christmas story! It's all kid stuff. People don't go in for it now-a-days. No use of moaning—I may as well stay here until it's finished."

"Say, mister—what you doin'? Everybody's gone home. What ya writin'?"

"What—eh? Come out of the shadow. Why—why, Pete—couldn't see you at first. What are you doing here?"

"Oh, nothin'—I—"

"Nothing? Have you lost your mind? News-boys don't usually run in and out of the office at this hour."

"I know that."

"But what, Pete. It's hours since anyone has been here. Only a few men left in the Press Room now. Why, Pete, aren't you afraid?"

"Me? Oh—I—well! I always do this."

"You what? Where's your home?"

"Oh, I can't know—I—"

"Oh, Well, see this dollar bill. It's yours if

"I can't find my way."

"Well, that? I can't—I—well, see, I ain't

got no home much. I just move around—was in an orphan asylum once, but never again! Me and two kids lived over in West End but Joe—you know that nightwatchman—well—he and me ate meals together in his room—for—oh, ages. Now he's sick—can't walk upstairs. So I come up through the offices and wind the hour clocks for Joe. You ask me—am I afraid? Kinda—Mister, but Joe can't know that! He wouldn't let me do it, me and he are pals. Don't tell—'cause they'd fire Joe and me—and Joe can't work."

"Pete—you do this every night?"

"Sure, we have to live and work to get money for medicine for Joe. I just look right around, so bold—and tell God he makes the dark nice and black. Gee—must be goin'. Joe wakes up and calls me—thinks I'm hurt or lost—an' tries to follow me up here."

"Well, Pete—"

"Oh, I don't mind. I get tired an' sleepy but Xmas is comin', and the Christ Child will give us, poor, things. Gee. Mister—I want a train, a black and red one, but, I'd rather have Joe get better—Must run, Goodbye."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim Westly no longer needed a theme for his Christmas story. He had learned it through a little child—and somehow as he wrote that story, he felt better inside for he knew that other hearts like his would learn the lesson—and a little boy would have his red and black train—and his pal, a happy and Christ-like Christmas.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

TERESA STOCKER, '22.

A L.L. Bethlehem lies wrapped in slumber deep:  
 An humble few are blessed to see the light  
 That floods the low-hung sky this holy night  
 When Christ is born. Where faithful shepherds keep  
 Their nightly watch to guard the straying sheep  
 On hill-sides bare, behold, a wondrous sight  
 Appears. Lo! angel hands in downward flight  
 Sing joyous words of praise, then onward sweep.

Some pause to tell the glorious news, that He  
 Who long has been foretold, is come at last

And now in swaddling clothes is wrapped and fast  
 Asleep within a manger lies. And she,  
 Who is His mother, watches there, while men  
 And angels worship. Peace has come again!

## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S WISH.

KATHLEEN KOOCK, '24.

UNKNOWN, we call thee, Doughboy, brave;  
 Unknown, we place thee in thy grave.  
 What thou wert, or whence thou came,  
 God alone can answer, tell thy name.

Thy comrade chose thee from the rest,  
 (God in his wisdom knoweth best),  
 With loving praise they bore thee home  
 To place thee 'neath thy Country's dome.

Unknown, thy "Buddies" lie in France,  
 No more they heed, "To Arms!" "Advance!"  
 They answered "Here!" to duty's call,  
 And gave to God and Country all.

If still thou slept where poppies blow,  
 Maimed comrades' hearthfires now might glow.  
 And if thou wert to have thy say,  
 We feel, you'd wish it just this way.

## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

FRANCES LA POINTE, '24.

THEY were twins as anyone could perceive  
 —the same height, the same black hair and  
 eyes, the same powerful physique. The  
 recruiting officer felt a glow of pride that his  
 country could produce such splendid specimens of  
 manhood, and with great satisfaction and pleas-  
 ure that they should be enlisted in the United  
 States army, he wrote the names, Kenneth Con-  
 don and Donald Condon.

With that remarkable efficiency, which seemed  
 to grow over-night in America, the recruits were  
 sent to camp and, in a short time, transported  
 to France, the passage that meant the test of a  
 soldier's manhood. Donald and Kenneth, more  
 familiarly known as Don and Kenny, were soon  
 favorites though not popular in the same way.  
 Kenny, indeed, seemed a greater favorite be-  
 cause he was of the type known as a "jolly, good  
 fellow." Don was of the sturdy, dependable  
 type. He seemed older than Kenny and, as is  
 sometimes the case with elder brothers, he felt  
 somewhat responsible for his twin. Kenny took  
 everything for granted, accepting his brother's  
 countless kindnesses as a matter of course.

The regiment to which the boys belonged was  
 stationed behind the lines, but there was a rumor  
 that they were to advance. The air was vibrant  
 with excitement. The news of the advance af-  
 fected the brothers differently. To Kenny it  
 meant wild excitement, and he was glad for ex-  
 citement delighted him. To Don it meant grim  
 duty to be performed at any cost.

The march to the trenches was made quietly,  
 and during this time the boys were separated.  
 And, oh, what a change! Comparative quiet had  
 yielded to the horrible reality of war and death.  
 The final move was made to the very front-line  
 trenches. Now, indeed, did the soldiers believe  
 in Sherman's famous remark concerning war.

Donald was disturbed in his thoughts by Ken-  
 ny who, rushing up to him, announced,

"We are going over the top in ten minutes and  
 I am to carry old glory."

The brothers gazed at each other. Don was  
 surprised, almost horrified at the expression on  
 his brother's face. Kenny's eyes were glassy. He  
 was pale and trembling.

"Don, old fellow," he said, "I can't do it! I  
 can't go!"

And to Don's consternation, Kenny broke  
 down completely.

"Come on, Kenny! Brace up! You know  
 this won't do. Come, I'll stick by you."

Taking his brother by the shoulder, by sheer  
 force he made him get back some of his self-con-  
 trol.

The signal was given. There was a moment of  
 ominous silence. Then, like a flash, the boys  
 were over the top. The fighting was terrific and  
 horrible beyond description. Don managed to  
 keep near Kenny who, clutching at his brother,  
 gasped weakly,

"I'm afraid! I just can't go any more!"

"You've got to," shouted Don, "that's all there  
 is to it. Here, give me that flag, so you won't  
 disgrace it with your cowardice!"

And snatching the flag, he dashed forward,  
 leaving his brother too overcome by sickening

fear to be ashamed. But, just then, Kenny was struck and fell, wounded.

Meanwhile Don was in the thickest of the fight and it was Old Glory that encouraged the wearied soldiers to push forward step by step until they were almost to the goal.

"Good boy, Kenny!" they shouted, "we'll win out yet."

But Don did not hear them. He was conscious only that he must atone for his brother's cowardice in spite of the awful pain in his side. Struck again, Don fell, toppling over into the enemy's trench.

The fighting suddenly ceased with the Americans in possession of the German trench. What a victory, but at what a cost! And even as they looked over the field a something was moving slowly, painfully, forward. It was Kenny, suffering horribly from his wound, but still more from an agony of thirst. He was searching for water and unknowingly he was creeping toward the flag he had deserted, and even as he reached it, he fell exhausted.

The soldiers searching among the bodies that night, found Kenny, dead, but near him the flag for which he had given his life. They attributed the victory to the inspiration of Old Glory which Kenny had carried; so he was buried with all the military honors possible. His going affected the soldiers in no little degree. All that day they

talked of him, of his gaiety, his courage, his faithfulness to Old Glory, and his heroic death.

After a few days they buried Don along with many other soldiers. The bodies were unrecognizable and so a few more graves were added to the large number that were nameless.

The burial of the unknown soldier at Arlington, to honor the memory of all the unknown heroes, was a beautiful, impressive ceremony. To one white-haired mother it had, perhaps, its greatest significance. In her black eyes could be read the tender, sorrowing love of a mother who could never be satisfied until, like another Mother so long ago, she had laid to rest the body of her son, her son who lay in an unknown grave.

That night, she pondered long on all that had taken place at Arlington. Overcome at last, she wept as only mothers can weep until, completely worn out, she fell asleep. And then a strange thing happened. She saw a beautiful angel, imploring the Most High Who finally granted the petition. She saw him draw away a flag from a tomb which she recognized as the one of the unknown soldier. As the mother gazed at it, a strange feeling of relief and joy surged through her whole being, and suddenly she realized that her son was not unknown, that he had been given a burial that was the rightful due of a hero. For she had seen, blazed across the tomb, the name, "Donald Condon."

#### WELCOME.

NELL RANDALL, '24.

THE sky was clear as crystal  
And tinted a delicate blue;  
The earth was a mantle of whiteness,  
Kissed by the frozen dew;  
The trees were bowed in silence;  
The sun's ray lit the way;  
For the coming of December,  
And the Blessed Mother's Day.

The Dawn awoke in her splendor  
And called to sleeping Earth,  
Her smile gleamed in the snowdrops  
To which Night had given birth.  
And when she looked about her,  
And saw the sky so blue,  
And feeling all the snowdrops  
That a Good Mother's Day, she knew.

For somehow the sky seemed warmer  
She felt its fond embrace,  
And knew how the Blessed Mother  
Protected the human race.  
All the glory of Earth's mantle,  
Gleamed in the frosty air;  
Nature had donned her fairest,  
To welcome her Mother fair.



## THE PROMOTION OF EDUCATION.

FLORENCE MACINNIS, '24.

**D**ELVING into the histories of now civilized but once barbarous nations, one is almost inclined to think that perfection on educational lines has been attained. Countries whose rulers, in past ages, could neither read nor write may now claim masterpieces in literature, masterpieces that were born of the trained genius of peasants. America may say with great pride that she has contributed much to the civilization of the world; she may well be proud of her splendid educational system.

"Why then," you will ask, "should one think promotion of education by an attempt to stir up new enthusiasm a necessity at the present time?"

Bishop Spalding says, "Education must be a training, discipline, development, and instruction of man's whole being, physical, intellectual, and moral." Let us stop for a moment to question—is any one of the essentials lacking in what is now called education? We shall take the public school and the university as exemplars of the modern institutions of learning.

Do they not provide everything possible for the physical welfare of their students, poor and rich alike? Well ventilated class rooms, splendid gymnasiums and in some schools lunches for the small and weak children prove their fulfillment of this requisite for physical well being.

Are they deficient in the training, discipline, development, and instruction of the intellect? No! Scholars have at their disposal everything required to teach them along of their own particular interests and inclinations. They are allowed gratis the use of excellent libraries, while educational moving pictures exhibiting the beauties and wonders of the whole world are shown to them; in their various classes they become acquainted with daily current events; and they study out of the best text books available in accordance with a well planned curriculum. What more could the schools do for them?

One thing, the last but greatest demand of true education is lacking—the means of moral development.

Ex-Vice-President Marshall says, "Illiteracy in the technical sense is bad but, moral illiteracy is far worse, and it is from moral illiteracy that the country is suffering."

Other prominent educators the world over, are realizing the lack of good morals in the supposed to be educated circles of the world. They are coming to believe that modern education is capable only of physical and intellectual development and that it will not enable man "to reach the greater heights of happiness and a nobler code of moral law."

History shows wherein education of those two forces, the physical and the mental, has failed. Two cases in point are well summarized by Mr. Philip Gibbs in his recent volume, "More That Must Be Told": "Germany was beyond doubt the best educated nation in Europe, but the most educated among them were not the most virtuous. They were most wicked. In Italy of the Renaissance there were fine scholars, great humanists, lovers of beauty, but they put no curb on passion nor did all their talent kill their cruelty."

We may now profit by these failures and incorporate into our school system the one and only means of moral development, that alone which will produce virtuous men and women and consequently, will promote education. That one means is religion. The time is coming and will soon be here when every one will agree with the Church, "that thoroughly educating the mind and body of the child is likely to produce nothing more than a robust rascal, and will uncompromisingly insist with Her that will and heart must be trained as well." The day is coming when everyone in these United States will be firmly convinced, as are the millions of Catholic parents in this country, "that an education which ignores Almighty God and His transcendent rights is a grave menace to the family, the Church and the State."

## THE IDEAL TEACHER.

MARY ELIZABETH SCHEIBER, '24.

**S**HE seems to me quite like a flower  
Untouched by chilling worldly wind,  
And, as a fragrance sweet, she flings.  
Deep wisdom to man's hungry mind.

She's poor, another guides her will;  
But God has given her to bear  
A soul so filled with loveliness  
It scarce can hold the princely share.

Star-high is hung her Christ-like aim;  
To her earth's recompense is dross.  
Dear Saviour, bless her more and more,  
Your Sister of the Holy Cross

## ADVENT.

MILDRED KENNEDY, '23.

HOW long it must have seemed  
 To you, O Virgin Mother,  
 Until our Saviour came,  
 And thus was made our Brother!

## JOHN MICHAEL'S COMPANY.

DOROTY MENDEN, '24.

IN the late afternoon of the day before Christmas, John Michael O'Connell, on whom the O'Connell family depended for manly guidance and protection, stopped on the corner of Fifth and Broadway. He stood just outside a large department store watching the late shoppers as they hurried in and out. The thermometer registered ten above zero and John Michael was poorly protected from the chilling wind by an altogether insufficient, ragged little jacket. Still, he stood there intent, expectant, and quite happy with apparently no other interest than just to watch.

John Michael invites further investigation. He was the oldest boy in a family of five. With all the strength of his twelve years, he helped his mother to keep the little family living. The O'Connell's lived in one of the poorest sections of New York and were among the poorest of the poor in that city. Christmas was always a trying time for them. John Michael had all the jovial spirits, Christmas cheer, and good will of a Santa Claus, but he lacked the money to open Santa Claus' treasure house for his four brothers and sisters.

This year, however, the O'Connells had been among the fortunate poor. The Ladies' Protectorate of the Poor had furnished them with a huge Christmas basket packed with the most appetizing delicacies. Mrs. O'Connell, worthy in every detail of her Irish forbears, rejoiced over the prospective Christmas dinner. Then, after a close calculation of the possibilities of the contents of the basket, she decided that there was more than enough for them—they must share

their good fortune with someone just as needy. So, John Michael was summoned and entrusted with the message—to find a boy, girl, or man, it didn't matter, just someone as poor as himself, and bring him home for their Christmas Eve dinner.

John Michael had taken his stand on the corner of Fifth and Broadway, hoping to find someone in that crowded thoroughfare poorer than himself. What had seemed to him a simple task was beginning to grow difficult. All of the passersby were hurrying up and down the broad street or pushing in and out of the big swinging doors, busy with their own Christmas errands, utterly obvious of the cold, shivering, little fellow and his hospitable message. Finally, he could endure the insistent biting winds no longer. The store aglow with Christmas holly and humming with Christmas bustle attracted him. He pushed open the large swinging doors and sought shelter. Inside the doors there was a row of benches where John Michael decided to sit and resume his watch. Company for Christmas dinner was not the easiest thing to find.

The warmth and cheer of the store, however, revived his spirits. Suddenly he became aware of a boy about his own age crouched on the opposite end of the bench. A large fur coat and cap hid his neighbor almost completely from view. Violent sobs issuing from the furry bundle gave evidences that he was not in the happiest frame of mind. John Michael, always sympathetic, drew closer. Placing his strong hand on the boy's shoulder, he opened friendly relations by an abrupt,

"Say, what's the matter?"

There was a sudden wriggle inside the fur; then two swollen eyes and a tear-stained face issued forth. After a moment's inspection of John Michael, the little stranger with intermittent sobs managed to make known his trouble.

"I-I—am I-I-lost," he confided.

Then, John Michael brought into play all the sympathy his big, generous heart could offer and he drew from the little stranger his story. His name was Stanley Richardson. That afternoon in the charge of an ever-present governess, he had been taken down-town to see the large stores in all their Christmas glory. He had been separated from his governess in the immense crowds thronging the aisles. When the situation was clear John Michael suggested,

"Well, don't you know where you live?"

"No sir," answered Stanley. Then, he continued tearfully, "I'm so afraid. I have never been away alone before and I-I am I-lost."

To John Michael it was pitiable ignorance not to know where one lived and babyishness to be afraid because one was lost. For a moment, he quizzically regarded Master Richardson. He compared the warm fur coat with his own tattered jacket. But then, his new friend did not have all he desired either; he was always bothered with a governess and from his pale, thin face and timid, fearful eyes, John Michael deduced that he was not a regular boy and did not have regular fun. After a few seconds thus soliloquizing, John Michael gave vent to a grunt.

"Umph, poor baby," he concluded.

Stanley withdrew into his fur coat and sobbed again. John Michael repeated "poor baby," but this time he said it triumphantly. Indeed, his quest was over—he had found the company for their Christmas Eve dinner. Anyone who was lost, who did not know where he lived and who was as altogether helpless as Stanley Richardson satisfied John Michael's definition of a poor person. In another moment, the two were on their way to the O'Connell home.

In the meantime, Mrs. O'Connell had finished preparations for the dinner—a dinner which delighted herself and the four little O'Connells. All were awaiting John Michael and the company. At last he came in radiant and introduced his new friend. There was great rejoicing over the advent of the gentleman in the fur coat. While the little stranger was being made to feel at home, Mrs. O'Connell hurried out in search of a neighbor's telephone book. She had recognized Stanley as the son of a wealthy manufacturer and she wished to relieve the parents of anxiety as soon as possible. Later that evening, but not until dinner was over and John Michael and Stanley had made the beginnings of a strong friendship, the grateful Richardsons called for Stanley.

The friendship formed on that Christmas Eve between the two boys has lasted through many years. Today John Michael O'Connell and Stanley Richardson are partners in business. Each Christmas Eve, they have dinner together and they never let the occasion pass without repeating this story.

---

#### MY GIFT.

---

CATHERINE KEESHAN, '24.

---

SNOWFLAKES tumble in soft repose,  
Earth's heavenly gift, a reception garb of white,  
While a shadowy moon over the reverent world.  
Like the guiding star, gleams through the night.

'Tis the eve of redemption's great dawning,  
And I long a gift, worthy to bring,  
To the little stable in Bethlehem,  
Where the Christ-Child sleeps, our Saviour and King.

A dwelling, denied Thee, that night long ago,  
When Thy mother, sweet Mary, from door to door,  
Trudged wearily on through the glimmering snow,  
I would make of my heart forevermore.

# Xmas Verses

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## SANTA.

---

GENEVIEVE LANG, '24.

---

NOW Santa tells his charming tale  
To little children three.  
He sits with smiling eyes of blue,  
As they laugh merrily.

They sit around with upturned eyes,  
With parted lips, they listen,  
And now and then a twinkle comes  
Into their eyes to glisten.

Now Santa tells his charming tale  
To little children three.  
We watch the children's every look—  
'Tis closed to you and me.

## SANTA SYMPTOMS.

---

MADLINE FAUGHT, '23.

---

WHEN tiny toes trip bed-ward,  
When lullaby hours come,  
When thoughts of Santa linger,  
It's time for things to hum.

When 'maginary reindeers  
Go fleeting 'mong their joys,  
It's time the folks get busy  
And fetch the Christmas toys.

## GIFTS.

---

MARY DOWNS, '24.

---

A Christmas gift means a message of love,  
Since the world began,  
But some of us forget this thought,  
As a shopping list we scan.

We hurry to buy for Mother,  
And we rush to purchase for Dad,  
From Sister we've gotten a bauble  
So we run to buy her a fad.

But—  
It's not the gift we give that counts,  
Nor the money we happen to spend,  
But the love and thought enclosed in the thing,  
That little gift which we send.

## BOB'S BAD LUCK.

---

DORIS CUNNINGHAM, '22.

---

THE sandman came around so soon,  
I don't know what to do;  
I wish that he were on the moon,  
And all the kids there, too.

Last night I meant to watch the stars  
For Santa to come along;  
I heard the sound of bells, but there,  
I was busy the breakfast gong.

## THE REAL SANTA CLAUS.

---

HELEN KINTZ, '24.

---

WE used to wait for Santa Claus  
With bated breath on Christmas eve,  
And hardly close our eyes till dawn,  
Wondering what we would receive.

But those childhood days are passing,  
Other dreams now hold their places;  
As the little Infant Jesus  
Fills our waiting souls with graces.



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DECEMBER 1921

## THE SPIRIT OF THE PHOPHET ISAIAH.

In a certain fine painting of a group of the prophets, Isaiah stands out in striking relief with his pale, stern face glowingly reflecting the divine inspiration that filled his heart. And in reading his remarkable words, we find that same exultant spirit gleaming here and there in the dark woof of his pleadings and warnings to an indifferent people. We can imagine those keen dark eyes flashing with wrath as he warns the Jews:

"The sword shall devour you, because the mouth of the Lord has spoken it....and they that have forsaken the Lord shall be consumed."

And then we see them suddenly alight with joy and tenderness as he gives to a saddened race the great promise of the Messiah; and we feel that these eloquent words come right from the Heart of a most compassionate God:

"For a child is born to us, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the World to come, the Prince of peace."

In burning language, the great prophet upbraids his countrymen for their pride, their vain-glory, their worldliness; he paints vividly the desolation that God will bring upon them; then when he has humbled them to almost childlike penitence, he suddenly lifts them up to a glimpse of the glory of the God of love. In words of marvellous beauty, he pours out the exaltation of his high heart as in spirit he walked with the coming Christ. His intimacy with the most minute details of the life of Our Lord and his remarkable revelation of this vision to his people, make one wonder at the shallow inconstancy of the Jews which prevented them from imbibing such a glorious spirit. As he said, the spirit of God was upon him and he was truly the anointed of the

Lord; and it is to this that we trace the undying beauty of those inspired canticles of joy and praise. His cry to his beloved country comes down to us with a newer message and we close his prophecy with these words lingering meaningfully in our minds:

"Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee....Rejoice with Jerusalem and be glad with her all you that love her; rejoice for joy with her, all you that mourn for her....You shall see and your heart shall rejoice."

## CHRISTMAS.

When Christmas time draws near the first thought is of what we want for Christmas for ourselves, and then we think of what we will give our friends. Last, if at all, we think of Christmas in itself. What is Christmas? How many really know? A time of merrymaking, home-coming and exchanging of gifts is the popular definition, but the true meaning is lost sight of by the majority. How did Christmas come to be? Everyone who has a smattering of knowledge in religion, can answer that question, but everyone does not have a full realization of the wonderful mystery of God's becoming a tiny babe. Who stops to think, when giving a gift, that the first Christmas gift was a gift to all humanity from the most perfect, Supreme Giver, the gift of a God-babe from God. A reflection on this supreme generosity increases the generosity of modern Christmas giving and fills the heart with the desire to benefit humanity as well as to do individual charity. The true peace of Christmas time, peace of heart and soul, will fill the Christmas season and make it a real one of truest joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Harbingers heralding the approach of Christmas made their appearance several weeks ago and now no one needs to be reminded that the season is close at hand. In the stores there is a marked Christmas atmosphere. Every show-case and every aisle is decorated with holly and tinsel and ribbons.

To the school-girl Christmas means a vacation, seeing her friends at home, and going to many parties; to the child it is a time of giving and receiving many presents; and to most old people it is the season when they are made most happy. But all these phases of the Yuletide are mere circumstances or, as it were, accidents to the occasion that are never absent. They must occur

when the world is celebrating the birthday of its King—though some of the people do not realize it as that. The people of the nations are observing in their own way, though some of them are unconscious of the fact, one of the greatest feasts of the Church. Because the day is so great spiritually, all the material contributions to its celebration seem large. The people of the world cannot let this feast be kept only in the Church—they too must enter into it. They are not able to do what is in the power of only our Holy Mother Church, so they take to themselves certain ways of observing that great day.

Many of these people have scarcely known the Christ-Child throughout the year, but when the spirit of Christmas fills the hearts of those about them, they too partake of it and surely He appreciates this tiny bit of love for His sake—and what greater honor can they wish?

#### EDUCATION AND AMERICA.

When the peoples of the world, wearied of persecution and the struggle against poverty, strained at their bonds seeking a larger life, Providence, in its usual kindly way, "that they might have life and have it more abundantly," opened up a vast and wonderful country to them—a Land of Promise. To be a great Prince among the nations of the earth was the destiny of this Land of Promise. As was fitting with the chivalric spirit kindling the loyal and eager hearts of those who rushed to this bounteous kingdom, there should be a Lady Fair to fasten the armor of Truth which was to shield so vast a treasure—a lady whose colors might everywhere be the symbol of Victory. The Lady is Education. Her words are the sesame which opened up all the hidden treasures of this great land to the eager children coming to her in the seedtime of America. Everywhere, there sprang up shrines to her; and here and there great temples bore her name, where the high and low shared alike in the fullness of her gifts. And wherever there was a shrine to her there was growth, prosperity, and peace.

Today, the Lady is the star of aspiration guiding Young America to that larger life which spells true citizenship; and our Beloved America—the Land of Promise—armed with Truth and consecrating its beauty to the Lady Fair, stands unconquered and unconquerable.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

A most interesting and instructive Piano Recital was given Dec. 6, in St. Angela's Hall by Miss Gertrude Henneman of Washington, D. C. The program was varied in character, beginning with the old masters and ending with contemporary composers. Every number was applauded and the appreciation indicated by it was richly merited.

Miss Henneman possesses a most pleasing personality, and in her interpretative talks she completely held the attention and interest of her audience. The entire program gave proof of the sound musicianship and artistic ability of the gifted young pianist.

\*\*\*\*\*

As a welcome to Mother M. Aquina, Superior General, on her return from an extended trip to the West, the students of the Conservatory of Music presented two excellent programs on Dec. 11 and 14. The Recitals were of the highest character as attested by the following selections that made up those evenings' pleasure:

#### A FEW MINUTES OF PLEASURE.

Holy Night, Silent Night.....*Rev. Jos. Mohr*

*Violins*—M. Maupin, E. Marschner, J. Lecour,  
A. C. Buckley, L. Weinrich.  
*'Cellos*—M. Lucas, D. Nicholas, A. Schlecht  
*Harps*—H. Miller, M. L. Merritt, H. Jones  
*Organ*—H. Weinrich

Harp Solo—Fairies' Dream.....*Robinson*  
H. Miller

O, Dry Those Tears.....*T. del Riego*  
*Violin*—M. Maupin  
*'Cello*—D. Nichols  
*Piano*—G. Whitson  
*Organ*—H. Weinrich

The Rising Sun.....*Torjussen*  
*Violins*—M. Maupin, E. Forschner  
*'Cello*—D. Nichols  
*Harp*—H. Jones  
*Piano*—M. Ranstead

Piano Solo—Shepherd's Tale.....*Nevin*  
R. Krafthefer

Somewhere a Voice is Calling.....*Tate*  
*'Cellos*—D. Nichols, A. Schlecht, M. Lucas  
*Piano*—A. R. Carr

Moto Perpetuo (Kleine Suite).....*Bohm*  
*Violins*—M. Maupin, E. Forschner, J. Lecour  
*Piano*—M. Morrissey

## RECITAL—ST. MARY'S ORCHESTRA.

## PERSONNEL

*Violins*—A. Buckley, G. Desmond, E. Forschner, L. Guedelhofer, R. Kavanaugh, M. Keown,  
F. LaPointe, J. Lecour, M. Maupin,  
K. Stack, M. B. Van Heuvel  
*Cellos*—L. Ewing, D. Nichols, A. Schlecht  
*Bass Viol*—E. Bauerlein  
*Drums*—L. Weinrich  
*Organ*—H. Weinrich

## PROGRAM

March Triomphale Creole.....*C. Kerns*  
Memories .....*Huerter*  
Organ Solo—Festal Prelude in F.....*E. Lemaigre*  
Alberta Murphy  
Waters of Minnetonka.....*Licurance*  
Mighty Lak' a Rose.....*Carrie Jacob Bond*  
Reading—The Child.....  
Helen Minahan  
Narcissus .....*Nevin*  
St. Mary's Song.....*S. M. C.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## EXPRESSION RECITAL.

On the evening of Nov. 28, Miss Mary Agnes Doyle of Chicago, gave a most interesting presentation of that continuously popular and wholesome play, "Peg O' My Heart," The impersonation as clever and original, and Miss Doyle won her audience by her delightful natural manner. The characterization of "Peg" was perfect. The quaint Irish ways, the childish innocence yet stolid virtue, and the native brogue were in direct contrast to the proud, haughty manner of aspiring relatives. Peg's sense of humor, utter truthfulness and staunch loyalty to her ne'er-do-well father called forth much laughter and tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

At 9 A. M., Nov. 29, Miss Doyle gave a talk in the college study hall in which she embodied many principles of expression. She emphasizes the necessity of good English and insisted on attention to *poise* in direct opposition to the "Debutante Slouch," a well chosen term for the modern interpretation of grace. "Americans," Miss Doyle declared, "have a rich heritage of language and it is their duty to cultivate a refined speech."

## EDUCATION WEEK AT ST. MARY'S.

A program for the close of Education Week was given Friday evening, Dec. 9, in St. Angela's Hall.

During the preceding days papers were read and class talks given throughout the departments and the evening's exercises consisted of selections from the best of them. Every class was well represented and the work gave proof of interest and enthusiasm on the part of the students.

Special mention is given to the Tableau which portrayed American Ideals in a novel way: In a conversation between the Far East (a Japanese Girl) and the Spirit of America, much was told of American Ideals, many examples from History were cited to prove the loyalty of her people to the Stars and Stripes, founded on true education, the basis of which must be moral and religious training.

After a few kindly remarks applicable to the program, the Rev. W. Cunningham, C. S. C., introduced Mr. J. J. Borden, City Superintendent of Schools in South Bend, as speaker.

The address given by Mr. Borden treated of the institution of Education Week, its aims and its ends, its progress in South Bend as compared with that in other cities, emphasizing the splendid co-operation on the part of the city schools and St. Mary's.

Among the special guests were members of the faculty of Notre Dame University, Mayor-elect E. F. Seebirt, and other prominent educators and citizens of South Bend.

## PROGRAM

Selection.....St. Mary's Orchestra  
Education Week at St. Mary's..Margaret Buckley, '22  
Chorus—"Flag o' My Holy Land" (T. Daly).The School  
Poem—The Unknown Soldier's Wish.....  
.....Kathleen Koock, '24.  
The Educated Woman in Politics.....Helen Daily, '23  
Drill.....The Preparatory Department  
Reading—"The Man Without a Country" (Hale)  
.....Helen Minahan, '23  
The Promotion of Education...Florence MacInnis, '24  
Poem—The Ideal Teacher..Mary Elizabeth Scheiber '24  
Selection.....St. Mary's Orchestra  
Tableau—American Ideals (Written by Class of  
'25).....Academic Dept.  
Address..Mr. J. J. Borden, Superintendent of Schools,  
South Bend

## NOTES.

—Great praise is due those who made possible the immense success of the "One-Day Bazaar" on Nov. 30 for the benefit of the Mexican Mission house in Austin, Texas and for the Bengalese Fund. The total receipts amounted to more than a thousand dollars. A pleasing gift of welcome to the Christ-child.

—The study of Church Music has been resumed with renewed enthusiasm. Early in the session a two-part Mass in honor of St. Dominick, the Proper of the Mass, *Salve Regina* (Gregorian) for the Offeratory and Benediction sung by the student body was most inspiring. Interest in the work has been heightened by the purchase of a beautiful, rich, mellow-tone organ for the Assembly hall.

—The girls who remained at St. Mary's for Thanksgiving experienced as many "thrills" as those who sought pleasure elsewhere. Many are enjoying fond memories of the Notre Dame football game and the dances. One needs but to mention the events to evoke a smile of delight from certain young ladies who attended those functions.

—Examinations, a visit from the State Supervisor, and Thanksgiving vacation were prominent numbers on the program for November. The qualms occasioned by two of the events were more than balanced by the joy of the third.

—The reckless carefree few who extended Thanksgiving on their own authority, are considering a *prompt* return after Christmas.

—Miss Loretta McGuire, of the class of '19, spent Thanksgiving at St. Mary's. Loretta's sister, Zola, is a collegiate this year.

—The following sermons were delivered at the Sunday High Mass during the month:

"Judgment," by the Rev. L. J. Carrico, C. S. C.; "Courting," by the Rev. G. Marr, C. S. C.; "Thoughts for Advent," by the Rev. T. Murphy, C. S. C., Assistant Chaplain; "No Man Thinketh in His Heart," by the Rev. J. Gallagher, C. S. C.; "Sin," by the Rev. T. Irvin, C. S. C.

—St. Cecilia's Day was duly observed by the Vocal Department and duly noted in the diaries as an occasion long to be remembered.

—Mr. Oscar H. Williams, State Supervisor of Teacher Training, visited St. Mary's during the month, and attended various classes.

—The mission spirit is once again aroused. The Revs. F. A. Theill and P. Hanley, C. P., representatives of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, stirred the students by their relation of examples of the good that has been brought about by the organization.

—Through the kindness of the Rev. Leo Heiser, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, the following pictures were shown in St. Angela's hall: Notre Dame-Army football game, the "Home-Coming" N. D. game, D. W. Griffith's "Love Flower," besides several Pathe News reels and light comedies.

—"Lavender and Old Lace" was another "movie" enjoyed since our last *Notes* were printed.

—Of announcements of marriage which have been received those sent to the CHIMES were those of Dorothy Ann Wagner to Mr. Con C. Curry at Indianapolis, Ind.; Ella Marie Nelms to Mr. Edward Francis Morey at Dallas, Texas; and Marie Broussard to Prof. David Andrew Weir, of N. D. U., at Beaumont, Texas.

—In quick succession three illustrated lectures were given at St. Mary's: Nov. 7, "Norway," by B. R. Baungardt; Nov. 14, "Egypt and the Far East," by the Rev. Felix Salmone of La Cross, Wis.; and on Nov. 15, "Alaska," by Edgar C. Raine.

—Great credit is given the members of St. Mary's-Notre Dame Club of Chicago, whose energetic management promoted the pleasure and success of the Thanksgiving Dance at the Drake Hotel on Nov. 22. The Dance was almost another "Home-Coming," to judge from the large number of St. Mary's girls in attendance.

—Mrs. Maud Clifford Casey and Miss Anna Hunt paid a short visit to friends at St. Mary's.

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—A mother's heartfelt sympathy is given to Mona Keown who was recently called home by the death of her dear father, Mr. J. J. Keown of Deposit, N. Y.

—St. Mary's sorrows also with another child, Hortense Holton, who mourns the loss of her beloved mother, Mrs. Holton of Austin, Texas.

—Sincere sympathy is offered to the bereaved husband of Margaret Walker Salisbury, class '75.

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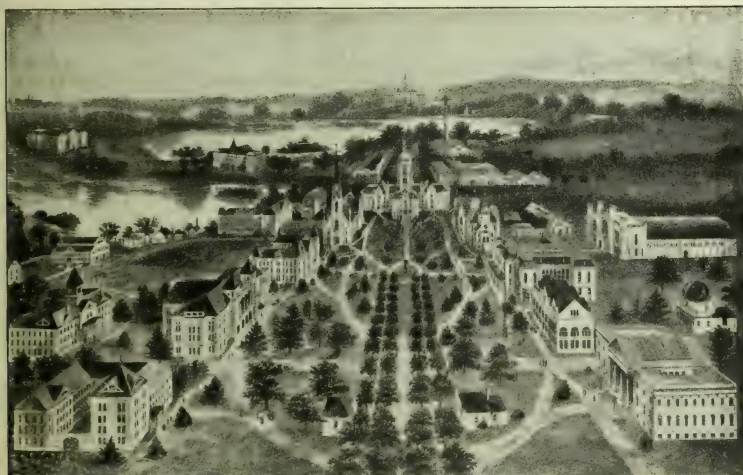
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"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"



# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., January, 1922

No. 5

## TRANSCENCY

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22

ALL things passing are: the rose,  
That in fond dalliance breaths  
Its perfume on the summer air,  
But transient is, like all that's fair.  
Joy must in sorrow pass,—  
Yet, with a smile, for no one knows  
Why this must be. The singing bird  
Its southern flight will take;  
The autumn wind, now comes, and goes  
In tardy haste; still, no one knows  
Why it, too, dies away.  
Youth, when first its voice is heard  
Magnetic is, like awakening spring.  
Alas! too true it seems  
That we are young, but to grow old—  
Our hearts are fire, but to grow cold;  
And dreams, but whispers are!  
Is life then all illusioning? Ah, no  
That could not be, for love  
Alone lives on;  
Eternal charity, that binds  
The present to the past  
In endless dawn.

## PLATO, PROPHET OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

JOSEPHINE F. RYAN, '21.

THE staff and script of pilgrimage are the accoutrement of mankind. We are all beckoned by desire, but our Desired moves in such varied guise that frequently the pursuit carries us to the very gates of Eternity before we discover that the shining ideals of our seeking are but the earthly veilings of the Infinite. But there is one among us whose quest is of Beauty; his is a difficult way yet mightily blessed, for love attends its every step. This one makes a quest of glorious possibility, for his Desire comes forth from Paradise to meet him and smiles through a veil rent by the passionate hands of the searcher. For this searcher after Beauty there can be but one success, but on fulfillment of the manifold promise that entices him, leading him along ways numberless and devious indeed, but all convergent upon the one Reality. And this Reality stands to the myriad beauties which reflect and manifest it as Substance to

shadow,—Divine Substance, destined to be at best but imperfectly manifested "till the day break and the shadows retire." Those who have been enthralled by the earthly semblance of Beauty and have taken up her quest are past counting; past counting too is their number who, lost in the intricacies of the promise, have fallen short of the Promised; who have thwarted their purpose with the very means of its attainment. This quest of Beauty is no thing of effortless accomplishment. The secret is not lightly to be penetrated. Beauty is a mystery, as is Love and the two are in keeping of Christianity. Only to the Christian is it given to penetrate these mysteries. Beauty and Love are of his birthright and to him are their hidden things accessible.

Here there enters a fact of which cognizance must be taken. Throughout history the place of the Prophet is not to be ignored, his inspiration is undeniable. Isaiah, Ezechiel, Daniel, Jeremias, and all their line, long poured the soothing oil of prophecy upon the troubled waters of Advent. Their tongues, held in thrall by Divinity, gave utterance to words whose import they could not know save in the light of their inspiration. But is the office of the Prophet to be restricted to historical truth? Can the sacred fire illumine only the moving panorama of life? Or cannot philosophical truth, too, be 'born out of time'. Here we must pause, for though we handle truth and reality indeed, it is the gossamer-spun reality of Beauty which floats upon the borderland of sense and spirit, and while the cold finger of Science cannot break the shining web, neither can it lay hold of it to trace its design. We must hesitate, and in ignorance of the nature of the fact content ourselves with pointing to evidence of its existence. We may not know by what means the music may sound before the harp is strung, but with the premature melodies sweet in our ears neither can we be unbelieving.

If Plato's claim to the title "Prophet of the Beautiful" be questioned, we cannot do more than point to this mystery of the Beautiful and show it to be of its nature understandable only in the light of revelation; and then, turning to the unimpeachable testimony of the written word, show this self-same mystery to have been searched out and revealed by a philosopher long

antedating the birth of Christ. Whether the mere title Prophet be granted or denied is of little moment. The point of our contention is that Plato, overthrowing the theories of his time, embodied in his dialogues, notably in the *Phaedrus* and in *The Symposium*, an idea, a revelation of the Beautiful and of its inseparable companion Love; a revelation of such kind that when it is lifted from its pagan setting it is seen to shine with lustre like only to that revelation of Beauty which is the very crown-jewel of Christian philosophy.

Philosophy shackled by the material in its concept of reality, cannot soar to the spiritual in its idea of Beauty. The mark 'of the earth, earthy' will not out, but stamps itself afresh upon every utterance. Art deals with the Beautiful as found in the world of sense. If this would be a dual world the Beauty dwelling therein is a two-fold thing,—a fair flesh shrouding fairer spirit, and Art gazing upon the one penetrates at last to the other and seek to draw it from its hiding place and clothe it in the more transparent garb of the symbolic. If it be the homogeneous world of the Materialist, Beauty is reduced to mere symmetry of form and harmony of color and Art falls to the servile office of imitating one sense form with another. If there be no reality which cannot be adequately and exhaustively expressed in terms of matter, symbolism becomes not only a useless but an unintelligible word. To strip reality of the spiritual is to strip Beauty of the significant and Art of the symbolic. This interdependence renders the true idea of the Beautiful impossible of attainment to the Materialist, and if he know not Beauty he is barred from a recognition of the true essence and office of Art.

Platonic philosophy was in such case, as was all Greek philosophy to the time of Aristotle. Windelband says, "the incorporeal world which Plato teaches is not yet the spiritual." Logically then, since no word of his teaching could get beyond the boundary imposed by his concept of reality, Plato's theory of Beauty and Art could not but be limited by materialism, not gross perhaps, but materialism nevertheless. For poets and philosophy alike imitative representation had long been the only Art theory,—if indeed, there could be said to be theory at all with regard to a thing as naive and unreflecting as early Greek Art. Aesthetic was an unknown science; speculation on the beautiful, where it existed at all, went no farther than the most elementary

considerations of form and color. Thus free and spontaneous, Greek Art is seen to be for long "ideal, simply because it is at its ease." But such a carefree childhood could not always be her portion and there were whisperings of new realities,—"meta-physics," a realm hitherto not only unexplored but undreamed of. The time was growing ripe for intellectual giants to lift philosophy out of materialism.

These hints of imminent change in the world-concept were reflected in the simple Art theories formerly all-sufficient. A vague discontent with the limitations imposed by a purely imitative Art found expression in the attempts at allegorical interpretation prevalent just before the time of Plato. This turning toward allegory, "in its essence, defective symbolism" is a strong indication of the dissatisfaction attendant upon a transition period when old ideas are crumbling and are as yet unreplaced by new. Art fell into disrepute. Her own shining insignia was torn away and she was denied any badge of usefulness. She stood, a shamed and derided thing, abased before the Skill of a Potter and the Technic of a Maker of Furniture. Nor did Plato, poet though he was, restore to Art her lost prestige. The World of Ideas which he constructed to fill the crying need of philosophy for something beyond the things of touch and sight availed nothing to raise Art from the dust. Rather, Plato plunged her deeper in her degradation by his fiery polemic in the tenth book of *The Republic*. Formerly stigmatized as an "imitation" Art now suffered the additional humiliation of being branded as "an imitation of imitations"! And this from a poet,—who should be a very high-priest, a mediator between Beauty and Art! But this theory was the logical outcome of Platonic philosophy. The New World of Ideas was center to a complete and consistent theory; what wonder that any strand be of the same texture as the whole. But to stop here would be to wrong Plato, to overlook that which makes him a unique and outstanding figure in the history of Aesthetics. Bosanquet gives account of Plato's position in one significant sentence. "In Plato," he says, "we see the completed system of Greek theory concerning Art, and side by side with this the conceptions destined to break it down." A strange paradox truly, for the Idea of the Beautiful embodied in certain passages of the *Phaedrus* and of *The Symposium* completely controverts the theory of Art found in *The Republic*, and this

discrepancy is apparent elsewhere in his works. Moreover, the Idea of the Beautiful put forth in these few and precious passages is not the logical outcome of the Platonic system, it transcends infinitely the body of this philosophy.

In the search for an explanation one comes inevitably to the realization that there was in Plato a power transcending the laboriously exercised power of reasoning which "gropes step by step from premises to conclusion." This faculty is the vision of the Seer, be he Poet, Prophet or Saint; it is the eye of genius of what kind soever. Through it as through a burning glass all the powers of the watcher's soul are focused upon some single point until the concentrated and unfaltering ray finally burns through the coverings of truth and patient contemplation and is rewarded by a glimpse of the glory within.

Now Plato was a poet and as such was a lover of the Beautiful, for poetry is but the outward sign of ecstasy in the poet's heart on beholding her. As a poet then, Plato was close to the Beautiful and his gaze was fixed upon her with all a lover's ardor. Small wonder that he had some little sight of her in her true character. Plato's Idea of the Beautiful is too vivid, too living a thing to be otherwise than experimental, and in his accounts of the experiences of the lover of the Beautiful there is the unmistakable touch of the "autobiographer." True, the time was not yet come for Beauty to be manifested, this office was reserved for Christianity. But, as if in prophecy, it was given to this Poet-Philosopher, standing in the watch-tower of his inspiration to see the faint auroral flush of that light whose full glory came only in the perfection of the Christian revelation of Beauty.

The need for expression came with this apprehension of the Beautiful and here Plato faced a gigantic obstacle. The truth was borne in upon him in the great silence of contemplation, but to give it to others he had to resort to words. Ages of Materialism had no need of the language of the spirit Plato had advanced only to the incorporeal in his World of Ideas and it was here that he placed his conception of the Beautiful, giving it an honored place amid the throng of realities therein. Molten thought must be cooled before its outward form be perfected; new conceptions are always difficult of expression since language, of its very nature, must be wrought to the needed shape by the individual thinker. So Plato's Idea of the Beautiful, like many an-

other infant truth, was cradled in myth and metaphor.

Since it was in the World of Ideas that Plato gave place to Beauty, the true nature of the conception is best shown by the relation of the Beautiful to the various parts of the Platonic system. Concise expression of this is found in a passage of the *Phaedrus*. "But of Beauty, I repeat again that we saw her there shining in company with the celestial forms; and coming to earth we find her here too, shining in clearness through the clearest aperture of sense." The dual character of the Idea of the Beautiful is at once apparent. Earthly beauty is the reflection of the ideal Beauty, loveliest among the throng of Ideals which the soul sees in "heaven which is above the heavens." By reason of that inexplicable participation which unites the Platonic World of Ideas with the world of sense, the Idea, Beauty is reflected and manifested in the things of earth and at sight of this earthly beauty the soul, now imprisoned in the body, is moved to remembrance of the "beauty shining in brightness" which it saw in its previous existence. Of the nature of this Divine Beauty Plato speaks but briefly; like the other ideas it is without sensible form: it is "colorless and formless and intangible essence, visible only to the mind." Further than this Beauty is indescribable.

Beauty dwells not only in the World of Ideas but is communicated to the world of sense, being the only one of the Ideas whose loveliness is capable of having a visible image on earth, for Beauty is unique in that "she is at once the loveliest and the most apparent." These several considerations are summed up in *The Symposium* where mention is made of "Beauty, only absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting which without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things."

Only the objective elements of the Beautiful have been considered thus far. Beauty in relation to the intellect beholding it, leads to a consideration of the relation of Beauty and Love, thence to the mysteries of Love, all of which make up so sublime a portion of the Platonic dialogues that it seems little short of sacrilege to disturb any word or to consider it otherwise than in its entirety.

Love, in the widest sense of the word, is simply that subtle power by which all are moved to the desire of good and happiness, but from this a

single part is separated and given the name of the whole, and it is of love in this narrow sense that Plato speaks. Briefly, his teaching is: Love is of the Beautiful, but more than this—it is "Birth in beauty, whether of body or soul." Thus, love is the principle of immortality, for "to the mortal, birth is a sort of eternity and immortality."

It has been said of earthly beauty that it is the reflection of ideal Beauty and that in the soul once privileged to look upon this perfect Beauty there slumber memories of the vision. The sight of earthly beauty awakens these memories and there ensues in the soul of the beholder an ecstasy of recollection,—a very madness. Thus transported by the memory of the true Beauty the soul feels the instinct of immortality stir within it, and the conceiving power becomes "propitious, and diffuse and benign." But this vision of earthly beauty works not to the same end in all, for there are those whose exile has been so prolonged that they have lost the undefiled memories of the true Beauty. But when one who has recently beheld many glories in the other world sees the earthly reflection of Beauty he is rapt in contemplation of it, "a shudder runs through him, and some 'misgiving' of a former world steals over him." In this ecstasy the lover would express himself and his expression takes the form of wisdom and knowledge in general; works of Art and Laws or any fair thoughts whatsoever.

These, however, are but the lesser mysteries of love, known to those who are lovers of sensible beauty of any kind. Greater and more hidden mysteries crown the lesser, by means of which they are entered, the lover of the Beautiful using earthly beauties as steps by which to mount upwards. He who penetrates these greater mysteries begins with the love of a single beautiful form, and in this love he continues until he realizes that the beauty of one form is of like kind with the beauty of another. At this point he passes from the narrowing and restraining love of one to the love of all beautiful forms and then to the love of beautiful souls and the fair actions proceeding herefrom; meanwhile creating many works of art. Next he ascends to the contemplation of the beauties of the sciences, in his ecstasies bringing to birth many fair and noble thoughts. In the love of fair notions he grows strong in soul and having seen the beautiful in the artist and musician he draws

near to the crown and glory of his labors which is revealed to him in a single science—"the science of beauty everywhere."

In this science he gazes upon Beauty, divine and everlasting, subject neither to growth nor to decay; it is "pure and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and the colors and vanities of human life." Thither the lover looks, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind and conceiving and bringing forth, not images of beauty but realities. And this, says *The Symposium*, is "that life above all others which man should live in the contemplation of beauty absolute."

Thus did Beauty unveil herself in an ancient land and thus was the revelation recorded in a tongue long accounted dead. But Beauty stands above the surge of centuries; her countenance is unchanged, be it pictured in the antique characters of an Attic parchment or the printed page of a present day volume. The same face whose lineaments are truthfully, if dimly reflected in the Platonic dialogues, shines resplendently in the Scholastic metaphysics of the Beautiful.

For the Christian philosopher the universe is centered by the Deity, and reality is determined by the modes in which He is imitable *ad extra*. All things, therefore, are dim and imperfect copies of the Divine Essence, each having nature after its particular Exemplar in the Divine Mind. All real beings do not attain to the perfection which belongs to their natures, some fall short of their end and fail to realize the excellence indicated as proper for them by their uncreated archtypes. But there are beings which do realize, in large measure, the appointed perfection of their nature; the Divine Image is well reflected in them and this conformity with Divine Ideals is evidenced by certain external qualities,—proportion of parts and harmony of activity. These qualities are made known to the intellect through the medium of the senses and on apprehending them the beholder pronounces the object "Beautiful." Hence, earthly beauty may be regarded as an "expression and revelation, however faint and inadequate, of the Uncreated Beauty of the Deity."

All things have potential beauty inasmuch as they are all designed to shadow forth Divine Essence in the manner prescribed for them by their prototypes in the Mind of God, but actual beauty they cannot have unless they both conform to their Divine ideals and show forth this con-



formity to such degree that one beholding them may perceive their perfection, and delight in the contemplation thereof.

These facts show that the study of the Beautiful must be concerned not only with the qualities which go to make up the objective reality but also with the relation of Beauty to the one beholding it. Hence, of the two definitions of Saint Thomas, which contain briefly the Christian Idea of the Beautiful, the one is *a priori*: "*Pulchritudo enim creaturae nihil aliud est suam similitudo divinae pulchritudinis in rebus participata*"—the beauty of the creature is nothing else than Divine Beauty shared by things; while the other is *a posteriori*: "*Pulchra sunt quae visa placent*"—those things are beautiful which when seen are pleasing.

Briefly then, Beauty is the "splendor of perfection," the beauty of any object is "the manifestation of its natural perfection" by external qualities so as to arouse in the beholder the "desire to see or hear it, to consider it, to dwell and rest in the contemplation of it."

The dual nature of the Beautiful is apparent from these considerations; suprasensible expressed through sensible; spiritual symbolized by material; herein lies the essence of earthly beauty from the point of view of the beholder. Contemplation of the Beautiful partakes of the two-fold character of its object. The external, objective conditions of Beauty, "integrity, perfection, proportion and clarity," are presented to the intellect through the medium of the external senses and the imagination; by the intellectual power of abstraction the suprasensible is attained, the idea embodied in the object is revealed and from contemplation of this *ratio pulchri*, or principle of beauty arises love of the beautiful.

This duality resident in beauty itself and in the contemplation of it is ground for the assertion that "the beauty most suited to man is spiritual beauty expressed by means of an appropriate symbol." A spiritual being cannot be satisfied with less than the spiritual, but for a being whose suprasensible activities are impeded and conditioned by the material the spiritual must be clothed with the sensible before it is intelligible.

Love of the beautiful springs from intellectual cognition, hence it is of a spiritual, not of a sensuous nature. Further than this it is disinterested, finding its source and end alike in the contemplation of its object rather than in the seizing and holding of it in exclusive possession. That love which delights in an object in view of the

use to which it may be put is a love of possession, legitimate in its place and having good for its object. To this love of possession, however, we give the name "desire," reserving the simple term "love" for that spiritual craving which finds its satisfaction in the contemplation of its object. All love then, is of the beautiful, although with regard to the things of earthly beauty it is seldom unmixed with desire, for the beautiful, inasmuch as it is being and therefore good, presents a double stimulus, to the intellect and to the will. Nevertheless, that which is considered as the beautiful only is the object of love alone.

Such love is a complex thing, having its object in the sensible form clothing suprasensible reality, being stimulated by means of sense faculties, yet being essentially of the soul. And in the consideration of its effects such love becomes even more inexplicable,—one of the most unsearchable of the phenomena arising from the mysterious union and interaction of man's soul and body. This vision and love of the beautiful, however, is not for the man who will not deny himself, for this an asceticism must be practised in the restraining of fleshly desire. This restraint is rewarded by vision and love and consequent expression of Beauty.

Beauty shines from a myriad beings, in some she is so little apparent as to be denied the name, in others she is so resplendent as to be universally acclaimed. Love of the Beautiful in any form seeks expression and this expression is excellent in proportion to the quality of the Beauty loved, the greatness of the lover's passion and the means of expression at his command. Passing over lesser beauties and lesser loves and their fruits we come to that which is universally given the name of Beauty, finding its lover in the artist and its expression in the Fine Arts. But thus far we have been concerned only with Beauty as found in the things of sense, and it is not here that Divine Essence finds its most excellent manifestation,—supreme among all created things are spiritual realities, of beauty proportionate to the degree in which they conform to their Divine Exemplars; of beauty evident only to the loftiest and noblest of human faculties,—intellectual vision. As man is a being at once spiritual and material the spiritual reality first manifest to him is not spirit pure and unimpeded, but spirit compassed round with matter,—his own soul, upon which he may turn his inward vision and whose beauty he may contemplate.

So closely knit are heaven and earth, so encircled are we by the Divine Embrace that it is impossible to say at what point one leaves contemplation of earthly beauties in the light of reason and rises to contemplation of Beauty in the light of grace. Truly, "grace does not supersede, but acts along the lines of Nature" and after gazing upon the face of earth and upon the face of his own soul and finding them fair to look upon, man comes almost imperceptibly to find his vision resting upon the unutterably resplendent Countenance of Beauty Uncreated, Infinite and Absolute. Imperfect the vision is to be sure,—for it is given to mortality to gaze upon Beauty wholly unveiled,—yet so sublime is even this "faint aurora of the great and unspeakable vision" that the beholder is rapt in ecstasies before which former loves pale like nigh-spent vigil lights at sunrise.

Not without pain is this vision; if restraint of the animal within us be the price of mere earthly beauties, how infinitely more needful when Divinity Itself is sought! But what of the self-expression of this lover? Is he alone of all lovers uncreative? Ah, no,—and here the fairest truth of all. The Saint, for such the title of this lover of the Beautiful, is himself his self-expression. He takes no one of earth's beauties for exemplar, but turns to Beauty Itself. He seeks not medium of expression in the world around him, his artistry is too sacred to be profaned by touch of the material; his inspiration, too fine to be expended upon a mortal thing. When his work is done he has wrought for Eternity and his brows are bound with the deathless laurels of Beauty-tude. By those who know not love the taunt "mystic" is flung at this lover and artist as it is at every lover, be his beloved of heaven or of earth. The boundaries of mysticism are the boundaries of the Beautiful, a vast territory stretching from the earth beneath our hands to the Head and Source of all.

These two theories of the Beautiful have been placed side by side but no detailed and laborous comparison for the purpose of emphasizing points of resemblance between the two has been given. If the likeness of the two theories is not readily apparent the failure is so complete as to admit of little remedy from further discussion.

The difference between the two theories arise chiefly where explanation of facts concerning the beautiful depends upon other details of the philosophies,—Platonic and Scholastic. This is true

especially with regard to the theories of knowledge held by Plato and the Scholastics respectively. In the first case all perception of reality is by reminiscence awakened by sense-perception; in the second by intellectual activity upon the data of sense. Hence in the Platonic theory perception of beauty is a fair memory of a world-beyond; in the Christian idea it is a perception of the suprasensible resident in some sense form,—this with regard to earthly beauty.

With regard to the objective facts in the Idea of the Beautiful; for Plato, Beauty is a reflection from the World of Ideas. If Saint Augustine's interpretation of the Platonic World of Ideas as the Exemplars in the Mind of God be taken, this last difference becomes a likeness.

What then of Plato's claim to the title of Prophet of the Beautiful? In the light of these facts it cannot be denied. Nor is the idea of prophecy foreign to the quest of Beauty. Prophetic fire gleams at every turning of the path trod by the searcher after Beauty. The full portent of earthly beauty is grasped only in the light of that spiritual beauty of which it is the symbol and prophecy. Spiritual Beauty in turn takes up the torch and lights the way to that "fair and unspeakable Vision" which is not even yet the fullness, but only the prophecy of that which is to come when prophecy and promise shall be fulfilled; when at last the Lover of the Beautiful shall be united with his Beloved for all Eternity, when his voice shall be forever raised to cry "Thou art all fair, O my Love, and there is not a spot in Thee."

---

#### NEW YEAR.

ELIZABETH MAGINNIS, '24

TUCKED within a downy cradle deep  
A baby fair lay fast asleep,  
Tousled head of purest gold,  
Tiny fingers, gently hold,  
A sceptre that is ages old.  
Close beside the cradle there,  
Was the old, old Year with snow-white hair.  
Quickly the hours flew by,  
At the stroke of twelve, with a joyous cry,  
The babe awoke. The Old Year passed by.  
Pure and spotless with love and joy,  
The New Year smiled, a happy boy,  
With never a mark on pure heart worn;  
And never a heart-string by sorrow torn.  
He began his life, a babe just born.

## COURAGE

Stella Scott, '22.

I kneel before the altar of a new-born year,  
 With lips that fain would utter thoughts that  
     hover near,  
 The thoughts that in my eager heart this while  
     have slept.  
 But ghosts of broken dreams and promises unkept,  
 Like ever cold and quiet stars that gleam o'er  
     head,  
 Mock me with memories of the fruitless year now  
     dead.  
 Though once-radiant aspirations lie entombed,  
 In my heart, new dreams from their dead fruit  
     have bloomed.  
 If weak flutterings of beating wings by night,  
 May greet the Dawn with upward, steady flight,  
 With undiminished Faith and Hope bereft of fear,  
 I kneel before the altar of this new-born year.

## JOURNALISM AS THE SUBJECT OF CURRENT LITERATURE

MARY FRANCES JONES, '21.

THE professions, semi-professions and trades have been the subjects around which and upon which, much literature, not only current literature, but the literature of all ages has been based. Authors naturally write of the things which are of interest to the reading public and there are few things more vital, and of more universal appeal to the readers than their professions.

As a result of this we have in our libraries, *The Price of Place*, a novel treating of the political life; *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, founded upon the medical profession; and *The Right of Way* has for its subject material the law.

Journalism has served as a background for much of our current fiction, while it would be false to say that it has replaced the other learned professions as a topic for writers, it has without a doubt assumed a prominent role. No form of business fits into a novel so nicely as the newspaper business. So in the realm of current fiction we have the journalistic type represented by *The Passionate Pilgrim*, an American novel with a decided newspaper atmosphere, by Samuel Merwin. And, *The Street of Adventure*, a ten year old English novel with an American edition. The author, Sir Phillip Gibbs, has attracted a large circle of American readers, by his previous writings as well as by his remarkable work as war correspondent during the Balkan War, which was the storm cloud heralding

the universal deluge, and during the great war itself.

In his preface to the recent American edition, Phillip Gibbs writes, "What is more real, I think than that incidental episodes of the narrative, is the atmosphere and psychology of the journalistic picture, which ought to be true because it is part of my own life. The spirit of youth with its hopes and laughter and tears, dwells a little perhaps, in this street of adventure, and is, I imagine, the secret of its success. It is a youthfulness which has passed as far as I am concerned—four and a half years of war knock the boyhood out of one's heart—but it will be renewed by other young men and women following the footsteps of Frank Luttrell and Katherine Halstead down the old street where there are many ghosts."

Briefly the story is of Frank Luttrell, a rather typical only son of a country rector, sensitive and shy by nature, but concealing beneath the shyness a gay imagination. He has the passionate desire for companionship and for larger experience of life. Through his friend, Phillip Gibbs, he obtains a position on a newspaper. His life as a reporter is graphically portrayed and the inner workings of a government paper, are minutely given. The other characters, including the heroine, Katherine Halstead, are members of the editorial staff, typical newspaper people

depicted from the life and experience of the author.

It is a rather rollicking newspaper narrative and is essentially British. It has not the usual happy ending that has come to be expected in a novel but this fact makes it no less interesting. Phillip Gibbs' charm lies in the verity of his characterization and in his discriminating diction. *The Brass Check*, by Upton Sinclair, though not in the fiction class, is the most talked of book upon the subject of journalism. *The Brass Check* boasts one hundred thousand readers, eight editions since February 1920, and a newspaper boycott. There is a decided difference of opinion among various readers and reviewers of *The Brass Check* as a study of American journalism, regarding the book itself as well as its author. A London reviewer has written of the author, "He has enjoyed a twofold reputation—in Europe as a successful writer of novels with a purpose, in America as a social agitator.

A sensational novelist himself, Mr. Sinclair not unnaturally thought that a minute account of his personal experiences afforded the best available means of portraying those methods of the press which seem to him most immoral and dangerous. He relates how his public utterances were perverted; he records how the newspapers ridiculed any venture of his; and he describes the manner in which, after booming *The Jungle*, his novel of Packingtown (which incidentally did much in bringing about government inspection of the meat industry) the packing houses, whenever there was the least opportunity used all their forces in the news channels to condemn him.

One does not question Mr. Sinclair's autobiographical narrative, and the examples he mentions could hardly be more outrageous, but, says this same London reviewer, "Mr. Sinclair intent as he says, upon the exact facts, reveals himself as a quite impossible child. Time and again, on his own showing, he adopted a tone with the press which could in nowise have gained his end. Ordinary human nature, and certainly editorial nature, simply will not rise to this kind of stimulus. No modern journalist can ever have asked quite so irresistibly for martyrdom"

In the author's general indictment of the press, the charge is divided into three heads;

That if a man in America has put himself out to be an opponent of Big Business and an enemy of the dominant interests, he need look for no mercy from the newspapers; he is on

the black list and every effort will be made to destroy him;

That the press has an incurable habit of perverting the words of speakers and public men, systematically misrepresenting them by false reporting and sometimes by downright invention, and is ready to print any kind of stuff to discredit a reputation.

That the press is almost completely dominated by great financial and industrial interests which in cities of the entire continent, own the papers, own the owners, or exert in some way a despotic power by virtue of their advertising patronage.

The second point most surely is true in that the press has shown extraordinary ingenuity in representing a person as an undesirable and a fool, and in making him implay or say what never entered his mind.

Mr. Sinclair has taken the foremost press association as the villain of his book, and has used indiscriminately the names, addresses and businesses, of hundreds of reputed citizens throughout the book, in such a way that if the statements are untrue every page of the book teems with libel—but if they are true, and up until the present date there has not been a single charge of libel brought against the author, one would be led to believe that Mr. Sinclair is not a mere perpetrator of insinuations.

John J. Smertenko wrote in the *Grinnell Review* and was quoted in the *Literary Digest*, "What Mr. Sinclair discloses... must become the concern of every honest minded thinking American, moreover it must be our immediate concern or it will be too late. This is no hysterical appeal against another of the phantom menaces that are now in vogue. *The Brass Check* offers sufficient evidence that the vested interests in America are entrenching their positions. During the war they realized as never before the power of the press and since then the control of the press has been their greatest objective."

The book is divided into three sections: the evidence, the explanation, and the remedy. The first division is personal. In the introduction to the second part Sinclair writes, "I am trying in this book to state exact facts. I do not expect to please contemporary Journalism, but I expect to produce a book which the student of the future will recognize as just."

Realizing the futility of destructive criticism as a reforming force, in the last section Upton Sinclair presents a remedy for the Journalistic



which he so minutely explains in the first. This plan proposes the establishment of a national publication, directed by journalists of integrity and independence, and controlled by subscribers. It would neither take advertising matter nor would it publish editorials. As a plan it is not entirely new as it has been considered by others who are vitally interested in the future of the press.

From this hasty review of these books one realizes that Journalism is ranked and recognized as a serious profession, worthy of serious preparation.

Two traditions for a long time hindered Journalism from attaining a place among the learned professions. One was the old Grub street tradition, prevalent among those who "just couldn't

see" that Journalism should be treated as a learned profession or why it should claim as much dignity as medicine, law, or letters in the rarefied use of the term. Elizabeth Jordan says of the other tradition, that of the midnight lamp, "the writer was held to be a person working in solitude, the divine afflatus descended at a time when he was correctly posed for receiving it, alone preferably in an attic, rather chilly and with the flickering light as the attic's sole illumination." Today these traditions are receiving death blows, as the field of fiction and nonfiction are now representing faithfully the true journalistic atmosphere. And Journalism is coming into its own proper, both as subject material for writers, and as a worth while profession.

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#### TO A FRIEND

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MARION REMPE, '23.

---

I love you for your tender ways,  
The ways, which guide me ever right;  
My love increases with the days,  
And holds you ever in my sight.

I love you for your wondrous smile,  
The smile that cheers me, makes me glad.  
It brings me comfort all the while,  
Within its light—I'm never sad.

I love you for your gentle hand,  
The hand that leads to things above,  
And safely guides me to that land,  
The kingdom of eternal love.

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#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NEW YEAR CARD (1919-1922)

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RUTH HERRMANN, '24

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I AM a New Year's Card. I believe I was born about the last of November, 1919, but I am not sure, because the details of my early life are not clear. The first thing that I remember clearly was that I was lying on a counter of a book store. I had countless companions on either side of me, and many people were looking at them, but no one seemed to notice me very much. Several people stared at my face, but they did not seem to care much for me but they turned away and chose one of my companions. As well as I can remember, this kept up for several days. One afternoon in particular there was a great crowd over by my counter and I thought, "Surely there is someone here who will prefer me to the others," but there was no one. I stayed awake part of the night wondering how I could make myself wanted, but I could not think of any way. Even if I had, it would not have done me any good, for the next day the crowd did not

come in. I lay quietly on the counter, wondering and wondering what would happen next, when suddenly a figure loomed up, and picking up some object beside me, put it over my face. I felt myself being moved through space, and finally put down, on what seemed to be a shelf. I expected then to be moved again, but nothing happened, and I guess I must have gone to sleep,—at least, I cannot remember anything for a long time.

The next thing I remember was a jolt, and again I felt myself being moved through space. When the cover was taken from my eyes, I was in the same surroundings as before. At first I thought that I had never been moved, but soon I found something different for the mark on my back was now "25c." Well, there is not much to say about my experiences, for they were much the same as those the year before. Again, the crowd came, and they chose, as usual, my com-

panions, instead of me. At first, I was not worried about this, for I thought surely that with the new price on my back and all, that I certainly would be chosen by someone. But I was continually ignored, until it began to worry me. This did not help either for, while many of my other companions were chosen, I remained on the counter, lonely and forlorn. On the second day two men came over by me, and one of them, lifting me up, said, "Well, I guess this goes back again. We'll have to mark it 50c next year if we want to get rid of it," and the other laughed. Why did they laugh, I wondered. My unpopularity was anything but a laughing-matter to me. While I was still thinking, one of the men picked up the cover of my box and put it on, and I was moved to my same shelf, I believe that I went to sleep sooner this time than before, because I was tired and nervous for worry, and sleep was very welcome.

When I awoke, the box I was in was open, so I peered out to see that face of the man I had last seen. I heard him call, "Harry, what about this card? Shall I mark it 50c?" And the answer came, "Yes, I guess so," so the 25c was erased and 50c put in its place. When I took my same place at the counter, I noticed that things were different from what they had been before. Usually I had to wait days before anyone looked at me, but this time I was no sooner out on the counter than some women picked me up and said, "I'll take this one," and so I went back to be wrapped up. I was wondering where I would go next when my thoughts were interrupted with, "Well, Harry, it did it!"

"What are you talking about?" came the answer.

"Well, I marked it 50c and it's gone already." And they both laughed. (At least I think they did. I could not hear very well as I was quite heavily wrapped by this time.)

When I next saw light, I was in an entirely different place. The woman who had taken me

away from the store was now bending over me and scratching something on my face. Before I really knew what was happening, I was slipped into an envelope, and I went on another journey. At the end of this, my outside cover was torn off and I was greeted with an affectionate smile. "At last," I thought, "I am where I am wanted and where I will be happy." Little did I know what was coming next. "Genie, look what Aunt Margaret sent," said the woman to some little boy who was staring at me from below. "Do you want to play with it? Aunt Margaret wouldn't care." And I was seized by the chubby little boy whose eyes smiled but whose hands seemed ready to tear me to pieces. What was coming next? While I was still thinking, I was suddenly raised and one of my corners slipped into the chubby creature's mouth. "Certainly I will not last long now," I thought, "for I was not made to eat." "Genie, come here to mother, dear," and I was dropped on the floor while Genie scampered off. It was necessary for me to make good use of my time in thinking, so I set right to work. My mind went back to the many comrades who not long ago had lain near me at the counter. Where were they now? Although our chief aim in life is to make others happy, yet it seems as though we are punished with some horrible death as soon as our mission is fulfilled. If only people would be more sympathetic. And then I had an idea. I would write my autobiography, showing how I had always endeavored to please everyone and make myself wanted and then how all my labor was lost, and I died a terrible death, (for what death could be worse than to be torn to pieces by savage hands?) And so, even if you cannot show your appreciation of me, (for I fear my end is near) cannot you be sympathetic for my sisters? Give them a warm, comfortable, ark in which to spend their last days, and do not allow them to be tortured in their youth.

#### AN OFFERING

— FRANCIS RIGNEY, '24

AROUND the Christ Child's crib at Bethlehem,  
The Magi low in adoration fall;  
Their gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,  
They offer to their King and Lord, their All.  
Dear Jesus, let us, too, adore Thee now,  
And offer Thee our Hearts of priceless worth,  
Accept them, Lord, as loving birthday gifts  
From Thy poor erring children of the earth.

## NEW YEAR'S

JOSEPHINE RYAN, '21.

O H life, oh change, oh death!  
 The wan year's wasting breath  
 Is hot upon my cheek.  
 Nor one small instant can I stay this flight,  
 Changeless, resistless is the awful might  
 That draws the year to death as certainly  
 As even the loveliest day must hastie to night.

Time glides swift from me  
 To the waiting void  
 Where whelmed and compassed are all things de-  
 stroyed.  
 Up from the dread abyss gaunt echoes roll  
 Encircling my soul  
 With shrouding darkness and immeasurable dole.

Oh death, oh change, oh life!  
 Dread trinity of strife,  
 Thine is inevitable conquering.

Long since my fairy toys  
 Were taken from me, yet was my dismay  
 Short-lived, for deeper joys  
 Failed not my seeking;—  
 Dawned a fairer day.  
 But time is ever parent of decay,  
 Again, again my dreams are snatched away.

And this most dolorous death,  
 This year whose dying breath  
 Hangs heavy o'er me, misting into tears,—  
 This but a last bereavement, and a last  
 Unanswerable confirming of my fears.  
 —Yet breaks upon these musings revealing!  
 The death-mist clears away,  
 And fair as breaking day  
 The New Year waits its due of welcoming.

I cast the old grief from me and arise  
 From desolation with new-seeing eyes.

For life and change and death  
 Keep ever tryst,—  
 The trinal symbol of the finite mist  
 That darkens o'er me and forbids my sight  
 Of guessed at glories, unrevealed light.  
 This going of the Old, this birth of New  
 Is but a presage of what is to come,  
 When time and change and death shall cease their  
 strife  
 And leave but life.

Ah fair New Year, how sweetly buddest thou  
 To fragrant blossom o'er the withered past;  
 What potency thou hast  
 To wake in me this fruitful ecstasy;  
 This prophecy of what the years will bring,—  
 The deathless flowering of Eternity!

## SUMMUM BONUM

—  
ALBERTA MURPHY, '24  
—

ALL snugly tucked in freedom's cradle deep  
Columbia lay. Her guardians, Courage, Wisdom,  
Faith,  
Bent over her with gentle tenderness.  
Said they, "We'll make for her a standard great,  
To be her guiding light when darkness falls."  
Then from the blood of her martyred warrior dead,  
Courage gathered seven crimson stripes;  
Mingled with them the white of heroes' souls.  
But wisdom reached into the heavenly blue,  
And from its infinite span drew forth a beauteous  
bit.

"Behold in this," she said, "the field of truth,  
From which spring knowledge, hope, sincerity.  
Close shall she treasure it, and guard it with her  
life."

Hope bowed her head, she knew not how  
Hers' might surpass the majesty of wisdom's gift.  
Then, suppliant, she raised her eyes to heaven—  
Her sad heart leaped with joy,  
For lo! In God's own garden fair  
Blossomed the first white stars of eventide—  
Thirteen in number were they;  
These she gathered, and gently laid them  
On the field of blue. She spoke: "My gift to her,  
The stars of love; never shall they grow dim,  
But brightly burn into eternity.  
And as the years creep by, their number shall in-  
crease."

The tiny babe stretched forth her dimpled hands,  
And gurgling in ecstatic glee, hugged tightly to  
her heart

The Stars and Stripes—the emblem of the brave,  
the true, the free!

## CONCERNING INTENTIONS

—  
BEATRICE REA, '21  
—

THINKING back"—as our loved Hoosier  
poet would say, I see certain clear cut  
diagrams in the chart-book of years  
—and in the marginal spaces headings  
like this "I decide to be Perfect;"  
"I decide to change my personality;"  
"I will not turn up my nose at traits  
which time alone has prevented my becoming  
subject to." I shall make a schedule and I will  
adhere to its dictates;"—and in the diagrams  
there are things **not** done, resolutions **not** ful-  
filled, nose—action not controlled—all anal-  
yzed with painful accuracy! To concretise,—  
there's that little question of getting up with  
the (Horse) not (combustion) at the rising sun  
the (k) of dawn, or the 4: A. M. hired man

that used to be. Often, yes, nightly, have I  
pictured myself—springing lightly from my  
downy couch, seizing a cold-stored bath-  
robe, scrambling over the wind-blown carpet  
in search of way-ward slippers; and, slam-  
ming the iciled window, run-still impervious to  
the zero temperature—down the clammy lino-  
leum corridor to a cold-hearted bath in a drafty  
bath room.—But "in the morning", my resolu-  
tions—they go to make so much more pave-  
ment for a place founded on brimstone and  
ashes!—and with the good brother who used  
"hell-thoughts" to make himself arise, but who  
slept on the occasion referred to, I say,—“Burn,  
you sinner, burn”,—and like him after this  
meditation—sleep.—Then there is that much  
lauded habit of leaving, getting to, and being  
at places on time. Never for one successive  
week have I succeeded in making this business  
of being on time and finishing the necessary  
domestic duties coincide in the way "New  
England;" for me it is a moral, physical and  
practical impossibility.

I remember very vividly,—because of the ex-  
citing, and for my vis-a-vis-painful conse-  
quences, one summer afternoon in my happy  
care-free youth—previous to the increased re-  
sponsibilities of the "teens". I was swinging on  
the white side gate that led to the colonial  
porch, when, looking down the long sunny  
road I saw approaching the immaculate form  
of one Beverly O'Mohundro. Now Beverly and  
I were very good friends, so I called to him  
with the usual "hulu",—"come on in and play";  
—to which he replied from the safe distance of  
the road, "Can't, Mother says to come right  
back with the eggs for Nannie." Scornfully I  
replied. "What you 'fraid of her for?—don't  
catch **me** being scared of any old colored cook!"  
Of course Beverly weakened and he came near-  
er the gate.—Now I forgot to mention that  
under the fence and extending across the road  
was a large mudpuddle left from the last rains;  
but I did refer to the immaculate appearance  
of Beverly;—All little boys are clean in the  
south—on Saturday afternoons, and this young  
man fairly radiated cleanliness from his white  
linen tam o' shanter to the dazzling white  
tennis shoes with which his feet were graced.  
As I said, he approached,—and just as he would  
have entered our lawn, the soles of the afore-  
mentioned pedal-extremities slipped with a  
shushy gurgling sound upon the wet spot in



front of the gate and the son of "Miss Mary" took a longitudinal posture in the "mirey pool"—followed a prolonged wail,—I would not say howl!—and, after he had had time to arrive at his own domicile, the sounds wafted upon the summer breeze told that the tyrannical Nannie did not like muddy little boys—and that the fallen Beverly was paying the price of a broken resolution. But when we consider this subject, the Irishman who took the pledge for life—every six months, was surely ninety-nine per cent human nature—and, well if we do slip down more often than not into the mud of our own weakness—there is that old homely saying which, I do not believe has survived the last few centuries for nothing;—it is, "If at first you don't succeed—why try, try again!"

Speaking of intentions always suggests those drawn up by optimistic individuals—New Year's Resolutions, they are called. A pessimist who was interested in the suicidal statistics once told me that on New Year's eve there were more self-destroyings than on any one other day, and attributed it to the fact that the men, on considering how during the past year they had broken every resolution made at its

opening—decided that there was no use trying,—and "passed in their checks!" Surely the cherub of the new year should have given this individual iodide of mercury or some such silencing potent! For, after all, every time we fail we learn wherein lies our vulnerableness—and surely that is something. I discovered last year that my list of thirty-nine resolutions were in substance the same as those of the former year which brought home rather forcibly the fact that, whereas we may conquer an extrinsic enemy in a day,—the enemy within us is, like the poison ivy infection, continually appearing until by continual attention to the fighting of him, we come off with the trophies. The man or woman who wrote the lines quoted below, knew human nature and I believe must have made resolutions and failed in keeping them—before winning in that greatest of victories—the conquest of self;—

"Nor deem the irrevocable past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If rising on its wreck at last  
To something nobler we attain."

---

"WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE"

DOROTHY MENDEN, '24

COULD I have been in Bethlehem  
That night two thousand years ago,  
Could I have seen the radiant light,  
That glorified the manger low;

Could I have heard the angels' songs  
Resound along the lighted way;  
Could I have watched the Wise Men come,  
With precious gifts and great display,

O then, I would have been afraid  
To offer my poor gift of love  
To Him whom heavenly throngs proclaimed,  
The King of earth and heaven above;

But when the angels' songs were echoed faint,  
And Wise Men three had gone their way,  
I would have stolen to the manger-crib,  
Before the smiling Babe, my heart to lay.

## ST. MARY'S CHIMES

HIS HANDS.

LOUISE CARTIER, '24.

O 'Tiny Hands outstretched to her,  
Thy Mother, fairest maid—  
I bend and kiss Thee, little Hands,  
My sorrows all repaid.

O bloody Hands, stretched on the Cross,  
The whole world to embrace,  
The world that cruelly nailed Thee there  
Brought suffering to Thy Face.

Within those Hands my soul I lay  
That guarded from all sin  
When it is called at last to God,  
To Heaven it may enter in.

## PAT'S VISIT.

MARY E. SCHEIBER, '24

NIPPING winds, such as only a January blizzard can bring, played hide-and-go-seek in and out of the jagged holes in Patricia Dooley's jacket. But visualizing herself as Napoleon crossing the Alps she puckered her lips into a whistle, ducked her hooded head between her shoulders and bodily fought her way on through the storm. It was the eve of New Year's day and "Sis" was working late and so would not know of this nightly venture. Presently she turned aside into the well-lighted market place. Blinded by the glare, Pat, as "Sis" called her, blinked about in an attempt to ferret out the object of her search. Through the crowd she caught sight of it—

"There 'tis! Hope there's a sale on today." Her face aglow with expectant delight she pushed her way around baby carriages, jostling women and bundle-laden men to where it stood upon the flower counter. "It" was a weak-looking poinsettia plant which in the busy saleslady's eye was not worth much, but to the sparkling-eyed child its beauty seemed well nigh a miniature replica of heaven itself. "'S just the thing," she murmured ecstatically, then, "How much is this one?" she asked of the all-knowing lady behind the counter. "Fifty cents," came the concise reply. But the little girl worked furiously for a second or two, then she spoke up, "Well, now, who'd want to buy such a plant anyway, it's so weak." Pat could not summon the courage to belittle the worth of the coveted prize. "But maybe I'd give you thirty-five cents for it if you wanted to get rid of it real, real bad." The face of the stern saleslady actually relaxed into a

smile. "All right, little one, it's yours for thirty-five cents." So great was Pat's surprise at this speedy surrender that she dared not draw a free breath until she stood once more in the gloom without the market, hugging the small potted plant to her heart. She gave vent to a huge sigh of relief, then turning to her left she set off down the street with quick, determined steps that told the onlooker that Patricia Dooley was "going somewhere," and was in a mighty hurry.

Fifteen minutes later a numbed little figure gave a mighty push against the massive swinging door of the imposing cathedral. As it passed into the vestibule of the church, there was a rustle of paper as of a bundle being unwrapped; the inner door opened and closed; footfalls could be dimly heard as a slight someone passed down the aisle and up the steps to the crib. The voice of Pat echoed angel-like through the dim, empty church.

"Baby dear, I've brought you something that will surely take the sad look from your face. Don't you be sad if no one remembered to give you a flower on your birthday, 'cause I've brought you one now. Yes, it's a big red one like the one on St. Joseph's altar over there. It's funny you received no flowers from the sacristan especially since you must be here in the cold stable, but maybe they forgot. I can't see you now, but if you like my gift you might smile at me tomorrow when I come up for Holy Communion."

When Pat returned from the Communion rail on New Year's morning no one guessed that her seemingly irreverent smile was caused by the smiling Christ-child in the crib.

## ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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## THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR

HOW many of us when we celebrate New Year's, the first day of 1922 will realize that it is not New Year's Day for everyone in the world but only for those who reckon time by the Gregorian calendar. Every nation has a New Year's but every nation does not have it on January first. And just as the time differs so do the customs, according to the people.

Our New Year's, as well as that of all who use the Gregorian Calendar, falls on the first day of January. This system is used by all the Christian nations of the world except the members of the Greek Church. These people still adhere to the Julian calendar.

The Jewish New Year falls between September fifth and October fifth, according to whether the year is defective, regular, or perfect, and also to the feasts to be observed.

The Mohammedans reckon time from the Hégira, 622 A. D. There is no set date for the first day of their year.

The Chinese New Year occurs on the first new moon after the sun enters the sign of Aquarius and hence is never earlier than January twenty-first or later than February nineteenth. The Chinese Era dates from 2697 B. C. when sixty-year cycles were established.

The members of the Greek Church observe New Year's according to the Julian calendar which is just eleven days later than ours.

The Church begins the Ecclesiastical year on the first Sunday of Advent. So we see churches have New Year's days, though they are not celebrated so hilariously as are the others.

Just as the day differs so does the manner in which they are observed. In America it is celebrated with the exchange of greetings and good

wishes for the coming year. In Scotland, France and Italy, the day is observed much like our Christmas. Gifts are exchanged and the people make merry. In the other European countries, Christmas is the more important festival.

Thus we see that only about half the world will rejoice and make resolutions with us on the first of January.

\* \* \* \* \*

The little old man trudged wearily on through the thickly falling snow, but it was with a comforting sort of weariness, for he would soon be at the end of his journey. Many had come and gone as he, little thought of and unappreciated, bearing bravely on their shoulders the burdens of an ungrateful world. A tender expression crept over his wrinkled face as he thought of the precious few who realized that he had given them himself to use as they would. At least this was some compensation. But after all, what did it amount to, what did anything amount to when he would soon find rest and forgetfulness. Yes, he was going—that was inevitable; but there were many more to take his place as the Master decreed. He smiled sympathetically; they, too, must stoop to take the load upon their young shoulders; they, too, must climb on and on, never turning back.

A bell rang out through the midnight stillness, clear and sweet; then another, and another, until the air was filled with a melodious harmony. The old man's footsteps lagged; suddenly an irresistible force seemed to throw him to the ground. He made an effort to rise but his very failure spelled defeat. The light went out of the faded blue eyes, a faint sigh escaped the parted lips; the end had come at last.

And the snowflakes softly fluttering down rested in gentle benediction on the lifeless form. The Old Year was no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

New Year's Day seems to be a preordained time of great promises for development in character. Under the stimuli of the New Year's spirit there seems to be no phase of character building we cannot accomplish. So in accordance with the age-old custom we make enough good resolutions to confound a saint and as a result are staggering under their load before evening.

One would think that we should learn by experience but no—as surely as New Year's Day arrives we bind ourselves to the duty of accomplishing every good deed in the catalogue and just as surely as the old year flickers out, in look-

ing back we can find no resolution which has withstood the buffets of the year's tempest.

Do not for a moment think that I am condemning the custom—far from it. It is a noteworthy practice to rise—"on stepping stones."

Of our dead selves to higher things."

But what I advocate is a little common sense. Why not take one of these stepping stones and stand on it firmly throughout the whole year and we shall find that we shall have developed much more than if we try to encompass all the stones at one time and thereby lose our balance.

ONE seldom stops to think of the many different meanings for the word resolution; to a musician it means the passing of a voice part from a dissonant to a consonant tone; to a mathematician, the solution of an equation; to a doctor or a nurse it refers to the breaking up or termination of a fever, while to all people in general at the beginning of a New Year, commonly refers to an act of making a certain, firm opinion or thought.

New Year's to many people simply means a holiday, a day of extra recreation, or a day of rest from the noisy world; but such people little realize the true meaning of this day, and little realize all they are missing by not taking the matter more seriously. On New Year's day, everyone receives a new page, as it were, to begin over again, the old one, though it may have been blotted in many places is thrown away and forgotten while the new trial is given us in its place. Should we simply take this paper and begin writing the history of our life for the next year without any particular care as to how it should look? No, in the mind of every good Christian girl there should be a longing for this time, so as to start over anew, to keep the page free from anything which would mar it in any way.

Before beginning this new page, we should look back over the old one, find out the places where our pen did the most damage and be on our guard for such places on our new page. We should not take every little blot into consideration, for we would have too many to look out for and consequently make a fumble of them all but in taking one fault which we are the most prone to and working diligently to avoid that one, we will realize great results.

Thus we see that if we strive to do this every

day, during the entire year, at the end, when we look back to count the blots we will find that a great number have disappeared and we will feel more satisfied with ourselves than if we simply have the same or perhaps a far worse appearing page to look upon than the one a year ago.

With the dawn of the New Year come the customary "resolutions", and as regularly, a list of "do's" and don'ts", which for the first few weeks are diligently observed. But, as the holidays go by and the ordinary routine of duties is resumed, less and less thought is given to the long list of recommendations and prohibitions.

Why? Because, in making them the essential, perseverance, does not get sufficient consideration. We are forgetful of the fact that every good deed is the fruit of persistent effort. There is no royal road to the worthwhile except through constant striving.

If success does not follow close to the lead in our attempt why not recall the ancient but ever new adage, "Try, try again". Perseverance is the key that opens the gateway to the road success which leads to the castle of victory.

However, in justice to one's self, in the making of resolutions it is well to bear in mind "the coat does not make the man", neither does book-learning insure refinement of manner, nor does it give the philosopher license to over-step the bounds of good breeding. Then, make a resolution that will be worthy of the worthwhile end.

## RECITAL

### Ensemble Class

December 14, 1921 Assembly Hall  
Program

Allegro	Violin—Professor R. Seidel	Hayden
	Piano—Miss H. Daily	
Love Song	String Orchestra	Ehrlich
Gavotte	Ensemble Class	Gluck
	Violins—Misses M. Maupin, E. Forschner, M. B. Van Hensel, L. Guedelhoefer, A. Buckley, J. Lecour, M. Keown, R. Cavanaugh, E. La Pointe, L. Weinrich.	
	Violin—Professor R. Seidel	
	Cellos—Misses D. Nichols, M. Lucas, L. Ewing	
	Trio, A major	Hayden
	Piano—Miss M. Morrissey	
	Violin—Professor R. Seidel	
	Cello—Miss D. Nichols	



Sarabande { - - - - - Hoewig  
 Minuet { - - - - -  
 Ensemble Class  
 Caprice for 3 Violins - - - F. Hermann  
 Professor R. Seidel,  
 Misses M. Maupin, L. Guedelhocfer  
 Overture—Calif of Bagdad - - - Boildieu  
 String Orchestra  
 Piano—Miss H. Daily

### "THE SPIRIT OF 1776"

Presented By The Fourth Academic Class 1922

Dec. 18—1921

#### Characters

Madam Mayfields, wife of Colonel Mayfields of Ye  
 British Army - - - Miss Lenore Maley  
 Amanda { Her Daughters { Miss Margaret Betz  
 Helen {  
 Barbara Steele ("Bitter Sweet"), Rebel Niece of Mrs.  
 Mayfields - - - Miss Muriel Clark  
 Dolly Darrah, Ye friend of Barbara Miss Ruth Tennes  
 "Grandmere" Mayfields, Ye Mother of Colonel May-  
 fields - - - Miss Irene Kerwin  
 Honora Drake, a staunch Loyalist Miss Helen Payne  
 Anne Van Dresser, Ye friend of Amanda - Miss  
 Kathleen O'Reilly  
 Gretchen, a German girl of fallen fortune, Grand-  
 mere's attendant - - - Miss Leona Berghoff  
 Betsy Ross - - - Miss Margaret Baer  
 Francis Churchill, Captain in Rebel Army Miss  
 Virginia Morose  
 Mrs. Gage - - - Miss Katherine Ann Sullivan  
 Arebella Preston - - - Miss Genevieve Bohannon

#### GUESTS AT TEA PARTY

Dorothy King Mary Helen Durot  
 Viola Authier Mildred Hummel  
 Marianne Campau Margaret MacGregor

#### GUESTS AT THE CHRISTMAS BALL

Helen Brazzill Florence MacIsaacs  
 Julia Hughes Lois Fitch  
 Natalie Smith Virginia Krafthefer  
 Agnes Magners

#### SLAVES

Troubles - - - Margaret Minahan  
 Chloe - - - Lucille Tujague  
 Minerva - - - Gertrude Gibbons

Dassy - - - Cecelia Knoerzer  
 Aunt Dinah - - - Mary Louise Paschbach

#### CHILDREN

Dick Grandell - - - Marguerite Vallee  
 Betty Grandell - - - Helen Fischer

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Philadelphia, in Ye garden at Madam May-  
 fields, 'Tis afternoon late in Ye Month of May.

ACT II.—Scene 1.—At Ye old Cabin, Sunset. Time  
 July Fourth.

Scene 2.—Ye home of Betsy Ross.

A morning of early autumn.

ACT III.—Trenton. Ye hall of ye ballroom.  
 Christmas night.

Music by St Mary's Orchestra.

#### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

##### Program

Given by Pupils of Expression Department

Thursday evening, Dec. 15, 1921

The Gift that None Could See-----Wilkins

Lucille Tujague

How Christmas Came to Crappy Shute

Mae Regan

Praeldium Op. 10. No. 1-----MacDowell

Alberta Murphy

The Ruggles Dinner Party-----Wiggin

Albertine Brazzill

When Christ was born {

Christmas Night { -----Sr. M. Rita

Helen Minahan

Accompanists; Mildred Maupin, Dorothy Nichols

Christmas at the Trimble-----Stuart

Kathleen Kooch

The Infant Jesus (Song) -----Yow

Hazel Weinrich

Accompanist: Zelda Burns

A Few Bars in the Key of G-----Osborne

Genevieve Lang

#### NOTES!

On account of the "printers' strike" copy for  
 the January Chimes was held at the office.  
 Although the issue is late we trust it will be  
 interesting to our friends.

Dec. 21, marked the departure of Xmas home-  
 seekers and the beginning of holiday pleasures for  
 those who were to remain at St. Mary's. —Card  
 parties, dances, trips to town and a genuine good  
 time were numbers on the program.

Miss Helen Holland-Voll, the Misses Eleanore  
 Herring, Mary Ethel Holliday, Burdine Tobin,  
 Kathleen Fleming and Helen Mills were among  
 the holiday guests.

The members of the Academic Class of 1922  
 are to be congratulated on the triumphs achieved  
 by their presentation on Dec. 18 of "The Spirit  
 of 1776". Ease and grace marked the individual  
 acting while the artistic stage-setting enhanced  
 the revival of that period.

Among the many thoughtful remembrances  
 sent to the "poor girls at school" were two large  
 fruit cakes, the gift of Mrs. W. H. Holland of  
 South Bend and Mrs. W. H. Holliday of Laramie,  
 Wyoming. Delicious, was it? Yes, and a lot of  
 it, too!

For those who were privileged to attend mid-

night Mass at St. Mary's memory will cherish the scene for years to come. From half past eleven silent figures were to be seen hurrying to the Church; and on the stroke of twelve the choir began the Christmas anthem. Solemn Mass was celebrated by the Rev. William Connor, C. S. C., assisted by the Revs. Julius Nieuwland, C. S. C., and Timothy Murphy, C. S. C. The silence of the hour, the devotion of the large number of communicants, the candles, the richly decorated altars and the joyous music were a truly Christian welcome to the new-born King.

"The Tongue" was the subject of an excellent sermon given during the month by the Rev. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., and "Reading" was the subject chosen by the Rev. L. Broughall, C. S. C.

For both those who stayed and those who went, the holiday passed all too quickly but when work was resumed, the tables were turned as the "poor girls" were those who came with a rush at the last moment, whose eyes were sleepy and whose steps were slow. "Poor things, indeed!"

No time for rest now; it is the home-stretch of the First Semester and examinations await us.

St. Mary's offers hearty congratulations and very best wishes for the future in response to announcements of the marriage of Katherine Schwer to Mr. L. J. Quinn at Kankakee, Ill.; of Eugenie Brown to Mr. Charles Stuart Hoag at Chicago, Ill., and of Ruth Evangeline Goodrich to Mr. Bruce R. Andres at Angola, Ind.

#### RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

JANUARY 6, 1922.

With the beautiful Feast of the Kings, God's manifestation to the Gentiles, came the date for the Religious Reception of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. As several St. Mary's students were among the candidates, many former classmates took part in the ceremony.

Promptly at eight o'clock the Bridal Procession entered the Church. Since it was impossible for Bishop Alerding to be present, the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., Provincial, presided at the altar and celebrated the solemn Mass in church followed. Assisting at the Altar were the Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., deacon; the Rev. John C. O'Donnell, C. S. C., and William J. O'Donnell, C. S. C., ministers of ceremonies.

The Sermon was delivered by the Rev. John Boyle, C. S. C., who had conducted the eight-day retreat in preparation for the reception.

Among those in the Sanctuary were: The Very Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C.; Revs. J. W. Donahue, C. S. C.; T. Vagnier, C. S. C.; B. Mulloy, C. S. C.; J. H. Gallagan, C. S. C.; T. R. Murphy, C. S. C.; C. C. Miltner, C. S. C.; R. J. Collentine, C. S. C.; W. P. Corcoran, C. S. C.; T. Kearney, C. S. C.; P. H. Dolan, C. S. C., all of Notre Dame; H. V. O'Brien, Mendota, Ill.; P. B. Smith, Chicago; F. J. Jansen, Elkhart, Ind., and M. Ryan, Macomb, Ill.

The young ladies who received the habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the name by which they will be called are:

Sister M. Rita Louise, Miss Pearl Courll, Dwight, Illinois; Sister M. Marcan, Miss Beatrice Bannin, Effingham, Illinois; Sister M. Agnes Joseph, Miss Clara Layden, Westpoint, Indiana; Sister M. Helen Denyse, Miss Mary O'Leary, New York City, N. Y.; Sister M. Eunice, Miss Mary Brennan, New York N. Y.; Sister M. Regina Carmel, Miss Catherine Hoey, New York City, N. Y.; Sister M. Virgil, Miss Stephanie Hughes, New York City, N. Y.; Sister M. Anita Jane, Miss Catherine Twombly, Batavia, Illinois; Sister M. Austin Regina, Miss Carrie Austin, Kensington, Md.; Sister M. Basil, Miss Mary F. Fraser, Tyler, Texas; Sister M. Florence Lucile, Miss Florence Aidt, Baltimore, Md.; Sister M. Cordelia, Miss Genevieve Mehaffey, North Liberty, Iowa; Sister M. David, Miss Adelaide Hopfinger, Port Clinton, Ohio; Sister M. Claudine, Miss Rose Walsh, Murrayville, Illinois; Sister M. Norbert, Miss Louise Doyle, Morris, Illinois; Sister M. Hortense, Miss Adelaide Tobin, Tekamah, Nebraska; Sister M. Danielita, Miss Rose Wrobel, South Bend, Indiana; Sister M. Stephen, Miss Marie Murdock, Washington, D. C.; Sister M. John Frederick, Miss Beatrice Rea, St. Sophie, Canada; Sister M. Rita Estella, Miss Estelle Broussard, Beaumont, Texas.

The Sisters who having completed their term of probation (5 years) pronounced Final or Perpetual Vows are:

Sister M. Basilissa, Sister M. Hilarion, Sister M. Nazarene, Sister M. Elwyn, Sister M. Rose Eileen, Sister M. Martha Marie, Sister M. Angelam, Sister M. Helen, Sister M. Aloysius, Sister Marie Therese, Sister M. Rita Carmel, Sister M. Alban.

Temporary, or First Vows were made by:

Sister M. Anna Raphael, Sister M. Generosa, Sister M. Manueta, Sister M. Augusta, Sister M. Agnes Cecile, Sister M. Franciana, Sister M. Antonita, Sister M. Benedict, Sister M. Teresa Joseph, Sister M. Georgetta, Sister M. Canice, Sister M. Gregoria, Sister M. Regina Clare, Sister M. Monessa, Sister M. Teresa Clare, Sister M. Guardian Angels.

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IN COLONIAL DAYS

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., February, 1922

No. 6

## AMERICA

ROSELEA KRAMER, '22.

America, my country, my song exults in thee,  
Cradle of fair freedom, of peerless liberty—  
Unconquerable, fearless, among a warring host,  
Mightiest of nations, humanity's proud boast!  
Oh, my country, I love thy hills, thy sacred sod  
Where, firm in battle's din, my valiant fathers trod;  
I gaze on open prairies; mountains, that earth defy—  
Marvel at teeming cities, that flaunt their towers high!  
I hear the swell of music, thy children's fond acclaim;  
In farthest land, o'er ocean's deep, the secret of thy  
fame  
Is spread and honored. Halls of learning give thee  
glory:  
Living, spreads thy history, in sage's glowing story!  
The flag, with heaven's stars upon its blue, floats o'er  
thee,—  
The breezes waft it gently in majestic glory!

Soar proud eagle, in superb undaunted flight,  
Spread your pinions wide, attain your lofty height,  
My country!  
Speed fast toward the summit before approaching  
night  
Deprives you of fair guidance, freedom's beacon light,  
My country!

## GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

CLARA IRENE SELEGUE, '21.

**A** LONG the world-old path to literature,  
even where it stretches back into the  
dim solitudes of neglected years, certain  
colossal figures, torch in hand, loom mighty  
against the sky. Theirs is the duty and the  
privilege of guiding men away from the  
chasms of obscurity, of warning them where  
lie the treacherous places in the abyss of  
thought, of leading them to a higher plane  
where by-paths lead downward to sensuality  
and materialism. Indeed, at every dangerous  
place in the long path one of these great com-  
manding figures,—poet, philosopher, seer, as  
the need of the time and the place determines,  
—stands holding his torch so high as almost to  
obscure the stars. Men may, if they will, profit  
by the light. It shines, with an impartiality like

to that of the sun, upon the lovely and the  
unlovely. Its sparks, blown about as by the  
west wind, kindle souls in the farthest places  
of the earth, souls in whom the divine fire of  
the ages burns on, sometimes to die after a  
brief flare, sometimes to live in fruitful im-  
mortality. It is, therefore, difficult to predict  
certainly of any living man whether he belongs  
to the day alone or to all time. For a small  
spark may cause a conflagration of the world;  
or the vestal lamp may light only a child's  
bonfire.

During the first part of the eighteenth  
century the path of literature turned abruptly  
from its true course. The eighteenth century  
was an age of transaction. The euphuists, a  
most affected and devitalized school of writers,  
had destroyed the highest standards of style in  
the language, and though their day was vir-  
tually over, their sinister influence lingered.  
Locke, a one-sided and impressive philosopher,  
had taught that words stand not for any ideas  
common to all men but merely for ideas in the  
mind of him who uses them. Little could be  
done in literature with the philosophy of style  
thus corrupted, and the value of its unit, the  
word, questioned.

Thus while the body of language, the mere  
mechanical part of it, was so effectually as-  
sailed, the soul was exposed to more subtle  
forces of destruction. The eighteenth century  
in England witnessed what was practically a  
revolution in the theory of morals. Such men  
as Shaftesbury, Hutchinson and Adam Smith,  
able representatives of the empirical tendency  
of the age, discarded the established idea of  
conscience, which is the subjective norm of  
morality, substituting for it aesthetic and in-  
tuitive standards. When the whole body of  
moral truth contained in the intrinsic differ-  
ence between right and not-right is thus under-  
mined, religion suffers and in consequence  
there is grave danger to the stability of the  
state. Thinkers and writers, released from any  
ethical restraint, disseminate their pernicious  
teachings among the multitude: for of the

power of even perverted and sophistical genius Voltaire and Zola bear witness. Against this tide of disintegrating forces, however, some bulkworks stood. Addison with his pure and delicate style did much to reclaim English from her degradation of form. Various mediocre thinkers and ethical writers tried to stay with their feeble hands the torrent of atheistical thought. But it was the work of one great man, Dr. Samuel Johnson, to regenerate both the soul and the body of literature, to hold high with an unflinching hand the torch of genius fused with faith, where the path over-hung a treacherous abyss screened from view with exotic blossoms.

The greatness of Dr. Johnson is in the force of a positive personality. He was neither the most graceful stylist, nor the most scientific moralist of his century, yet in both respects he was great. His method of expression and the firmness of his convictions represented the very essence of his character. In contrast to the superficial thinkers of his day, Johnson was a thorough student. He knew the language from its sources, and was familiar with the best in ancient and in modern literature. In contrast to the moralists, so-called, who were undermining all morals, he stood firm for the true Christian system of ethics. In contrast to those who depreciated their own age, he was thoroughly convinced that it would prove to be one of true progress; protesting against the uneasy restlessness which threatened to overthrow all government, he upheld the unimpeachable right of authority in every way. It was his theory that "if the abuse of power be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt government." He was like the rock of Gibraltar in opposing the oncoming tide of destruction, and he did succeed in diverting it. Eventually other thinkers, recovering from the apparent stupor into which the avalanche of one-sided and sophistical teachings seemed to have plunged them, profited by his steadfast example and came to his support. In simply being true to himself in expressing for the benefit of others the dictates of a great and noble character, Johnson exerted a mighty influence for good society, and in so doing:

The means of these moral and social ideas of

the eighteenth century those of our own day show a decided parallel. The seeds of scepticism, sown long ago, have born fruit and withered; but scepticism is still preached effectively by men of such talent as George Bernard Shaw and his large and indiscriminate following. Materialism is dying a hard death and spiritism bids fair to fill its place. All ideals are sacrificed to that perverse unknown god of progress where sole behest is: 'Move on, no matter whither.' The old and established forms in prose, in poetry and in art have been tried and found wanting by the schools of futurists, impressionists, imagists and theorists of freeverse. This is as certainly an age of transition as was the early eighteenth century, with all the restless consumption of energy, all the discoveries and all the dangers attendant upon such a time. And this age, too, does not lack an authoritative voice raised in favor of sanity, of Christianity, of reverence for the old as well as for the new,—the voice of Gilbert K. Chesterton. A modern of the moderns, yet with the mind of a medievalist, Chesterton not only understands his own day, but retains a standard other than blind progress, to which he desires to conform. A man of firm convictions, he does not hesitate to express them. With the primitive and unspoiled wonder of the ancient Greeks, he philosophizes, and his philosophy is such that his readers absorb great truths under the guise of whimsical applications of them. His style is inimitable, for like that of Dr. Johnson, it proceeds directly from his personality: but unlike Dr. Johnson's, it has an unequalled appeal, vivacity, and freshness of presentation to enhance its solid merit. Chesterton's is one of the most brilliant intellects of the day. His word-thrusts are like a superb display of fencing; and he is the only man who has ever parried successfully the keen satiric blade of George Bernard Shaw. He is in every respect well qualified to take up the gauntlet and defend his age against all the forces of destruction. He has done so, and the manner of his doing it seems to prove that in some mysterious way a kinship exists between his genius and that of the great autocrat of the eighteenth century. Some sparks, perchance, from the undying flame of Johnson's soul have found



their way into Chesterton's, and the mission of the two men may well be the same, that of torch bearers to civilization.

To one reading Chesterton for the first time, his style is perhaps the most compelling feature. It is like a scintillating gem that catches all the lights of heaven in its facets and blinds by its very brilliancy. It has the cumulative force of truths imposed one upon the other and the whole crowned by paradox. One is compelled to read on, to find out whether this most interesting of writers can "keep it up forever". He must be taken in small doses or the bewildered reader will plead with one American critic, who, we suspect, tried to swallow Chesterton's books after the usual fashion of the reviewer,—“Be dull for a bit, Gilbert! Paradox should be a soufflé, not a joint.” Indeed, much has been written by the critics concerning Chesterton's alleged over-use of paradox. The author himself, in the introduction to his book *Orthodoxy*, says of this charge: “Mere light sophistry is the thing I happen to despise most of all things, and it is perhaps a wholesome fact that this is the thing of which I am generally accused. I know of nothing so contemptible as a mere paradox; a mere ingenious defense of the indefensible.” It is only to offer clearer explanations of trite or difficult subjects that he uses paradox. He does not make it an end in itself. If we stop to think of the matter, how many of the great truths of life are paradoxes. Was it not the Founder of Christianity who said “He that loseth his life shall save it”? Yet this is pure paradox. Christianity is replete with it,—man's humility before the face of God and his great pride in being a man seem a contradiction: fierce hatred of sin and equally fierce love of the sinner place opposing elements side by side in fierce contrast. Even the reproaches against Christianity are paradoxical: that it forces marriage and the family upon us, dooming women to the obscurity of their homes; that it attacks the family and drags women away from their homes to the loneliness of the cloister. Certain sceptics charge that the Church disregards the beauty of the world and goes clad in sackcloth and ashes: other sceptics, slightly in advance of the former, say that it is all pomp and ritual, that it walks proudly in

clothes-of-gold. Paradox is drawn from the nature of things, and Chesterton is not affected and artificial in using it. He is only more keen-sighted than the rest of us, and more honest. His unique expression is rendered more pleasing by his humor. Anyone who can withstand it must be cold and dead of heart. Its ingenuousness pleads for itself. Chesterton solemnly declares: “I never in my life said anything merely because I thought it funny: though of course I have had ordinary human vainglory and may have thought it funny because I had said it.” His humor, like his paradox, is not something added to his writing: it is inseparable from the expression of his personality. These are but the surface qualities of a style that is in itself pure, elegant, and fanciful. Beneath the fascinating, brilliant surface and interwoven with it we find the key-note of Chesterton's character, his actuating motive. It is the same motive which inspired Dr. Johnson: eager disinterested love of truth, no matter where and how found, and an unimpeded sense of justice in expounding it.

Gilbert Chesterton has been described as the man “upon whom the delight of mystifying his readers never seems to pall.” But on the other hand, neither does the delight of being so pleasurably mystified ever seem to pall upon his readers. They may not comprehend at once all that he has to say, for he condenses much thought into a line but even from the first he pleases their fancies and arouses their imaginations. His books are read by people who would shrink in horror from a dull octavo volume of philosophy, yet he gives them the best thought in philosophy in spite of themselves. While playing the jester, he is oftener most the moralist. For —“About what subjects can one make jokes except serious subjects?” he inquires, and goes on to explain that all jesting is in its nature profane, in that it must be the sudden realization that something which thinks itself very solemn is not very solemn after all. If a joke is not a joke about religion or morals it is a joke about police-magistrates or scientific professors and undergraduates dressed up as Queen Victoria.” Consequently, when Chesterton is funniest he is expounding, in all likelihood, the truth dearest to his heart. In his whimsical way of explaining a jest, he shows his knowledge of

the world: for "all the most grave and beautiful things in the world are the oldest jokes in the world—being married,—being hanged." When, having amused himself and his readers in his character of jester and mystifier Chesterton leads them into really serious subjects he commands their attention. For his style must be allowed the merit of interesting the reader, and of stimulating his thought. In inspiring minds long accustomed to a diet of predigested knowledge, to the point of producing one speculation or idea of their own, the author is giving one more practical argument in favor of the tottering belief that miracles still happen. This he actually does. He even spurs the tired critics on to cleverness at his expense, appealing to no two of them, however, in the same way. This is another proof of his greatness.

Chesterton's defense of dogmatism against scepticism and kindred errors is his most valuable contribution to modern thought; and it is here that his highest talents come into play. He combats the false philosophers, not on the usual ground of sober refutation, but from an unexpected angle, by showing the natural and disastrous results of their various doctrines. On the battle-ground of the common-place, he reduces them to absurdity. With a practiced lance he topples Nietzsche, Ibsen, and their melancholy brethren in the dust, and the reader enjoys it,—and is converted. One can almost see Chesterton chuckling over their dishevelled appearance, then picking them up and brushing them off, until such time as he shall quarrel with them again. He applies acid tests of unprejudiced examination to the various systems of philosophy and gives us the results. The evolutionist theory of progress changes its goal every day, and no goal is ever reached; this theory defeats itself. Free thought has exhausted its own freedom, and longs for a philosophical haven of rest. Egoism, as preached by Nietzsche, denies itself by giving the secret of selfishness very unselfishly to others. Similarly through the whole catalogue of errors. Scepticism is given the harshest treatment. It is, he says, a thought which stops thought, and is therefore the only thought which ought to be stopped. Scepticism has run its course. "You cannot call up any nobler theme than a city in which men ask

themselves if they have any selves. You cannot fancy a more sceptical world than that in which men doubt if there is a world." Since we have looked for questions in the darkest corners and on the widest peaks", we have found all the questions which can be found. It is time we gave up looking for questions and began looking for answers. Chesterton came to this conclusion after running the gamut of paganism and scepticism, and began to look for answers. In doing so; he had tried to originate a heresy all his own, to be some ten minutes in advance of the truth; and when he had put the finishing touches to it, he found it was only the old truth of Christianity, and he some eighteen hundred years behind it. This happy fiasco, this joke on himself in discovering orthodoxy without knowing it, he enjoys more than anyone else, and describes with candor and clarity the stray facts, the chance allusions that brought him out of the jungle of scepticism into the more confining but more adventurous barriers of authority. He has not taken the usual path to arrive at truth; but having groped his way step by step from the farthest strongholds of error, the truth is only more treasured when he has discovered it.

Because of this attitude toward truth, he has always had an unique attitude toward life—a primitive wonder, a kindly reverence for facts, a true loyalty to everything in the universe. He is always alive, keen, responsive. His doctrine is, "There is no such thing on earth as an uninteresting subject. The only thing that can exist is an uninterested person. Nothing is more keenly required than a defense of bores." For the bore is interested in everything, whereas the bored is a supercilious prig scarcely interested in himself. For Chesterton, the universe is a cozy place, with its allotted quota of stars, of living things, of another. To him, man is an unceasing miracle. Against Mr. Shaw's crazy standard of the superman he asserts that, "When we really see men as they are, we do not criticize but worship; and very rightly. For a monster with mysterious eyes, and miraculous thumbs, with strange dreams in his skull, and a queer tenderness for this place or that baby, is truly a wonderful and unnerving matter." It is this respect for man as man which give him a wholesome faith in democracy, in

trusting to a consensus of human voices rather than to some one arbitrary record." It is this reverence for true manhood which makes him an ardent partisan of Ireland's cause against England. It is on the ground of man's personality that he defends the institution of the family, the very ground upon which its opponents base their attack. For the family is like humanity. "The sentimentalists call it a little kingdom, but like most other little kingdoms it is generally in a state of something resembling anarchy." And herein lies its value; in the family we find the bracing qualities of the commonwealth, not the mental sameness of the social clique. The unalloyed surprise at things which makes him love to philosophize makes him akin to humanity: for he knows the value of the commonplace and teaches belief in the order of things that are, even if we do not understand them. "The ordinary man has always been sane because the ordinary man has always been a mystic."

Gilbert Chesterton in his understanding of

men, in his fine principles of morality, and in his matchless way of expounding them ranks high among his contemporaries. He is a poet, philosopher, novelist, and moralist—greatest perhaps in his character of moralist, for here he has matter that is worthy of his mind. His influence is not one to die after a brief day, for it is well founded: it may depend for existence upon his true knowledge of human nature, his fidelity to the highest ideals of life, and the invigorating personality of the man himself. He is unusual, and he is sincere; without doubt one to command the thought of thoughtful men. To speak in his own tongue, that of paradox, he is practical, with a touch of the dreamer; an idealist with his feet upon the earth; a jester and the most serious of thinkers. Worthy indeed to bear the light of truth amid the lengthening shadows of infidelity and error is Gilbert Chesterton, whom Joyce Kilmer has most fittingly called "The plumed knight of literature with the sword of wit and the burnished shield of faith."

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#### THE EVENING STAR

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MABELYN FAUGHT, '23

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AMONG the gathering clouds as dark draws nigh  
 There magically appears a lonely star,  
 Which sheds its calm and radiance from afar,  
 And lifts the thoughts of man to Him most high,  
 The Maker of the wondrous world and sky,  
 Who decks the western heavens with this star,  
 As if the door of heaven were ajar,  
 His jewel-lit blessing from the human eye.  
 Like that fair Orient sign the wise-men spied,  
 Bright over Bethlehem and all the world,  
 Shines this torch by the skies caressed,  
 When day and night meet in the evening-tide,  
 As first the cloak of twilight is unfurled,  
 Fair Venus, God's bright gem of the darkening west.

## THE MOTHER-HEART

MARY ROARK, '24

He was so small, Oh Virgin Mother,  
 That day so many years ago,  
 When for His Father's work you gave Him;  
 Did you not long to keep Him so?  
 Did you not wish to keep Him ever  
 Safe-shelter'd on your tender arm?  
 He was so small; were you not filled with sorrow,  
 Did you not pray to keep Him from all harm?  
 Oh, Mother-Heart, you could not keep Him!  
 You could not turn your face from us away!  
 And so, you gave Him to His Father  
 And took us in His place that day.

TO MY UNKNOWN ASPIRANT AFTER  
SANCTITY

S. M. L.

I T is not always we can guess another's secret, but there are two secrets whose revelations is the purpose of this essay. One, I believe, I discovered myself, (at least it is satisfying to think so) and the other was gleaned from the pages of a book. I will not waste words, but make a bold beginning and accuse you, my unknown friend, at the start of being discouraged in your pursuit of sanctity because you think Saints are made of different "stuff" from what you are: you know yourself to be an affectionate young person, in love with life, and brim full of vigor and enthusiasm. And what saint, you may argue, is not represented that has not an ecstatic expression, or a seraphic mien which you deem highly unattainable by one such as yourself. That is the secret I discovered.

But it is concerning the one that the pages of a book revealed that I wish to say the most.

Have you read the life of St. Teresa? You frown, and your lips are about to form the words: "How can I read the life of a mystic? What have St. Teresa and I in common? Yes, I tried to get acquainted with her, attempted one or two of her works, but, well—she was a great saint and unintelligible to me." How simple to

think you thought because, after all, we human beings are very much alike. You have a certain degree of patience. May I ask you to fall into practice for a few minutes? It is with the St. Teresa who loved much that I wish to

"The Life of St. Teresa." taken from the French of "A Carmelite Nun" by Alice Lady Lovat is a biography so excellent that we who have shunned the great saints companionship for fear of not being able to walk with a mystic, might well ask after finishing the book, "This strong-minded woman, this intrepid foundress, whom we have followed from town to town, and seen worn out with business and cares, having hardly time for prayer and contemplation, who, in short, travels, builds, works, speaks, and smiles like the rest of the world, is this indeed, the seraphic St. Teresa?" I will grant that from some points of view her sanctity is beyond our imitation and perhaps our comprehension; yet, from many others St. Teresa stands as an inspiration and model to all. It is our natural disposition, our natural talents, and our natural tendencies that often form the barrier between a life of mediocre piety and of genuine perfection. How, we ask, can we ever lose our individuality, and become cold and bloodless creatures unmoved by the agitation of a daily life, undisturbed by the joys and sorrows of this present world? Ay, therein, I think, lies the secret of St. Teresa's life as Lady Lovat presents it. Too many are there today who entertain the strange theory that sanctity means death to one's individuality, to one's affections. "To live without loving, without giving, without devoting oneself to some living object: that is not to be alive at all." Teresa's heart was a heart of love; her life is the story of love. She realized the fullness of the meaning in Christ's precept: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." The significance of these words so penetrated her very soul, that she became the saint of love. Lady Lovat tells us that, "holiness is only the development of the love of God and the love of man, and so Teresa of Jesus because she loved God as He desired to be loved, and because she loved her neighbor in Him, and as God wishes he should be loved, became a great saint."

Am I proving to you at all, my unknown friend, that the saints are like ourselves in that they love and keep their individuality. The history of Teresa's life is but the history of the supernaturalizing of her natural gifts and the unfolding of her rare personality.



We find, through the mediums of Lady Lovat's biography, that "Teresa of Jesus" possessed the same characteristics that individualized little "Teresa de Ahumada." As a child the saint gladly sacrificed little pleasures that belonged to her years that she might offer them as gifts to her God. This generosity of her nature grew stronger with each year, and was, before grace chastened it, a too natural gift that caused her to yield to the many demands made upon her time. Her delightful company was sought by the gay world of Avilla and the praise and admiration showered upon her were the cause of a vanity that the saint lamented to her dying day. But after Divine love pierced her soul, we find this same generosity permeating her every activity until it reached its consummation in her motto: "To suffer or to die."

My friend, what a delightful task it would be to show how in this great saint every natural gift is a stepping stone to sanctity. In Teresa de Ahumada one discerns an unusual candor, a persuasiveness that makes her a born leader, an ardor that prompted her to seek martyrdom, a judgment practical and keen. All these gifts are weapons that Teresa of Jesus used to spread God's kingdom on earth and to make captives for the Heart of Christ.

But, to trace the working of divine grace is not my purpose. I am hoping that what I have written may change your modern ideas, arouse your interest and finally persuade you to read Lady Lovat's life of St. Teresa that you may yourself follow a soul that attained sanctity through self-conquest; a soul whose individuality is so distinctive that the march of many years has not been able to diminish it.

Now may I give you a few reasons for choosing this particular life of St. Teresa?

The preface to Lady Lovat's "Life" is written by Monsignor R. H. Benson, Himself a convert a psychologist, a writer of no little value, an interpreter of modern beliefs and modern delusions, Monsignor Benson speaks of the world's need of understanding and appreciating her whom he ranks supreme in the "long list of christian seers." Lady Lovat, daughter of Thomas Weld-Blandell, and wife of the 15th Lord Lovat, is a Catholic author who has contributed several volumes to the field of biography. One of them is the "Life of Clare Vaughn," who was (a) Sister Mary Clare, O. S. F. and a

cousin of Lady Lovat. Having been a creator of good biographies, Lady Lovat understood the necessary requisites for that form of literature and was consequently a fit translator of "A Carmelite Nun."

Don't you think it supremely important that we have in the English tongue an adequate biography of our "Mater Spiritualism"? Because Lady Lovat gives us a complete and genuine picture of St. Teresa we owe her a debt of gratitude and appreciation. The translation exhibits our saint in action and in speech rather than by explanation; the picture presented is not one-sided, as has often been the case, but is complete and authentic. In the preface Monsignor Benson refers to the fact that the world today needs to understand this great mystic of the Church, and it is with genuine enthusiasm that he invites the reader to become acquainted with her through the pages of Lady Lovat's "Life."

There is a wealth of material for an author to choose from in writing St. Teresa's life. Though there is no golden rule as to the selection that must be made, Lady Lovat's choice was such as would depict Teresa as she truly was. So thoroughly familiar was she with all the available material that her pen-portrait is true to life,—authentic.

If, my unknown friend, you should be surprised at any picture presented to you, the author skillfully puts herself in the background, and confirms the picture by excerpts from a letter, from the "History of the Reform Foundations," as from a recorded conversation. Frequently objectivity is secured by referring to the biography of the saint written by Fuerte, Ribera, and Yepes.

Teresa's autobiography cannot by itself give an adequate portrait of the saint. Were you perhaps of the opinion that before her "conversion" Teresa had sinned—even seriously? Her own confessions would indicate this. But Lady Lovat shows under what light the "Autobiography" should be interpreted. It was written after she had been drawn into the most intimate union with her Divine Spouse and had been given a glimpse of His holiness. Some have considered her avowals pious exaggerations, but having gazed upon the Beatific Vision her soul divined the heinousness of the slightest imperfection a venial sin; it was in this light that she saw her ingratitude and infidelities to grace.

There is no wonder then that the vanities of her former life were a source of intense pain, for truths were understood by her that the ordinary person never comprehends. Yet, this unsullied purity of St. Teresa is not simply the personal opinion of the author, for she assures the reader that "the strictest scrutiny, (of) enlightened by holy Church, sounding the aeriest depths of this sublime character, has never found a stain on it which could sully Teresa's baptismal innocence."

May this one illustration convince you, my unknown friend, how necessary it is to read an adequate biography of the great Mother of the Church. And how earnestly I hope that I have at least suggested to you some good reason why you should know St. Teresa, and why you should make her acquaintance through Lady Lovat's biography. Before we part, I wish to return to the first secret I mentioned; remember it was about discouragement and that old theory that saints are not at all like ourselves. I have saved a certain quotation for the very last; it helped me to discover that first secret. After visiting one of her convents, the prioress said of their holy Mother: "God be praised for having allowed us to know such a saint. She ate and slept and behaved like the rest of the world, and yet she was a saint; for her soul resembled that of her Divine Master in its humility, simplicity, and sincerity. She lived amongst us as He lived among men, alarming no one and consoling all hearts."

#### A LENTEN THOUGHT

GERTRUDE SMITH, '23

'Tis little things that wound and hurt,  
And little things that cloud our sky;  
'Tis little things in careless ways,  
That lead to big things by and by!

#### AGAIN

GRACE L. HENDERSON, '23

I stand at the mouth of February  
And look back over the past  
To the New Year's resolutions, that  
Were supposed to last.

The same that I've broken hopelessly  
To count, I can not begin,  
But one New Year's resolution  
That will I try to keep again.

#### THE FLAG ON THE TOWER

MARY E. DOYLE

As the dawn of every day creeps in  
And Old Glory waves from the tower,  
My heart with joy, with rapture thrills  
That it floats o'er a kindly power.

So, every morning as the day begins,  
I pause to say a fervent prayer,  
That no matter how long the world may last  
Old Glory still will be waving there.

#### "OLD TED"

HELEN DRUMMY, '24

THEY called him "Ted" Blackford. That had been his name since some seventeen or eighteen years ago when "Ted" had left the West heart-broken and discouraged, leaving behind him a young wife in a Colorado grave, in the country which had held out its lofty mountains as the land of promise to those afflicted with the "white plague". To "Ted" the land of promise had proved to be the land of death. For, in a few short months the comrade who had made her life his, had sensed death's grim approach and watching the Colorado sunsets had begged she might always lie where the mountains, the soft winds, and the canyons would be near her; and "Ted" oppressed by loneliness, had said he would do as she wished.

This was how "Ted" had happened to come to the Middle West to settle in a sleepy town nestling in one of the valleys of southern Wisconsin, where the new macadam roads penetrated miles of green prairie through rich agricultural districts and attractive nature scenery. But "Ted" had been oblivious to the rural attractions. He had rented a small house in Hartford, and asked a distant cousin to keep house for him. Glad to have a comfortable home, she agreed, and tried to make the reticent, unhappy man realize that there was much for which he might be thankful. Distrustful of any suggestions that might force him to attend social gatherings, his shy manner kept strangers at a distance. His only confidant and friend was "Moll," the aged horse that carried the mail wagon back and forth between the local stations, for "Ted" had been appointed mail-carrier at fifty dollars a month, barely a living wage.

"Old Ted," as he came to be called, looked older as he bent over the wagon seat and begged "Moll" to hurry through the storms to reach the shelter of the old depot that stood on the outskirts of the town. "Moll's" slowness had become a byword, but for all that the poor animal was not always blamed as her master could claim no speed record and jogged contentedly along at a snail's pace. Indeed, a day seldom passed when the new brick pavement down the hill to the depot did not respond with "Moll's" footsteps feebly racing with the approaching train.

"Ted" was getting older. He could scarcely climb into the wagon for the last mail, as he called his 8:30 trip, but doggedly and perseveringly he stuck to his post, and refused all offers of assistance, and resented inquiries concerning his health.

Then came a night in January when a blizzard swept down from the north, blocking the town, crippling mail service, and injuring business. The weather was so cold that the wheels of the mail wagon creaked as they turned in the tracks left open by passing vehicles, shiny and hard.

Two men walked quickly toward the station, drawing their warm coats closer to shut out the wind. John Felton was one of the men. As he

peered through the storm down the road, he turned to his companion and said:

"Guess 'Old Ted' is beating us tonight. Looks as though 'Moll' got through all right. Let's hurry up and tell 'Ted' not to wait. The night train won't be in, and he'll freeze. The old fellow shouldn't make the trip any longer. Guess nobody can tell him that though."

They hastened, and reaching the depot, saw that "Ted" was already there, but was waiting in the wagon.

"Hey, 'Ted', leave the mail here. The train's late. Heine will take care of the mail. Go back home and get a good night," they shouted as they approached.

There was no movement from the driver.

"Guess, we'll have to drive him back ourselves," grumbled Fenton. "He's so stubborn he won't go."

"Help throw off the mail bags," he called again to "Ted" and leaped into the wagon to begin the work.

"What's the matter 'Ted,' sick?" he asked, and bent over the old man sympathetically. But "Ted" Blackford had made the "last mail" that leaves daily with its human passengers from the portal of Time to Eternity.

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### MY SNOWFLAKES.

ARMELLA HELLMUTH, '23.

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I N winter time it's dark and gray  
 And I guess the stars must know  
 I miss the flowers, birds and bees,  
 So they dress my world in snow.

I wonder many, many times,  
 Why snowflakes die so soon;  
 They do not seem to like my world  
 As well as stars and moon.

I hold them close right in my hand!—  
 They will escape, I fear,  
 Out there alone,—and when I look,  
 There's only left a tear.

I just can't make my snowflakes live,  
 No matter how I try!—  
 Is it because the world would spoil  
 Their purity, they die?

## MESSAGES

## OFFERING.

HELEN HOLLIDAY, '22

When in my daily tasks I fail,  
 And what I try  
 I cannot do  
 O take the gift I'll offer then,  
 And change my pride  
 To love, for You.

MARGARET BUCKLEY, '22

I'm sending you a little gift,  
 In Care of St. Valentine,  
 I hope you'll keep it always,  
 And think it mighty fine.

It isn't such a splendid thing  
 But you'll find it always true.  
 'Tis the most that I can give—  
 For it's all of Me to You.

MARGARET KAVANAUGH, '23

I love the kindly words you say,  
 I love your happy, jolly way  
 And all the helpful things  
 You always find to do.  
 And so, I think that now you know  
 That I love you, dear, too.

## TO MY MOTHER

TERESA STOCKER, '22

I went to buy a valentine,  
 To send you, mother dear,  
 But I returned the very best  
 The market had this year.

There were dainty little ladies,  
 And plump little men,  
 And many fine pretty pictures,  
 But none like mine, Mother dear.

## MY MOTHER

STELLA SCOTT, '22

With crowding tender thoughts of splendid you,  
 My heart of hearts bows down before the shrine  
 Of your dear love, whose light burns strong and true.  
 And I ask you to be my Valentine.

## FOR YOU

AMELIA SCHLECHT, '22

I cannot speak my heart aloud  
 Nor great things do for you,  
 But I can pray God's love so guard  
 And keep you always true

## AMIGITA

STELLA SCOTT, '22

So very wee  
 And sweet is she,  
 The maid of three,  
 Into my heart  
 Her way she wends,  
 Most demanding  
 Of all my friends.

All kinds of tokens, too, I found;  
 But somehow none would do,  
 For none that I could buy would tell  
 The love I have for you.

And so at last I ceased to look  
 For valentines of art,  
 And send to you, by special post,  
 This tender, loving heart



TO MY DRESDEN DOLL  
(A Lampshade)

MARGARET LAPINE, '23

O, poor little doll from Dresden  
 Beautiful, gorgeous and gay!  
 In brocade where gold with crimson glows—  
 A miniature lady owned by me.  
 Are you clasping a broken heart in your hands,  
 Or only a faded rose?  
 Has your heart of gold grown weary  
 Filled with dead hopes and woes?  
 Is that the reason your brightness has vanished?  
 Perhaps, it is—who knows?

## THE GUARANTEE SLIP.

KATHLEEN KOOCH, '24

IT was up to "Peg" Ruth to start the ball of pep rolling among our College bunch, and she always filled this mission with no little skill. Never will the occasion of one of her hourly pranks be forgotten by those who were her chums and often her co-workers. The remembrance of the deed was recalled amid much laughter during a recent reunion at our Alma Mater.

Margaret Ruth, or "Peg," as she was called by her friends, seldom took a step before giving the termination of that step a thought, but on this occasion she reached only a surface ending.

Six of our old crowd at College returned in September on time. Alyce came a week late, but that was nothing unusual as "Al" was never known to be on time to any place. What did matter to us though was that Alyce had received from her many gentlemen admirers, as farewell gifts before departing for school, several large boxes of candy. If you have never felt the empty sensation of hunger that catches hold of the week old inmate of a boarding school, you cannot appreciate the welcome Alyce got, with one of the boxes still unopened. There was a mad flurry of feminine garments from out of her grip, and the candy was opened on the table.

Peg, munching an immense chocolate-covered cherry, picked up the yellow guarantee slip and carelessly read the printing on it. The daintily arranged layers of Alyce's candy were quickly disappearing under the heavy bombardment of hungry mouths. Peg eyed the candy, then the

yellow slip on which her eyes had caught two words "if" and "unsatisfactory". "If we could find something unsatisfactory about this box we could get another," she announced between bites of a chocolate covered nut.

"That would be very difficult to prove by the present evidence," spoke up Marjorie. "I am unable to estimate the number of pieces you alone have consumed in the last five minutes."

"Well! Anyway, neither of you are such light eaters that 'piggie' couldn't be your middle name," intervened Helen's serious tones.

"No, serious girls," scolded Peg who had been vainly trying to get a word in, "to think of being without a morsel of food to eat between meals again would cause me to do something desperate—".

Death by starvation must be a desperate proposition," mourned "Cec."

"I've a notion to fill out this slip. Maybe someone at that office can appreciate a person's hunger and will answer it," said Peg.

So we filled out the slip and instead of fixing fault with the candy we said, "It was very good as I was hungry. Send me some more."

This slip was mailed and forgotten about by most of us, until about a week later when Peg burst into my room bearing a very dignified looking letter in her hand.

"Well, the fan behind the type in this letter is a game sport, don't you think?" she questioned after she had read the letter aloud.

We all agreed, on hearing the letter, that,

he intended to send a box of candy by the same mail. It arrived a day later during one of the frequent starving periods in College boarding school life, and was enjoyed in the same degree. Peg answered with a dignified "thank you."

A week later most of us were feeling some what like millionaires, having received our allowances from home, so we generously pitched in and together bought a box in Peg's name from her candy company. After that whenever we bought candy, it came from Peg's candy company, and then the manager, David Warren Blank, sent her a complimentary box. Things began to look even more interesting. We had all received certificates that June in the Commercial Course, so few of us returned, and it was only at the reunion that I heard the full story of Peg's finish.

Like the rest of us she went home, and like the rest of us after a month decided to go visiting. A cousin had moved into a new city to take up residence, so Peg went for a stay with her because the cousin's husband was general manager for a large candy concern and was away from home a good part of the time. One night Peg told Jerry, her cousin's husband, of her experience with David Blank, incidentally teasing her cousin into keeping an eye on her precious husband, when Jerry burst out laughing.

"So David Blank won you for sales manager at school, did he? Good for David. That boy is going to make his mark in the world if he hasn't already made it."

"You don't know him, do you?" gasped Peg.

"It's a pity I don't! Although he is a manager of a rival firm in business we are friends. Often he stops over with me, and we talk business matters over for the advantage of both our

firms. In fact, I expected him to drop in last week, but he wired he was detained and could not make it until the first of the month, so, young lady, you will likely meet your 'boss'."

Time drags when one anticipates an event of pleasure, but Peg's visit was filled with dances, teas, and receptions until the first of the month had passed before she realized it. On the very first day of the month David came. Jerry spoke to him of a guest who was an employee of Blank's firm, one whom he was eager to have David meet, but he mentioned no name.

That evening when they entered the dining room, Jerry said "Miss Margaret Ruth meet your boss, Mr. David Blank of the G. N. Farley Candy Co."

At the mention of Peg's name there was need of little explanation, and before long they were in an interested conversation. Jerry followed his wife into the kitchen where she had gone to put the finishing touches on the supper table.

"Honey, did we have it as bad as that when we first met?" he asked her, as he put a kiss on her hair. "I've spoken to Blank three times and not a degree of attention can I get. He won't talk but one kind of business on this trip, I can see."

"Funny how they met here, isn't it? This old world isn't so big after all," mused his wife.

Jerry told Peg that David was making too many business trips up to see her. In fact, he teased her about him so much that she went home. Still undaunted, David Blank, in a short time, became manager of the business firm and it did not take him long to gain Peg's consent to partnership in a still more lasting contract.

They were married in the Chapel of her Alma Mater, during our third reunion.

### THE SNOW BEAN.

CAROL S. LEECH, '21.

I can tell you a good man,  
I can tell you a summer man,  
An' I'll tell you they are one,  
An', sir, every day I'll climb  
Up a side we just introduced,  
The white bean the fine white bean,  
Down the top of our a' singing down,  
Took our time, till we're dead.

I think I'll tell him Charlie,  
That's our milk man's name, you know,  
An' when summer time is here, sir,  
He'll go everywhere I go.  
He'll look so sweet in Auntie's hat,  
The one with feather trimmin'—  
But dear, oh dear! there's just one thing,  
My snow man can't go swimmin'!

## MY SNOW FLAKES

FRANCES LA POINTE, '24

GOD sends the snowy flakes,  
His fairies of purity.  
They're loath to leave their home,  
They come, lingeringly.

They nestle close together,  
To hide the scarred world;  
They blanket all her faults,  
With glistening crystals pearled.

My soul is scarred and stained  
By touch of things debase;  
But he has promised me  
The snow flakes of His grace.

## ERNEST HELLO, ESSAYIST

STELLA SCOTT, '22.

SINCE his canon of style was based on the belief that a man should "live in accordance with Truth, think as he lives, and write as he thinks," is it any wonder that we find Ernest Hello an uncompromising apostle of Truth and Justice, whose loftiness of soul had inspired him with the ardent desire to use his genius for the glory of God? Under the title of "Life, Science, and Art," he has given the world a small volume of essays which is a veritable treasure-house of wisdom and spiritual beauty.

Like our own beloved Stevenson, this French mystic made his physical sufferings add a charming tenderness to the strength and simplicity of his style. Ernest Hello built his house of life on a foundation of prayer, and realizing as he did that Jesus Christ was the one universal necessity, he made it his life work to give to the world the fruits of his interior life. From his quiet home in France, he looked out unperturbed upon the chaos of the world and despite that chaos, he was ever conscious of the presence of God. It is not surprising that the message of such a man, though seemingly hidden for years, should now ring out over France and over the world with renewed charm and vigor.

The little essays entitled *The Press, Great Men, The Mediocre Man, Isolation and Solitude and Intellectual Charity*, are particularly characteristic of Hello's splendid idealism and depth of thought.

The following excerpt from *Isolation and Solitude* seems to epitomize the spirit which characterized all of Ernest Hello's work and to reflect the ideal for which he so valiantly strove:

"The more a man opens his heart, the stronger he grows; the more he spends himself, the more concentrated he becomes; the more generous he is the more master of himself; the wider the rays of his sympathies, the more glowing the centre."

ON LIVING NEXT TO THE PLAYER OF  
A SAXAPHONE

MY life is full of sadness, my days are full of woe, I know that for my badness, I'm paying here below. And when I get to heaven and St. Peter gets me there; he'll say, "Go up to Seven, take the highest chair!" And well I'll be deserving of such an honored throne, for in this school I'm serving; some one has a saxaphone. A girl right near me has one and all day long she plays, from the early morn's electric till the sun has lost it's rays. It cries and screams and chortles; it coughs and stutters, too, until we weary mortals, our sense of hearing rue. It strives at syncopation, the classics are no bar. It hits the "High C" station, then travels down as far. I concentrate with violence, but all to no avail, for in upon the silence, it hurls its ghastly wail. And so should some one find me, lying dead upon the floor, these words I leave behind me to preserve for evermore:

I'm on my way to heavenly bliss  
Right up the Golden Stair;  
But if music above is as loud as this,  
I'm going away from there."

## FRIENDS

No matter what life may give, it has no offering or blessing like a prudent friend. Friendship is the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, "the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable." Love and esteem are its first principles and without these it is a barren thing, wanting and imperfect. Virtue must accompany friendship, and the only way to have a true friend is to be one. Friends can never be really valued—they are God's gift for "He only, who made hearts, can unite them." They double our joys and divide our grief and always through all will understand.

## THE PINE TREE

GENEVIEVE DAILEY, '24

AGAINST the glory of the setting sun,  
 Surrounded by a mantle of snow,  
 The pine tree smiled and bent her head  
 Warmed by the sun's bright glow.

Proudly she had mocked the wintry blasts,  
 Alone of all earth's flowers.  
 She stood arrayed in summer's dress,  
 Her bows were snowflake howers.

Silently she stood, proclaiming to all  
 That summer lives forever,  
 If we but keep it in our hearts,  
 Then winter can harm us never.

## A GIRL AGAIN

GENEVIEVE DAILEY, '24

MRS. Judson kissed and hugged each of her three children three times round, making nine tearful good-byes. Then she solemnly cautioned her husband to write each day and give her a detailed account of the family's doings.

The familiar scenes once left behind, Mrs. Judson's mind leaped forward to the tenth reunion she was on her way to attend at her beloved Alma Mater. Some of the girls she had not seen since graduation. "Marion Bixley!" exclaimed a voice as she stepped into Rosa Bower, and she felt herself clasped in the embrace of her old room-mate.

"Who would ever dream, Marion Bixley, to see you so youthful and fresh that you are Mrs. Robert Judson, and have three children at home? I refuse to believe it."

"I can hardly believe it myself Clara, now that I am back at college," said little Mrs. Judson, laughing happily.

And as they passed the alumnae post office, on their way to the registrar's desk, she involuntarily peeped into one of its lettered pigeon holes, and confided to Frances, "I should like to hear from Bob to-night, and learn if the children cried for me when Maggie put them to bed."

The next morning she went over for her mail. There might even be three letters, for the twins had promised to write. But to her amazement the pigeon hole into which she peered so eagerly

was empty. She even thrust an incredulous hand into its yawning emptiness. However, she reflected, her letters would undoubtedly arrive on the twelve o'clock train.

She was on hand for the next distribution of mail, but again she received no mail. The second day brought no better results, nor did the third. By this time little Mrs. Judson became emphatically nervous.

She wrote a fifteen word telegram. "There," she said, "I shall send that 'collect,' and I hope it will bring Bob to his senses. He has already spoiled my reunion by his thoughtlessness."

As she went out the door, she met Clara Folsom coming in, her arms loaded with letters and papers.

"Here," she exclaimed, "here is your mail, Marion Bixley—four letters from your husband, and two from the twins, judging from the writing."

Mrs. Judson stared at her in amazement.

"Where did you find them?" she gasped.

"Where any reasonable mortal would look for them," Clara retorted. "In the pigeon hole marked J and you have been looking under 'B.'"

A glad smile broke over Mrs. Judson's face. "I—I forgot I was married," she murmured sheepishly, as she eagerly grasped the letters.

## YE TALL PEOPLE

HELEN DREUMER, '24

I wish I'd grow a few more inches,  
 I'm smaller than I ought to be,  
 Least folks say I'm a little shrimp,  
 And sometimes it hurts, you see

For sure, all standing up to lead  
 While others comfortably sit  
 And say to me complacently,  
 "You don't get going fast."

From just which side my shortness came,  
 I'm not prepared to state,  
 'Cause the rest of the family's all so tall,  
 That shortness must have been my fate.



# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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### SCHOOL SPIRIT

The greatness of a school depends very much upon the spirit animating its student body. Not every student who cries "rah-rah" has school spirit; and few of those who have it can define or analyze it. It is something that is more essential than endowment funds and more far-reaching than world-wide advertising. One feels it the moment he crosses the threshold of a school; and if he absorbs it, he becomes a part of his school; if he rejects it, he goes out practically as he entered, empty-handed.

School spirit is a deep, sincere love which prompts the student to make the interests and ideals of his Alma Mater his own interests and ideals. It makes one's school seem a very personal thing, the interests of which must always be sustained. School spirit is the leaven upon which depends the growth of the institution. It has its foundation in love, faith, and loyalty.

### EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

What does education mean, and does not education for citizenship" imply a broader duty than mere "education"? And does not a democracy require even more of an education than other forms of government for there is a varied multitude of questions left to the decision of the people.

The word "education" means the act of leading out; that is, all of a person's faculties should be developed to the highest possible degree in order to be truly educated. This development is three fold; it is moral, it is intellectual, and it is physical. If any of these three are to be subordinate, in any arrangement the moral development should stand first for various

reasons. Our first duty is to God. Man's ultimate end is God and therefore it is of prime and supreme importance that all education should lead man toward the attainment of that end. This can be accomplished only as the individual is perfected morally. Our second duty is to our country. This, our country, is made up of individuals, each free to apply his faculties as he wills. It is a momentous necessity to the integrity, the development, and the very existence of the state, that her citizens be educated morally in order that each may be interested in and strive for the well being of the others. In proportion as the breach widens between intellectual and moral development with intellectual development being the higher, in like ratio does man become capable of deceit, of intrigue, of avarice, and of lust. When Babylon became corrupt, it fell. Vice and immorality held Greece powerless against her conquerors. When the Roman Empire was given over to licentiousness, personal ambition, and vain glory, it was dissolved. Therefore an education, in which moral training is neglected not only is insufficient for the individual and the state but also is most likely to prove detrimental.

As regards intellectual development, the least which may be expected is that the citizen should be able to read and write in order to be able to follow the trend of public affairs. However, the average American citizen is far in advance of this stage. The people should know the way in which public affairs are governed in order to vote or take part in politics intelligently and for the good of the community. Yet how many there are who consider themselves well educated who still could not answer intelligently if asked why they voted for this man, or what their party principles are. Each citizen should develop some capacity or learn some work by which he may earn a living. He will thus be more useful, he will check the wretched conditions accompanying widespread poverty, and he will be fighting dissension and strife; for people are most happy when occupied and idleness breeds many evils. America stands for education and most immigrants are willing and anxious to learn. The government has made it possible for every citizen in any part of the country to receive an education free. In the schools, the students should be taught what

American ideals and principles are and should be imbued with a patriotic spirit and love of country.

In considering physical education for citizenship, we must remember that "good bodies make good minds". The people should have a sufficient knowledge of hygiene at least to live in sanitary conditions and thus decrease the possibilities for the spread of contagious diseases and lower the death rate. A strong manhood should be built up which could protect the country against aggressors for since we are not living in the millennium, war is not improbable. The efforts of the social service workers are bringing about splendid results in hygiene and sanitation.

So, in order to have good citizens we must have good characters. The individuals must not work for purely selfish motives but each, striving for the common ideals, should submit himself to the discipline and organization of the harmonious whole.

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#### SENTIMENTALITY

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There is a phase in every girl's life commonly known as the sentimental age. Few escape it, for it is as contagious as a laugh, and in most cases is more easily spread. It steals upon one, while dreaming in a world of one's own imagining. It is a fact, a world of its own creation, in which dangerous by-paths lead the unwary into more dangerous unrealities. Fortunate the girl whose dreams do not tumble her into the abyss of sentimentality! What pangs she may avoid, what disillusionment she may escape, if she only hesitates sufficiently upon the brink.

Boys seldom suffer from this disease, that is, they do not suffer in like capacity. Their illness is short lived, their convalescence, an absent quantity but then next fall—as speedy as the first. Who would venture to classify the foolish actions of a foolish boy in his foolish years?

Girls often mistake sentimentality for sentiment, if they are under twenty. After that if they think they are sophisticated, they are apt to mistake true sentiment for sentimentality. Young girls have an excess of sensibility in many things. They become overbroughtly romantic over cinema stars, movie magazines, the moon, clothes, a star-lit night, basketball, or

boys. If the object of their affections happens to be the last named they affect a far away look, an absent stare into space, buy blue stationery, and send valentines. They also sigh at intervals.

There are other girls who delight in dissertations upon the books they have read. Ecstatic and private contemplation is, however, insufficient for them. They disseminate their newly acquired information and encomiums of their "beloved" author among all with whom they associate. Others are bent upon conquests and become sentimentally "Cleopatric." Then there are those hopeless souls who pronounce everything "just darling," "how adorable"!

Few of us like to be called sentimental. We chafe under the appellation. But it is a certain truth that those who detect sentimentality in others have at one time or other lived under a siege of it themselves.

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#### THE POWER OF SILENCE

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Webster defines silence as "the forbearance from speech or otherwise," yet at times it speaks more than words, for as Shelley says,

"The silence which doth follow talk."

It can be of great advantage. We all know how it hurts to have an antagonist throw up a barricade against which we have no power, this barricade being silence. Silence tantalizing in such a case only accentuates our defeats, and so we become silent too, for we realize that all plans of attack are futile.

Even though the one who takes such a stand is not a particular friend, it aggravates, for we hate to be ignored. Too, it annoys and hurts to give anyone the opportunity to scorn us. But if it is one who loves us it hurts a whole lot more for we can not realize how much we have hurt them to bring down such a punishment upon our heads.

So one can enumerate the many conquering points of silence, but it is enough for one to realize that silence enables them to know themselves; and if we know ourselves we will be less ready to find fault with our neighbor. The virtue of silence if it may be called such, has to be acquired—first, by considering our own betterment; and second, by duly considering the wishes and rights of others.

## VANITY

One of the most common vices in this world is vanity; a vice so cunningly interwoven into the every action of the ordinary man, that he is not conscious of its existence. Vanity is an emptiness, that infuses its poison into the very heart of a material person, from which main station it is sent coursing through every vein of his body, carrying with it a love of indiscriminate admiration, a desire for idle and fruitless shows, a vain longing for an ever evasive happiness, all of which must eventually terminate in wretchedness.

It has always existed, and always will exist, as long as men are concerned with material things; for all in this world of ours, is vain, in that it is perishable. Wealth, fame, friends and life itself are only for a day; and so it is that vanity is the vainest of all vices, in which we find only nothingness and lose our true selves.

## A DOLL HOUSE

MILDRED HEMAN, '25

"Playing House" has always been a favorite sport of children, and I was no exception to the rule.

I remember one time particularly when my little playmates and I spent an exceptionally delightful day with our dolls, playing in a real "for-sure" doll house. It was a little empty bungalow belonging to the father of one of the children, and we had real dishes and furniture borrowed from our mothers. We "dressed up" and did up our hair—most of us had bobbed hair so we looked like little old grandmothers—and "kept house," sewing, cooking, cleaning, and "visiting" all day long.

I remember, too, how in the midst of our most jolly games, I longed to be really "grown up" and not "pretend." But my desires are somewhat changed, and I wish I could be playing dolls again, instead of sitting here telling my grandchildren all about the good times we used to have in our little "doll house."

## MOTHERS' LOVE

Alice Vanderkan

**H**OLY is a mother's love  
In her tender ministry,  
Wider than the sky above,  
Deeper than the deep blue sea.

## NOTES

The second semester has begun—a reminder that the final goal is not far distant, that these are record-making days and now is the acceptable times, that the last lap of the race is being run.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shortly after the holidays the Glee Club was reorganized and started its work for the new year. The new members of the club are: Mary Elizabeth Scheiber, Lois Williams, Genevieve Dailey, Catherine Boyle, Mary Helen Duret, Florence La Cluyze, Zelda Burns, Agnes Morgan, and Marian Ranstead, accompanist. The following officers were elected: President, Hazel Weinrich; Vice-President, Dorothea Ryno. Secretary and Librarian, Ann Nerney; Assistant Librarian, Margaret Wade. Judging from the talents of all the members of the club, St. Mary's may expect the same high standard of musical efficiency this year which has distinguished it heretofore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rev. George Finnigan spoke to the pupils of St. Mary's College and Academy, Feb. 1st. Being the eve of the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, Father Finnigan pointed out the virtues especially fitting and applicable to young girls, namely modesty, chastity and sanctity. He told us that in this great America of ours we have no middle course. We are extremists. He explained that while young girls should speak at the proper time, they have no liberty to talk incessantly. The request for a happy medium in all things was made. There is no excuse for the careless Catholic girl of today when she has such a model as the Blessed Virgin. Every phase, moment and action of her life should make her children better. How is this to be done? How is the girl of today to get away from the "butterfly" spirit of the age? Holy Communion is our bread of life, it nourishes, strengthens and gives courage. Go often, Father urged, every day and become pure in mind, heart and soul like the Mother of God.

St. Mary's is very grateful for the kindness of Father Finnigan and all appreciate and thank him for his courtesy. Somehow the way well-known thoughts are presented, make his talks enjoyable at the same time giving spiritual aid.

\* \* \* \* \*

On January 18, the Freshmen enjoyed a sleigh ride to Niles, Michigan, where they had supper. Following their younger comrades' lead,

on January 21 the seniors "sleighed" to Elkhart for dinner.

\* \* \* \*

"Molly O" was the first picture shown at St. Mary's after the holidays.

\* \* \* \*

Members of the Expression classes were hostesses on two recent occasions (Jan. 11, and Feb. 5): in a Recital and "at cards" when their Dante Club held an open meeting.

\* \* \* \*

The Fourth Academic gave a Valentine Party in St. Angela's hall. The hall was decorated with vari-colored balloons and festoons of crimson hearts that swayed to the vibrant notes of the Big Five Orchestra, and we doubt not that human hearts fluttered with the pleasure of the dance and with fancied memories which the occasion evoked.

\* \* \* \*

On February 7, Mr. Pio Montenegro of the University of Notre Dame, gave an interesting and enlightening lecture (illustrated) on his native land—the Philippines.

\* \* \* \*

Confident of success, on January the Sophomore met the Freshmen challenge to Basket Ball. But woe to tell, the score was 11 to 6 in favor of those who had thrown down the gauntlet. The same evening the Fourth Acs. scored a game against the First Acs.

\* \* \* \*

Officers of St. Mary's Alumnae Association met in the Bertrand parlor to arrange a program for their regular Biennial meeting in June.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Ben Sullivan, director of Public Speaking at Notre Dame, gave a reading "Experience", on February 12. Mr. Sullivan's characterization was splendid; his voice was clear and resonant; his face and gesture marked the orator.

\* \* \* \*

During the month announcements of the marriages of Anna Christian Nyland to Mr. Miles Murphy of Peoria, Ill.; Zula Marx Caball to Mr. Louis Joseph O. Beattie, Peru, Ind.; Amelia Gustafson to Mr. Thomas Lewis Moore, Tulsa, Okla.; Mary Ruth Head to Mr. James Henry Wright, D. C.; Dodge Iowa; Cleon Lucille to Mr. John Stewart Miller, Chicago, Ill.; Mary Blumgren to Mr. John R. Lynch. The various letters have been received in

response St. Mary's sends Alma Mater's blessing with a prayer for the continued happiness of a truly Christian home.

\* \* \* \*

Mesdames Alice Coady-Cartier, Leona Holden-Moran and Miss Anna Hunt were recent "week-end" visitors at St. Mary's. It is always a pleasure to have the "old girls" show their love for Alma Mater.

\* \* \* \*

The Song Recital, February 13, given by Cathal O'Byrne was most enjoyable because of the quaint Irish costume, the ballads and folk songs so well suited Mr. O'Byrne's voice—a rich tenor of medium range. The Misses Hazel Weinrich, Zella Burns, Helen Jones, and Alice Carr, of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music were the accompanists.

\* \* \* \*

A luncheon in honor of our "brides-to-be", the Misses Kathleen Fleming, Helen Betz and Cleon Pernod, was given by the St. Mary's Notre Dame College Club of Chicago, on Tuesday afternoon, January 17th at The Drake Hotel.

Following the luncheon, the regular meeting of the club was held at which the Reverend P. J. Mullaly was speaker of the afternoon, and a Trio of the Paulist Choir entertained.

St. Mary's grieves with the bereaved family of Mr. George H. Rempe of Chicago, to whom death came with sudden swiftness on January 17. A man of sterling business ability and practical energy, Mr. Rempe was also a devout Catholic, a staunch advocate of religious education, an unfailing friend and benefactor of Christian educational institutions. St. Mary's claims foremost place as a grateful recipient of his untiring interest—of his seven daughters Marion, Virginia and Dorothy are present students, while Mrs. J. A. Cronin (Janet), Catherine and Gladys are loyal children of their Alma Mater.

\* \* \* \*

With reverence the Chimes records the death of Mrs. Katherine Doran Bryant of Rockford, Ill., class 1868). Mrs. Bryant was the eldest student in regular attendance at the Alumnae Meetings, a fact noted with congratulations at the last reunion in 1919, which marked for her more than half a century of steadfast devotion.



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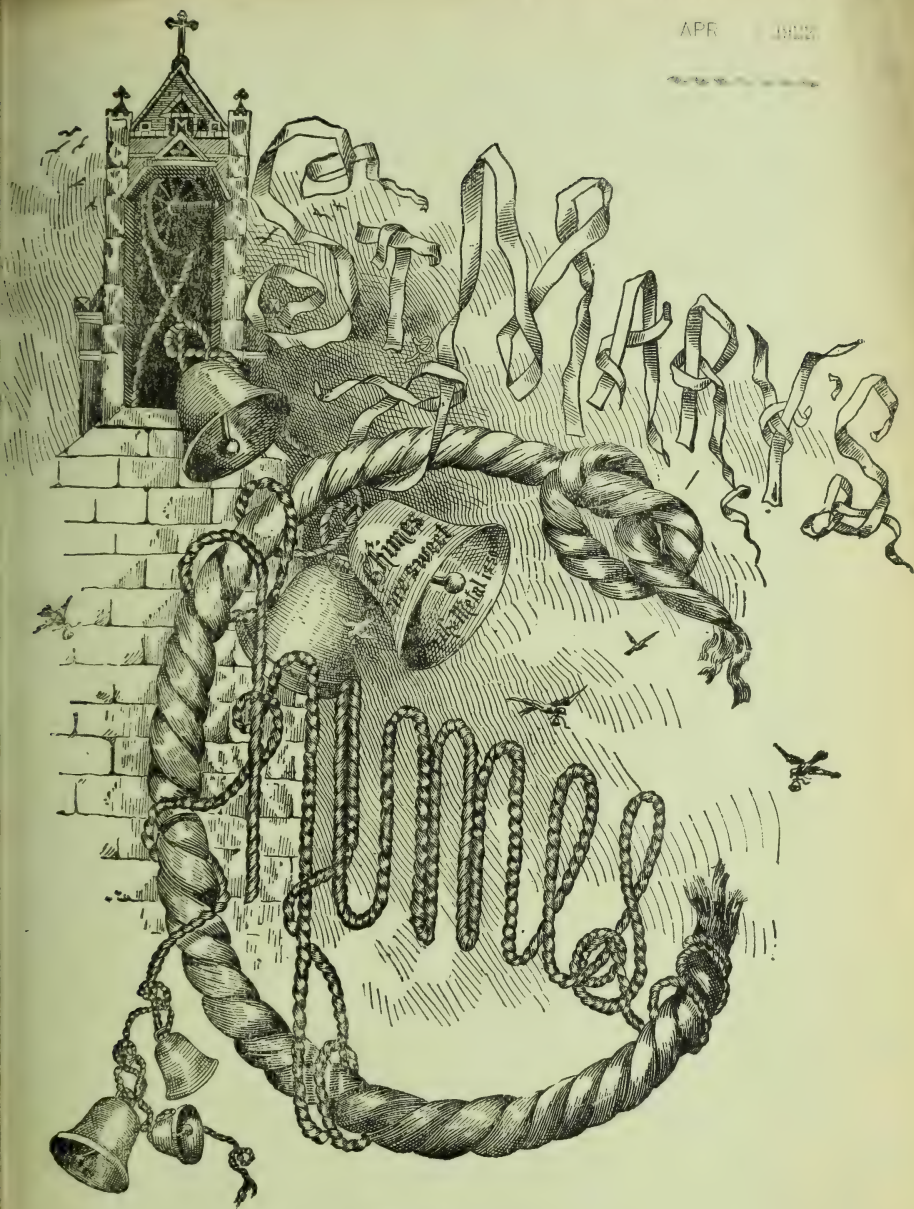
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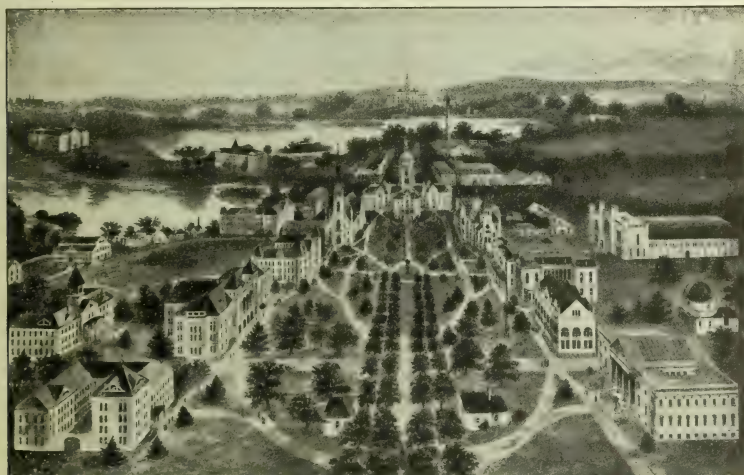


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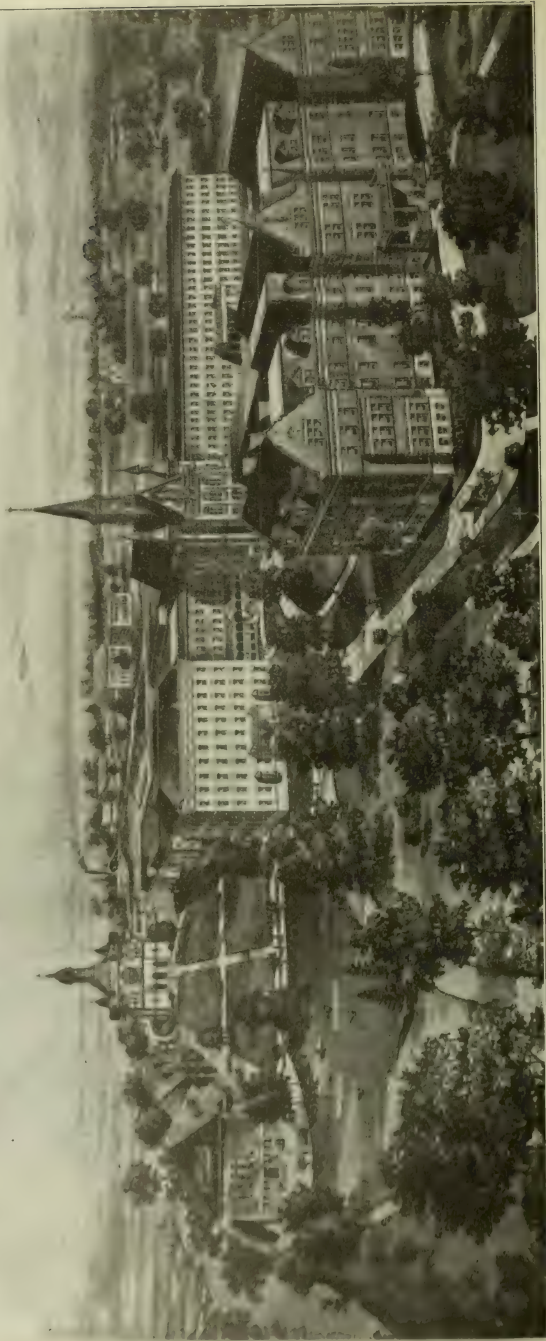
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Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., March, 1922

No. 7

## ST. JOSEPH'S DEATH

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22

Over parapet and synagogue  
Fast-fading speeds the day,  
While above the sleeping Nazareth  
The twilight shadows play.

From the silvery cloud-rifts in the sky,  
A heavenly light is shed—  
And then, on the street of Nazareth,  
Softly, an Angel's tread.

But a moment—once more silence falls,  
The music dies away—  
Nazareth sleeps, there are only Two  
Who watch the dawning day.

## A CRITICISM OF THE ELECTORAL SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES

DOROTHEA HACKETT, '21

This twentieth century of ours has well been called one of progress and development. Conciseness in methods and efficiency in execution are the watchwords of the day. A high state of perfection has been reached in every field open to development. Any unnecessary procedure detracting from immediate results is not tolerated in any field, save one—the political. Our constitution contains today an electoral system which is not only unnecessary and inefficient but essentially unjust to political parties and an evil to the government.

The plan of this thesis is to examine the electoral system of the United States; its adoption; its working; theoretically and practically, and its utility; to criticise possible substitutions, and finally to propose as an amendment to our constitution a plan to replace the present electoral system.

In order to understand fully the electoral system as we have it today, we must look to the time and circumstances of its adoption.

From 1777 to 1787 the colonies were governed according to the Articles of the Confederation.

The president was created by the Constitution of 1787. Before that time there was no chief executive but only a presiding officer of the assembly. In the lack of promptitude and vigor displayed by that body it was seen that in order to have effective government there must be a head of the nation. These framers of the constitution being primarily practical statesmen, did not attempt an original idea of this office but looked to existing institutions and decided that he should be "an enlarged copy of the state governor". He was to be independent of the legislature, interested only in the welfare of the people, and holding aloof from political parties. It is this idea perhaps that influenced the framers in adopting the electoral college.

After it had been decided that the executive power should be vested in one man, the question to be settled was how this head was to be elected. After heated discussions and debates, the electoral college was adopted. It was a compromise between the aristocrats and democrats; between appointment by congress and direct popular election. It was seen that to have the president appointed by congress would be incompatible

with the theory of the separation of powers while to leave his selection to direct popular vote would be folly as the people were considered altogether incompetent to vote on such a question. "It would be as unwise (as one of the members of the convention said) as to leave the choice of colors to a blind man." Accordingly in the constitution we find the following provision: "Each state shall appoint in such manner as the legislature thereof shall decide, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the state may be entitled in Congress; but no Senator or Representative or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be an elector."

The election was to consist of two distinct steps: the election of the electors by the people; and the election of the president by the electors, voting independently.

Since there is no stipulated manner of choosing the electors, the methods have varied in the different states at different times, from appointment by the legislature to direct popular election which is the plan now universally used. If at any time the state legislatures so desired they could appoint the electors and thus constitutionally deprive the people of any vote, however indirect, in the election of their president.

These electors were to be chosen because of personal qualifications, because they were better acquainted with the need of the people and the capabilities of the candidates. They were to be entirely independent of the people and the legislature. In order to secure them from the influences of the masses and the contending political factions, it was decided that "no Senator or Representative or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be an elector", and that the electors shall meet in their respective state capitals quietly and deliberately to cast their ballots for president and vice-president.

A part of the constitution was looked upon with more satisfaction by the framers than the section which defines the manner of choosing the president and setting forth his duties and powers, and so part has so utterly belied their expectations. In the first two elections, 1788-92, the electors, voting independently, were free to

exercise their originally intended functions. The presence of such a man in the country as Washington, made him the universal choice of the voters of the country. In the next election of 1796 Adams and Jefferson were regularly appointed as party candidates. The electors began, then, the practice since used of placing themselves on a particular ticket with the understanding of voting for the candidate of that party.

The electors, then, the prominent men of the country were chosen because of exceptional personal ability to select as executive the man who in their valued opinion seemed best fitted for the office. Now, they are obscure men of mediocre qualities, chosen by and virtually pledged to their political parties, to vote as directed, and acting as mere registering machines for them. As a consequence the electoral college has become an unnecessary, bungling cog-wheel in the electoral machinery, creaking with the accumulated rust from 1787 and trying vainly to adapt itself to the widely different needs of 1921.

This indirect method of election through the medium of the electoral college has proved an utter failure and it has never served the purpose for which it was created. Thus far its uselessness alone has not seemed a sufficient reason for disturbing the ancient and venerated words of the constitution, but it has been seen to be not only useless but evil.

After this review of the electoral college it is plainly seen that since it is inefficient and evil it should be abolished. The method of apportioning the popular votes, whether according to the general-ticket plan, the proportional representation plan, or the district plan, has no necessary connection with the electoral college—anyone of these would function better without its existence. We will now discuss these three methods of apportionment, presuming the abolition of the electoral college.

Under the present electoral system according to the general-ticket plan, the party having the majority of electoral votes, however small, of any state is entitled to the remaining electoral votes of that state.

The principles concerning the election of the president have been stated and the general-ticket plan has been defined. It shall be our plan to examine briefly and criticise the general-ticket plan.

The general-ticket plan was adopted by a few states probably, to give their votes more importance as a unit, and the other states were forced to adopt it as a means of self-protection. With this system in practice the individual vote counts for little or nothing; the votes of the minority are lost or still worse, are counted as votes for the opposition party. It deadens all incentive to build up minority parties.

Another objection to the general-ticket plan is that the electoral votes are in no way proportionate to the popular vote cast. It is because of this fact that since its adoption we have elected eight minority presidents, Polk, Taylor, Buchanan, Lincoln, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and Wilson.

The objections to this plan are not based solely on political reasons but also on moral grounds. The source of much of the corruption in presidential politics can be traced to the general ticket plan. The campaign is not carried on with equal vigor throughout the states. Because of the fact that a small majority of electoral votes can carry all the remaining votes of a state, the parties know that in those states where they are assured of a small majority they need not exert any effort to gain the votes of the minority. On account of this fact the efforts of both parties are centered in the few "pivotal" or "doubtful" states. Here all the resources of the party are called into action and campaign funds lavished in ways too well known to need enumeration.

The amendment which states that "the electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for president and vice-president, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves" was meant to give the states perfect equality in the election of their president; it was meant to make all the states eligible to send forth men as candidates for the presidency, but it is a well known fact that men are seldom elected unless they come from one of the large "doubtful" states. Ohio and New York are the largest of these notorious commonwealths and residence in one of these states makes the candidate almost certain of his nomination. It is a well known fact that New York with its forty-five electoral votes has the deciding voice in almost every election and only twice have we elected a president without its vote. Through

the light of experience one can easily see the injustice of this plan.

In summary we may conclude that the general-ticket plan of electing the president is an unjust method of apportionment. It detracts from the value of the individual vote; it deadens all interest in politics in all states except the "doubtful" one where the campaign is carried on by the use of corrupt and sinister methods; it is the cause of minority presidents; and other numerous but less important evils.

The two plans that have been suggested at different times to replace the general-ticket plan are the proportional representation plan and the district plan.

The proportional representation plan would give to each candidate that proportion of the electoral votes as the number of popular votes cast for him bears to the whole number of popular votes cast for all the other candidates. Each voter would cast one vote for the candidate of his choice and the finding of the ratio between the popular and the electoral votes would be merely a matter of mathematical computation.

This plan would make the vote for president a numerically exact expression of the voting public. In those states or districts where under the general-ticket plan or the district-plan the votes of the minority would be lost, under the proportional representation plan they would be counted. With the minority party receiving a proportionate share of the electoral votes, a pure, healthy spirit of party rivalry would be stimulated in the states. However, is it not inconsistent to deny the minority parties representation in the choice of congressmen and at the same time give them representation in the election of the president? Is it not better to wait until the public has come to a full appreciation of the qualities of the minority party, say the Socialists, before we give them a voice in the election of the president? Since the executive and legislative departments of the government spring from the same people they should be filled by the people in the same way else the people may easily speak contradictory opinions. If we wish to give Socialists and other minority parties more representation in the election of the chief executive should we not at the same time give them more representation in the legislature to avoid the political inefficiency resulting from governmental deadlocks?

From this consideration of the proportional representation plan it is plainly seen that it is superior to the general-ticket plan: it would give full value to the individual vote; develop minority parties and eliminate the "doubtful" states; exclude the possibility of electing minority presidents, and lessen fraud and corruption in voting. However, it is objectionable on the grounds that it will create political discord between the executive and legislative bodies, and that it will give unequal representation to minority parties.

The last plan that we will consider is the district-plan. It is the method which would make the congressional district the unit of representation in presidential elections, and would make the vote for president an exact counterpart of the vote for the members of Congress. Each voter would cast three votes; one for the elector to correspond to his district, and two for the electors-at-large corresponding to the two senators from his state.

The majority party of each district would receive the one electoral vote of the district. Here again we have the same loss of the minority vote that we observed under the general-ticket plan. But did we not see in our treatment of the proportional-representation plan that it is better not to give unequal representation to minority parties? The giving of the electoral vote of the district to the majority party is the one logical way to answer the problem of keeping the executive and legislative departments in complete harmony so as to further constructive legislation.

Here we come to the principal objection raised to the district plan. By the means of the "gerrymander" the party having the majority in the legislature, divides the state into congressional districts so situated as to favor the dominant party. It must be remembered that the dominant party in the legislature gerrymanders the state more or less in the necessary redistricting of the states after each decennial census. If we choose to have congressmen elected from more or less gerrymandered districts wherein resides the additional evil in having the presidential vote cast by the same district? If it is desirable that the president and congress shall be politically harmonious, it is desirable that the people of the several states should express their political convictions and the president.

In treating the district plan, emphasis has

been put on the political harmony which it promotes, and the equal representation of minority parties which it favors because they are the two principal advantages which the district-plan has over the proportional representation plan. In common with the proportional representation plan it would; give more incentive to minority parties in trying to gain the electoral vote of the district; exclude the possibility of electing minority presidents; eliminate the "doubtful" states, thus lessening fraud and corruption; in addition to these advantages it would, as we have stated before, give intelligent and just representation to minority parties and procure once and forever political harmony between the executive and the legislative bodies.

In conclusion let us review briefly the points we have sought to establish: the electoral college has out-lived any usefulness it may have had and it has been shown to be not only unnecessary and inefficient but a real evil to the government. Much of the corruption in presidential politics: the election of minority presidents; the fact that we have the "Solid South" and consequently certain "close" or "pivotal" states; and the loss of the vote of the minority party are directly traceable to the general-ticket plan. The proportional representation plan was seen to have certain advantages over the general ticket plan, and the district-plan, having in common with the proportional representation plan these same advantages, was shown to have additional advantages which would make it preferable to the proportional representation plan.

We would therefore suggest as an amendment to our constitution, a system of electing our president based on the district plan which would at the same time abolish the electoral college, and in promoting just, efficient legislation, would make these United States of ours a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

#### SO SAITH THE OLD SAGE

MADAM'S FAUGHT, '23

The worries of some is many  
While I has only two  
Everything she are to me,  
And everything she do!



## TO ST. PATRICK

DORIS CUNNINGHAM, '22

In glorious faith, you came to Erin's land  
 You reared a fortress strong,  
 Which, despite the tyrants cruel demand,  
 Has stood untouched, though long  
 Have been the years, and fierce attacks have burned  
 The symbol of the cross  
 On Ireland's breast, by tortured hearts blood-carned  
 In triumph, not in loss.

## JOURNALISM AND AMERICAN HUMOR.

MARGUERITE CLINE, '21.

WIT and humor are the spice of literature,—the invigorating tang which once having enjoyed, we seek for again. However, an exclusively funny article is a serious mistake; "the writer who scintillates steadily merely stands in his own light." The whimsical, vagrant, and incongruous thought or situation makes for humor. Why is it that people do not laugh at a funny paper? It lacks the essence of the really comic, the unexpected element. Mr. Zangwell explains that it is because people are surprised to find a *joke* there. Fun is based on the follies and foibles of mankind, and our difficulty in talking about American humor, is the indeterminate meaning of the word for "we are inclined to give it a profound sense before it has rid itself of a very trivial one."

Creativeness, observation, imagination, sympathy, and a spirit of democracy must all be tempered by humor for, "it is the universal solvent of human emotion, the touchstone that makes puzzling problems understandable." Humor is the greatest redeemer of the pessimist, for it breaks like sunshine through rifted clouds, letting out tender feeling and wholesome laughter. Not so with wit, which is more purely intellectual, while verbal nonsense and incongruities are frequently its basis.

The word "wit" is derived from the Saxon "witan" or intellect, and Pope has called it a mental pawn to be played with as in a game; while Dryden deems wit "thought and words elegantly adapted to the subject"; Locke says "It is the faculty of associating ideas in a new and unexpected manner,—the power of invention and ingenuity."

Humor, on the other hand, is more elemental and depends on both character and temperament. Wit is allied to talent while humor embraces a wider reach of "deep unconscious genius." Pater portrays humor as "the expression of the whole nature of man, it is full of heart, has tenderness, sympathy, pity, sadness and laughter; it evokes pleasure without malice or bitterness." "Wit is the swift play and flash of mind while humor flows from the expression of character, the most humanizing element in literary art."

American humor seems inclined toward that satire which lies closest to the borderland of wit. Comparison shows, "Cervantes and Heine were both Yankees and so it seems was Shakespeare." Down through the years humor has always had the same elemental appeal and "we find the torch of jocosity being carried on by other hands, fresh and unoccupied."

American literature from the first has been rich in humor; the queerness of the new world, the makeshifts of the frontier, the democracy, together with the free and independent spirit of the settler,—all tended to make a laughing people. The first really American book, Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York* was humorous in a broad way, as were the works of Lowell, Holmes and Shellebar. Despite all this, it took the Civil War to produce a school of distinctively American humorists. Until that time the production had been provincial, or at least sectional, but the first group of real humorists gave us the second period of American literature. Among them were George Horatio Derby, "father of the new school," whose sketches appeared over the signature John Phoenix; Samuel Langhorne Clemens or "Mark Twain", whose earliest style was "Phoenix-like," and David Ross Locke, or "Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby," the literary progeny of Charles Farrer Browne, better known by his pen name "Artemus Ward."

Browne was the first of the group to gain recognition. He was born in Waterville, Maine, in 1834, of Puritan ancestry. When only thirteen years old, he was forced to rely on his own efforts for support and became a typesetter on the *Showhegan Clarion* and so began a wandering career from office to office. His mind first turned to humor when working with Shellebar,

the publisher of *Mrs. Partington's Carpet Bag*. However, it was not until a second period of vagrancy into the south and west that he discovered his real powers and began as a humorist when he became local editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, and so was able to fill the dry news columns with all the fun he cared to. Then it was that he wrote articles purporting to describe the adventures and struggles of our itinerant showman, "Artemus Ward," whose letters were as full of homely wisdom and experiences as they were lacking in refinement and learning. "Artemus" became instantly popular and the letters were copied everywhere. He became editor of the brilliant but short lived *Vanity Fair* and after its failure made a lecture tour of the Pacific coast where the picturesque life of the camps and untrammelled existence in the cities charmed and delighted him. In Virginia City he spent three weeks with Mark Twain, then a reporter on a local paper, and on his way back, visited the Mormons. This trip has been called a graduate course for the young humorist for it was after his return that his success became unprecedented, not only in America but in London where he edited *Punch*, lectured, and was discussed everywhere. But his career was as short as it was brilliant for he died of quick consumption in 1867.

Hawais who heard Browne in London says that his secret of popularity lies in his droll personality and that his "bursts of quaint humor could only live at all in that subtle atmosphere which Artemus Ward's presence created and in which alone he was able to operate." He made use of such humorous devices as a solemn protestation of truthfulness followed by a story which on the face of it is impossible, and exaggerated deliberately to provoke laughter. He possessed a naive drollery and whimsicality peculiar to himself, which no one else has ever been able to catch. In his writing orthography, the device of deliberate misspelling was a characteristic, for the letters were supposed to be from an old showman he wrote as one and he makes his spelling a means by which the character is revealed. Added to this, in his lectures, he had what may be called the American manner of delivery, setting forth his most ridiculous jokes in a perfectly grave manner and when his audience laughed, assuming a surprised and even

grieved air. "It is as useless to try to analyze it as to describe the odor of apples."

Whatever he wrote he drew from life itself, and more especially American life for his fun savors of the new world and is written only from experience and of persons.

To Charles Farrer Browne the world was one of wonder and like a child he marveled at it. He was like a gallant knight flying from one adventure to another among strange beings who held his untiring interest, and above all else his fun was moral and clean. Never a page of it is tainted with vulgarity or profanity; and at heart he is a reformer. "His books are full of harmless laughter created by the most genial of humorists who always respected whatever man held sacred in life and whom God favored with the grace of the sacraments of the Church on his death bed." Artemus Ward "led warfare against everything that was insincere." His works are still read, republished for there is a perennial charm about his work that promises to make it permanent. In it are originality and unfailing good spirits and his quaint characterization has added a new figure to fiction's gallery. Americanism and kindness underlie his work and his indignation at snobbery, his purity, and the "exquisite pathos" of his later life all combine to make him remembered.

Applying the standard of American humor by which we have judged Artemus Ward to his friend Samuel Clemens, or "Mark Twain," at first it seems not to fit this greatest of American humorists for his personality is so venerable as to be fairly above his task—the perfection and communication of the great American joke. Phelps in comparing him to William Dean Howells says, "Mr. Howells has made the most of himself, God has done it all for Mark Twain." For he is the American writer above all others whose books glow with the divine fire of genius. His philosophy of life underlies his broadest burlesque; he believed always in the present. This man whose religion was democracy, thought our age the one of magic and wonder beside which romance and chivalry seem dull and tiresome.

His life in itself is a tale of adventure; born in the tiny village of Florida, Mississippi, into a large and poor family, he had very little education and began his varied career early in life. It has been said that misfortune is the mother of

literature, but Mark Twain had trouble in everything except literature; all through life he seemed a plaything of chance. The newspaper trade he learned in a small town—printer, editor, and reporter, he took his turn at them all in his first trip to New York. Later he was editor of the *Virginia City Enterprise* and in his reporting in San Francisco he acquired a journalist's vein and the ability to pick the salient features and whimsical side of any situation, a power which he never lost even in his more serious works. For material he relied solely on humanity which he saw almost everywhere from Hawaii to Egypt through the reporter's eyes, to New Orleans as a boat pilot, and to Nevada as a miner. He wrote always of Americans and was content to be one himself, and had something pronounced "in his character which he reveals without being offensive." Mark Twain was our greatest democrat, with him democracy is a political, social, and moral creed. He hated snobbery, affectation, and assumed superiority, and put no limit on the sacred right of an individual to do as he pleased. Twain was a born caricaturist but he always saw the essential point so that his caricatures often give us a better idea of their object than a photograph, for the things exaggerated are what differentiate it from the mass.

"His humor is purely American—it is genial, sometimes outrageous, boisterous, colossal, uproarious, and overwhelming. It is laughter holding both his sides." No frivolous person can really appreciate Mark Twain, for the essence of his humor is incongruity; for example, the jumping frog named Daniel Webster; again there is the element of surprise, sentences begin in the more serious manner—but how they end! He was "often impressed by the calm confidence of the Christian—with four aces!" His exaggeration was deliberate and enormous as was his irreverence; and he was flat and coarse at times as all humorists since Rabelais have been; but yet on considering the quality of his work we wonder that its tone has been so high. Twain had the essentials of the true humorist—common sense, sympathy, and an accurate eye for proportion. Besides this, with his genuine artistic sense and high literary quality he has succeeded in creating real characters.

"Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are epics of American life which it is impossible to

outgrow because they portray the eternal American boy, as he was in the early days on the Mississippi. Every man can see his own childhood mirrored in them and though Mark Twain may at times be crude, irreverent, and distrustful of human nature, still the vivid impression of his work remains for "there is that about the sun which makes us forget his spots."

Just as Mark Twain was the supreme master of the muddy Mississippi and Bret Harte of the west, so was O. Henry in echoing the voices of the "four million" population of New York. He is the man who considered the "transcription of the common-place the breath of Heaven itself," and who imbedded in his humor all these principles of style.

O. Henry fixed his ideals on something higher than himself but he obeyed gravitation—kept his feet on the ground, and no matter how slangy or unvarnished his humor may be, the lesson is always there. It is O. Henry who quotes:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Weep and they give you the laugh!"

So he always came up smiling in the wild wide career that was his. Born in Greensboro, North Carolina, he was educated in Texas, worked on a ranch, and then began as a newspaper man on the *Houston Post*. O. Henry's personality seems to invite fiction; cowpuncher, prospector, book-agent, tin-type artist, tramp, painter, and drug-gist; legend had woven all these about O. Henry or Sidney Porter as he was really named. His pen name has caused much comment but he explains it himself as a mere accident. Wishing to send out a number of stories without his own signature he selected Henry at random from a society column and added O. because it was easy to make. So when the days of fame came he kept O. Henry for the same reason.

Though some of his plots are laid in the west and others in Central America, it was New York's four million that O. Henry loved to interpret. The flat dwellers of Manhattan were his favorites and with keen penetration added to human sympathy and a fresh style with a storehouse of experience to draw from, he has given us stories that are inimitable and unequalled for real human interest. O. Henry himself says:

"People say I know New York well—but just change Twenty-third street in one of my New York stories to Main Street and rub out the Flat

from Building and put in the Town Hall and the story will fit as well elsewhere. At least I hope this is the case with what I write. So long as your story is true to life the mere change of local color will set it in the east, west, north or south. The *Arabian Nights* parade up and down Broadway at midday or Main Street in Dallas, Texas." Small wonder that O. Henry's work always found a waiting crowd.

He was no patronizing wit, but accepted with sympathy and occasional irony the ugly facts of human life, and in a flash here and there he shows in a vivid and brief story some roughness in the social fabric and at the same time gives us quaint dear glimpses of happiness and fun. O. Henry was indifferent to his use of the English language but he made it do his bidding in interweaving the romantic and ridiculous so that they are hard to distinguish. "He has been called the American de Maupassant and the stories from the pen of this modest, reticent southerner are as full of paradox, of failure and achievement as is life itself." O. Henry says, "Life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles with

sniffles predominating." But he always got a chuckle out of the sniffles. His likeness to Dickens is obvious—both have the same largeness of philosophy and sympathy, gleam and flash of wit; and their grotesque humor with its intimate gaiety of manner charms us.

We like his stories because we feel he liked them and their plots spring from intimate contact with life. O. Henry has been compared to the great uncouth Lincoln whose soul put him head and shoulders above the rest of us. His shrewd good nature, his unfailing lesson, and the big-hearted love he gives us seem to justify the comparison.

O. Henry's creative genius was of the first caliber and style was an external grace which his genius did not need. After an hour with O. Henry we may join with James Whitcomb Riley in his little verse proclaiming that this humorist is pie to the intellectual appetite,

"With nuthin' but crisp crust and thickness of it,  
An' squashin'—juicy and jes' mighty nigh  
Too dratted, drippin' sweet for human needs,  
But for the sosh o' milk that goes with it."

#### PLAYIN' WITH THE KIDS THE WAY I DO\*

FIFTEEN QUEEN, '25

I ain't a prophet or a seer,  
I don't get time to read,  
In fact you don't need learning  
For the kind of life I lead;  
But still I sort of reckon  
When a hard day's work is done,  
That the wisest man adivin'  
Can't beat me much for fun—  
Playin' with the kids the way I do.

It seems I never make much money,  
And some years times are bad,  
Then Ma and me sure figure,  
To clothe and feed each lad,  
An' how I fret and worry,  
For Ma Ma can know,  
But when the day is over,  
The trouble seem to go—  
I guess I play the kids the way I do.

The neighbors say I need a rest;  
And Dad's folks from the city,  
Think my workin' in the fields  
Is an awful pity;  
But if, when work is over,  
Around the fire they'd be,  
They'd forget about the farmin'  
And start to envy me—  
Playin' with the kids the way I do.

I've the greatest boys you've ever seen,  
And when they're 'round my knee,  
With "Ma" a-standin' near us,  
My world's surroundin' me—  
In their eyes I'm famous,  
I'm all I'd want to be;  
And so I'm goin' to ask you,  
Are you gaddin' me, for  
Playin' with the kids the way I do.

\*Taken from the original manuscript.



## THE ANNUNCIATION

AMELIA SCHLECHT, '22

The Judean throng has paused, at last—  
 A mystic hush of silence holds them bound;  
 While wondering at the strangeness all around—  
 They do not know that Gabriel passed.

## THE STORY OF A KNIGHT

CATHERINE GERLACH, '24

LONG, long ago in a quaint little village of England lived a little boy who liked, above all things, to dream about King Arthur and his knights who sought the Holy Grail. His grandfather had told him the legends of Arthur's court when he was very young, and he had become possessed of one great desire—to be a knight of the Round Table and to seek for the Holy Grail. He never doubted the possibility of his dream coming true, but began the task of perfecting himself when yet a small child. The Holy Grail, oh, just to find the Holy Grail! This one desire absorbed his whole being and influenced his every thought and act.

The boy was called William, and his only relative was his grandfather, Old John the Cobbler, with whom he shared a little cottage. He never joined the other children in play, but busied himself with the household tasks and helped his grandfather when he could. Into the old man's sympathetic ears he would pour his secret longings and ambitions, always receiving encouragement, until he firmly believed that when he was grown to manhood he would venture forth to find King Arthur's court and, eventually, the Holy Grail. Thus, in the fanciful atmosphere of his own dreamland the boy grew to be a youth, gentle, fair, pure of heart and mind, and so different from other boys that the villagers, spoke wonderingly of Old John's boy, William.

Quite suddenly, before anyone knew what was happening, a terrible plague had swept over the country, taking, among its many victims, Old John the Cobbler and leaving William a hopeless cripple. Gone now, were his dreams of knight-

hood; forsaken, his quest for the Grail; destroyed, all his hopes, his ambitions, his dreams. Even his sole human consolation was taken from him by his grandfather's death. Indeed, nothing seemed to be left for the boy, and his grief was so bitterly intense that none could guess his suffering. Fortunately, he was forced to support himself, and it was most natural that he should take his grandfather's place as village cobbler, since his affliction did not prevent him from following this occupation. So there he sat day after day with busy, patient fingers, and kind words of cheer for every visitor and patron. Such a kindness and sweetness radiated from him that it became the custom for any who were troubled or depressed to go to William to receive comfort and strength. To know him was to love him. And yet, year in and year out, the scar in his tender heart remained. His old longing for the Holy Grail would break forth with renewed force to remind him of happiness denied to a poor, broken cripple. Night after night he would dream of kneeling at Arthur's throne, of being knighted, of starting forth on a holy quest, only to waken to another day of weary toil and patient cheerfulness. The longest, hardest day of Sir Galahad's long search was not more trying than each new day that dawned for the crippled cobbler.

One night William lay down upon his cot but was unable to sleep. He felt strange and breathless, and was scarcely surprised when the room was filled with a dazzling brilliance, and slowly down a beautiful golden ray of light came a shining Chalice. It was the Holy Grail.

A day or two later the whole village attended the funeral of a brave, true knight who had sought for and found the Holy Grail, but they thought they were burying an old cobbler called William.

## TO ST. PATRICK

ETHELYN HAMLIN, '23

Thou dear Saint, art watching still, true  
 Shepherd of thy fold;  
 O'er thy charge that lies so far beyond  
 the rolling sea,  
 Father of the flock thou wert to guide  
 to destiny—  
 The children of the Emerald Isle, in faith  
 thy deeds extolled!

## MARCH WINDS

STELLA SCOTT, '22

March winds, wak'ning to fragrant life our weary world,  
 Sweeping to undiscovered seas my Ship of Dreams.  
 O guide my fragile, restless craft when danger gleams,  
 Till in quiet waters of peace my sails are furled.

## ROBINSON CRUSOE—TAILOR.

CLARA SE LEGUE, '21.

USUALLY, at least according to proverb, clothes make the man; but in the case of poor old Robinson Crusoe, the man made the clothes. Imagine, if you can, the predicament of a modern man of fashion who should be cast on a remote island where Styleplus clothes cannot be had "at your dealer's," and where—oh horrors—cravats are not being worn;—and extend to this imaginary outcast your deepest sympathy. Such being the case, you will be bankrupted in that emotion when you consider the sartorial condition of Robinson Crusoe. In other words, "If you have tears prepare to shed them now."

When the aforesaid Crusoe was cast upon the Island of Despair, that great modern problem, "wherewith shall ye be clothed," did not harass him. He wore what he had brought from the ship and devoted all his time to the problem of securing wherewith to be fed. But soon troubles fell thick and fast upon him. Poor old bachelor! Poor old Robinson Crusoe! His "clothes too began to decay mightily," and since he was not a lily of the field, he must both spin and sew.

It says somewhere that "whatsoever a man seweth, that also shall he rip." It is a solemn truth. Crusoe writes: "Upon these views I began to consider about putting the few rags I had, which I called clothes, into some order; I had worn out all the waistcoats I had, and my business was now to try if I could not make jackets out of the great waist-coats which I had by me, and such other materials as I had, so I set to work a-tailoring, so rather indeed a-butching, for I made most pitiful work of it."

Accordingly he converted his establishment into a tailor shop. He made the waist coats, two or three of them, and proceeded with a cap. This he had to make from goat-skin, which was

the only material at hand. It was a great affair, with the hair on the outside to shoot off the rain, and he was mightily pleased with it when he had it finished. "This," he says, "performed so well, that after this I made me a suit of clothes wholly of these skins that is to say a waistcoat and breeches open at the knees, and both loose, for they were rather wanting to keep me cool than to keep me warm. I must not omit to acknowledge that they were wretchedly made; for if I was a bad carpenter, I was a worse tailor." This completed, he must need make an umbrella. Only for the thought of this feat he deserves a Carnegie medal. But he set about it cheerfully enough. He "took a world of pains at it," and spoiled two or three before he could make one to his mind. This too was of goat-skin, with the hair upwards, so that it cast off the rains. His appearance as he walked forth with these acquisitions would not have been a compelling advertisement for the tailoring shop which produced them, but they answered their purpose, and, as he was potentate of the island, it was his to set the fashion, not to follow.

Fortunately the other members of the Crusoe household were provided with befitting raiment by Nature—the parrot, the goat, the dog, the cats, but with the arrival of Friday, Crusoe must again become a seamstress. He made his man an outfit similar to his own, and though clothes seemed awkward at first, Friday was delighted with them. It must have been a great consolation to Crusoe to see his first customer thus well satisfied.

Judging by the light of modern men who cannot sew a button on permanently, Robinson Crusoe is a shining genius. When a man is shipwrecked on a desert island, verily the needle is as mighty as the sword.

## ST. JOSEPH

DOROTHY REDMOND, '23

Joseph, in your home at Nazareth,  
 Happiness you could not hide,  
 You were standing at your labor,  
 Jesus working by your side.  
 Mary, there, was watching closely,  
 As a careful mother would,  
 Lest her Son, her God, her Baby,  
 Might grow weary, as He stood  
 Helping you with eager fingers;  
 Glad He was to learn the name  
 Every tool had, though His soft hands  
 Burned and ached upon the frame.

Dear St Joseph, guard our household,  
 Keep it happy, in your care;  
 Pray that it have in it ever  
 Little Jesus, helping there.

## ONE KIND THOUGHT A DAY

MARGARET WADE

THE girls were gathered around the fireplace, telling stories, singing songs, and doing all the other things so common at watch parties. For this was the eve of Ash Wednesday, the night that we all say goodby to our faults and sorrows of the previous year and welcome the chance to mend our old wrong doings, and to start again in the right path.

It was nearly bed-time when the hostess spoke.

"Girls," she said, "it seems to me that we should think of some resolutions to make during these next few minutes, so that we can really begin tomorrow in the true spirit of Lent.

All agreed, and for several minutes quiet reigned as each girl thought of her previous faults and what she would try to change.

Finally, one of the girls spoke.

"I have thought of my resolution," she said. "I have neglected my work at school shamefully

and it seems to me that it would be a good thing if I should resolve to have my lessons every day.

"Splendid," cried her companions.

A second girl looked up.

"Well, girls," she said, "perhaps you do not know this, but I am not always as pleasant as I appear here. Sometimes, at home, I am cross and rude to the dear people there; unintentionally, perhaps, but cross and rude, all the time. My resolution for this year is to curb my temper in every way possible, and perhaps I shall have this disposition of mine changed by Easter.

Girl after girl spoke, each with a different resolution: one, to work more in her home, to help Mother; another, to be more kind to her friends; and still another, to give up her habit of speaking against those she did not like.

All had spoken but one and now the entire group turned to Winifred, to hear what she would say, for somehow, they admired her greatly, and whenever she said anything, they took it to heart.

"But Winifred dear," they cried, "You have not told us your resolution."

"No," she answered, "for I have been thinking that perhaps it might sound queer. Anyway, I am going to tell you. I resolve to do at least one kind act a day, towards some one. I hope that I am able to do many many more."

"O, Winifred dear, yours is the best of all," they cried.

And before they slept, every girl had resolved to add one kind act a day to her Lenten practice.

## A ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHDAY

STELLA SCOTT, '22

It's come again, dear friend of mine,

St. Patrick's Day, your birthday, too;  
 And my glad heart makes this its song,

The top o' the mornin' to you!

May all the coming years

In your high heart keep flaming true

That glorious faith and love—

St. Patrick's gift to you.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

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### LENTEN THOUGHTS

The entire world has turned from the bright, gay colors to the more somber ones. It has put away the thoughts of pleasure for contemplation and works of penance. Catholic and non-Catholic alike, join in spirit to observe the Holy Season of Lent. Everything is pre-empted with the spirit of abstinence and the question arises, "What am I going to do about it?" What does it mean to me? Am I a part of this great people or am I to be just a by-stander? If I am a part, I've got to do something—something worth while, that hurts and disciplines the will. If I'm just a by-stander, I'm one of the rabble that played so horrible a part in that Calvary Sacrifice. No one wants to be anything but a part in the great army of Reparation, so what am I going to do? It's all well and good to abstain from candy and sweets, but its the sacrifices like rising earlier for daily Mass and Holy Communion that count. It's the disciplining of the will that amounts to something. The monotony and regularity, that are so adverse to human nature, help us much in the Spiritual Life.

Why not apply the well-known words, "I came, I saw, I conquered?" We are at St. Mary's, we see our duty, why not conquer self?

\* \* \*

No matter where we are, or what we may be doing, it is the little things that count, the kind smile, the bright smile, the happy laughter, trifles in themselves, yet how great is their effect on those around us.

The smallest details, the intimate touches make one's life. "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle," therefore, it is the small trifles that are the key which makes a man

great, for happiness and the business of life is composed of little things.

Kindly attention, either given or neglected make one the object of like or dislike by the people of the world.

Trifles are the "sum of human beings," for, as a man act in regard to small duties so will he act in those that are greater. Words, especially are apparently insignificant in themselves, but who will deny that men are led by them.

"Many a shaft at random sent,

Finds mark the archer little meant;

And many a word at random spoken,

May heal or wound a heart that's broken."

### AFFECTATION

Nowadays various forms of affectation are in vogue, but particularly in the character of a person. On the part of many there is an effort—in some, too noticeable—to assume or display what is not of themselves. This counterfeiting is one of the greatest enemies to true personality. It builds upon variety and insincerity, and is evident proof of the absence of the value of truth and sense. It has manifold expressions, in mannerisms, speech, and actions, of people. Pretending and acting what one is not is a real source of hypocrisy. The unreal and unnatural person is very distasteful to others and also very ridiculous. False appearances may be a clever disguise to the eyes but it can not withstand the heart and mind. It really is a loss from the start, even though temporary results are apparent. For in its disclosure there is greater loss than if one had been willing to pass for his true worth. We are never so absurd to others because of our true qualities, as because of those that are not genuine.

### WHAT NEXT?

"Nothing in all this entertaining world is quite so luring as mystery." The much discussed intriguing mysteries of science of life are responsible for the success of a large number of books and plays. There is one mystery, however, that returns quarterly with all its charm and allure-



ment, a mystery that is accountable, for the greater part, of the success of the many of our current magazines. What is to be the next mode? What are the latest chic creations, are questions that never lose interest and never fail to arouse the followers of fashion into breathless expectancy. One would marvel at the number of attendants on Dame-Fashion who eagerly greet the unveiling of this mystery. The answer is never trite or uninteresting. On the contrary it appears in a thousand different shapes, each one more fascinating than the other, and each one destined to have an influence on the feminine silhouette for the coming months.

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### EXERCISE

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Exercise is necessary for the well-being of everyone and especially for students, whose entire time is spent in studying or mental work. Going to classes and the like becomes an every day affair and students fall into a careless routine. They become mere machines instead of wide awake young people anxious and desirous of knowledge. Now what is needed is exercise for, "exercise is the vital principal of health", and without a sound, healthy body no mental advancement can be made.

The sort of exercise needed is one of labor without weariness and basket-ball entirely does this. It gives pep and spirit to those watching as well as the players of the game.

The effect may be noticed after the recent combat between the Juniors and Freshmen. Well matched the two teams battled and the Freshman won by one point. The clever yells, songs and hearty cheers from the school made everyone feel young and alive. As a result, a wide awake, ambitious spirit filled all and the energy exerted on that game was turned to Exercise. Let's have more exercise!

There has always been greed in the world but it has never been so much in evidence as of late years. A goodly percentage of the people seems to be engaged in a mild scramble for money; and thousands of men do not care how they get it, just so that they get it. This is a very grave mistake. The money of the burglar, the auto bandit, the profiteer or any other who gets it dishonestly, will never do them any good; but it is more apt to bring misery in the end.

### WEALTH

Wealth without contentment is poverty, indeed! There are millionaires today whose poverty beggars might pity, and also men without a dollar whom emperors might envy. Who would not rather be a happy and contented workman in a humble cottage with a meager wage, with a loving wife and family than to be the ex-emperor of Germany? What is wealth but contentment and absence from suffering and sorrow? Is any man wealthy with heaps of gold and poor health? No man is wealthy upon whose soul rests the shadow of a crime. The simple cottager who has wealth and strength and who can look the world in the face without a blush, and is not racked with the fever of ambition and the disease of greed is indeed rich; and many whose signatures are a power among the money changers would give all they possess for the peace he enjoys.

What does gold purchase, anyhow? It cannot buy health or happiness; it cannot buy brains for the head of a fool; it cannot purchase the true love of women, or the real friendship of man; it cannot bring back the loved and lost; it has no purchasing power at the Throne of Grace, for other coin is current there. Poorest are they who suffer most; richest those who in this brief life find most of sunshine, least of shadows. Joy, love, honor, and sweet content are riches more precious than pearls, greater than gold; without these there is poverty indeed.

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### CURRENT POETRY REVIEW

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HELEN DRUMMEY, '24

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THE poems of last month express a longing for spring, using as a theme many of the beautiful memories of nature. There is but a slight inclination toward the use of light themes, perhaps because the winter season is so sombre that only thoughts of a more serious nature find expression. Characteristic, also, of this month's poems is the fact that verse writers have succeeded in putting a maximum of meaning into a minimum of space.

Charles Hanson Towne is evidently a nature lover from his poem, "Wonder" in the *Century* magazine. He flashes in a five-line poem a picture of:—

"The endless legend of the grass,  
The sunlight on the green morass,  
And the great silence of the sky."

The February number of *The Bookman* has a pretty poem by Mary Carolyn Davies called "Pine Song." The meter is unusual, containing only four feet to the line. It has a jaunty, rollicking effect, but an underlying note of sadness, connoting in a way the watchful, tender love of a mother who dreads the day when her child must face disillusionment. The author, a lover of the pines, longs to grow as they do, to live in the woods where no restraining influence hinders development and to—

"Feel the forest  
Awe and wonder,  
Only never know  
That under  
Beauty lieth woe."

Father Garesche, a Jesuit priest, is the contributor to a late number of the *Ave Maria*, "In the Slums." He sees the beauty of the flowers, of the woods, and of the dawn reflected in the pure countenance of a child, an "Angel of the Slums," one might infer from the lines of his poem. The priest's wonder over this preservation of innocence and purity amid sin is a prayer of thanksgiving.

Maxwell Struthers Burt writes on "Mountain Dawn," in *Harper's Magazine*. His meter is regular and his poem contains six lines (three stanzas) each. He relaxes in "the dark linked loveliness of lakes" to hear the first song of the thrush in the mountain dawn, and pleads with the little bird to linger a few moments before the day begins as he feels:—

"That calm presence which enchants the hills  
From twilight on, and all the valley fills  
With dreams and dreaming radiance and hush—"

"The Present Hour" by Margaret Sherwood in *Scribner's* differs from many of the February poems in that it seems the only one to successfully express deep religious feeling without displaying cant. The greatest recognition of worth that could be given this writer is that her poem is reminiscent of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." A spirit of Catholicity, of mercy, and of hope pervades the poem. She describes God's attitude toward a soul that is drifting away from him. Man's many transgressions have angered him. He is about to cast him off—to refuse to hear his petitions. Then, the solution, beautifully comforting, comes in the line:—

"There I met him, that God is being less than Love."

MARY E. SCHEIBER

FILLED with a spirit of sadness and perhaps a touch of despair is the poem "Miserere" by Cale Young Rice in *The Literary Digest*. In sonnet form, it pictures a terrific storm in a forest during which, as the poet expresses it.

"Wind, rain and thunder . . . wildly untuned  
A mighty universe to the skies." . . .  
And the wet earth, scourged with pallor, glistened."

The octave makes the reader listen with awed wonder to the music of the moaning forest; there is a feeling aroused by the words that bows men down in fear and adoration before the Omnipotent Majesty who orders all nature, and we await the paean of praise that we expect to find in the sextette. Contrary, indeed, is the tone of this stanza. Instead we find that the poet has descended where we expected him to ascend and after likening the uproar of the storm to a fly's buzzing when considered in regard to "interstellar" space, he finishes with the pessimistic conclusion:—

"Is there no final measure then at all  
For greatness? Are our strivings, too, as small?"

And we turn away with sad disappointment. But as we lift our eyes from the "Miserere" we note the name of another poem close beside it, "Ode to a German Cemetery" by Amos N. Wilder. Classical, modern, humane, and religious, it is woven into one whole elegiac poem having as its theme the never-tiring and most touching of thoughts, that of the innocent victims of the world war. Germany in her pain over her lost sons stretches out in loving sympathy a comforting hand to all bereaved mothers.

"We fought in nightmare, as in dreams we live;  
Best to forgive."

From this poem of German atonement one may turn to one of English appreciation of American sunshine. In the same magazine Theodore Maynard writes on "A Gray Day in California." In simple pleasing diction and easy rhyme he tells of the ever recurring rainy day of England and the ever-present sunny California days. He tells us that through an abundance of sunshine he has learned to even love the gray mornings, that are so very common in his native Country but which had always been:—

" . . . unvalued until today;  
When in her sky and secret beauty  
The day broke o'er me, cold and gray."

In this same issue Kathryn White Ryan has taken us to Ireland and John Don Passos carried us to Venice. Far different are the strains of these writings. The poem "Ireland: Invocation," calls her waters "grey eyes, tear misted" and tells of her harvest of "ruins of castles." Though it possesses the charming rhythm of some Irish tune, the song is a sad one, each stanza having as its concluding lines:—

"O let there be peace  
Ireland!"

The theme is a tribute to Ireland's bravery in time of trial and asks the question whether:—  
"the nation is born or is dying."

Passos pictures the traders of Venice as bringing in from the orient their ships burdened with rare goods, from which the:—

" . . . sea wind has not blown  
The dust of Arabian caravans." Then  
"And, out on the green tide, toward the sea,  
Drift the rinds of orient fruits  
Strange to the lips, bitter and sweet."

Possessing the tang of distant lands, this descriptive poem leads one on to a desire for adventure and travel. It gathers into one well worded poem the customs and fancies of many lands.

\* \* \*

RUTH HERRMANN, '22

IN reading the poetry published in the current magazines, one often notices that many of the most beautiful poems have Nature for their subject. Certainly the many phases of Nature will never cease to be subjects for poetic words. It is interesting, therefore, to review some of these poems and to notice which particular phase of nature's loveliness appeals to the various poets.

"Mountains at Sunset" by Robert J. Roe in *The Bookman* for February gives a typical picture of the mountains in the mellow sunlight of evening. Each word is so well chosen that only a few are needed to portray the very original picture:—

"These drinkers lie  
Sprawled,  
Drunk on the sun  
And blinking  
In old, stained corduroys."

In contrast to this poem picturing the mountains at sunset is "Mountain Dawn" by Maxwell Struthers Burt, a poem published in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*. The dawn gray and cold breaks on the mountains. Sounds are faint, and echoes are hushed, for the world

is asleep. This sleepy drowsiness is well pictured throughout the poem. All is quiet until:—

"A sign goes, and a bird awakes:  
A sleepy thrush, a mottled thrush, whose wings  
Shake off the dew the moment that he sings;"

And so the world awakes to another day.

But Nature is not always calm and peaceful. "Miserere" by Cole Young Rice, from *The Literary Digest* for February 18, gives a different view. A storm with its rugged beauty and strength is chosen for the subject of this poem. The elements, penitent for their offences, are begging and shrieking for mercy:—

"Wind, rain, and thunder last night wildly intoned  
A mighty miserere to the skies.  
Under a surge of sound the forest moaned  
And swayed and crossed itself, penitent-wise  
Its leafy limbs reached out, or clutched and listened,  
As still things seem to do, for the next clash."

Although Nature in this mood is a very good subject for the poet, it does not seem to appeal to the majority of poetic minds. The calmness and tranquility in Nature is again shown in "The New Moon," a poem from the *Hindustane* of Iqbal, and published in *The Living Age* for February 4, 1922. This poem shows itself to be the work of the great imagination necessary to an artist in poetry. The rhythm is not regular and there is no rhyme,—yet it is poetry:—

"The sun's bark was shattered, and sank into the Nile  
of the heavens,  
And a fragment still floats on the face of the Blue.  
The evening has recited the preface of the essay of  
night,

And the ancient sky has on his lips the measured verse  
of night. . . .

Behold the sky is out to beg for darkness  
And comes with a silver cup in his hands."

Contrast this very imaginative poem with "Wonder" by Charles Hanson Towne from *The Century Magazine* for February. This poem proves that many and lengthy words are not necessary to express a poetic thought, for it is short and artistically simple:—

"Three things there be that seem to me  
The loveliest, as life runs by:  
The endless legend of the grass,  
The sunlight on the green morass  
And the great silence of the sky."

Thus, in making a short review of some of the current poetry, one notices that Nature is a popular subject for poetic thought. Whether it is pictured as calm and peaceful, or as restless and disquieted makes little difference. Its beauties will always furnish material for the poet.

## BOOK REVIEW

There are two facts that must be apparent to any reader of the Gilbert Guest stories. From the artistic viewpoint they are praiseworthy because of their sympathetic character-portrayal, their fine touches of local color, and their racy, interesting plots. From the ethical viewpoint they are to the mass of contemporary stories what a morning breeze is to a musty room. Need we say more—except to wish the author “God-speed.”

MR. FREDERICK PAULDING AT  
ST. MARY'S

A series of lectures by Mr. Frederick Paulding, an annual and most welcome visitor to St. Mary's, was recently enjoyed by the faculty and student body. Indeed, Mr. Paulding needs no introduction for his forceful and enlightening lectures are anticipated with greatest pleasure. On this special visit he was unusually interesting and enjoyable.

His reviews are a combination of criticism, dramatic interpretation and character delineation.

Of *Main Street* by Sinclair Lewis (a “best seller”), Mr. Paulding said that the lesson evidently intended in all sincerity by the author, is just the one which the majority of readers overlook in their hasty skimming over the printed pages. Although the book, in places is ungrammatical, crude and even vulgar, it sounds a warning in this modern age of materialism. The great lesson taught is self-conquest.

*Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo, Mr. Paulding declared, is a philosophical work, but the philosophy of the author is condemned. In *Les Misérables* is embodied the height of the author's genius and the depth of his knowledge of human nature. It is the story of “the evolution of a soul”; the characters are living human beings. The hero Jean Val Jean, is an ex-convict, and an outcast (through whom Victor Hugo has given us a novel of poignant realism, heartrending, inspiring, convincing and unforgettably powerful and dramatic effect and force. It too, carries a lesson of self-conquest, self-sacrifice and a definitely sound message that the “wages of sin is death.” With the exception of three objectionable

chapters, which can be taken out bodily without injury to the narrative, *Les Misérables* is truly beautiful and spiritual.

In contrast with “*Main Street*” among modern novels, yet teaching the same lesson, sounding the same warning Mr. Paulding showed the artistic and powerful story of A. S. M. Hutchinson, “*If Winter Comes*”. Though defective in form and in style, a fair sample of “Jazz” of fiction, rambling, jerky, incoherent, at times yet with all, it is the only novel of its kind possessing clarity and directness. Its note of warning concerns the mistakes of modern marriage and the necessity of a real spiritual foundation along with intellectuality if any good is to be accomplished. Hope optimism, idealism, and self-conquest are of vital importance, and the whole book vibrates with the ethical truth “Do good and avoid evil.” There is no mention of religion, but an intelligent reader should be mentally stronger, clearer of vision and on the whole spiritually better for having read this book, so Mr. Paulding says. The humor, the author's greatest charm, is like that of the immortal Dickens. The power of free-will and the fundamental principle of true philosophy, “God is Love,” are forcefully portrayed.

In Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* the same principle “To thine own self be true” is the theme. Though not so perfect in form as are his other plays, Shakespeare's creative genius and cunning are strongly manifested. A perfect character portrayal of womanhood is to be found in its heroine Imogen. Mr. Paulding emphasized the fact that the women of today are a contrast to the loving trustful, faithful and pure character as sketched in *Cymbeline*.

Throughout the course Mr. Paulding proved the human quality that abides in all peoples regardless of age or race. These lectures were conceded to be the finest Mr. Paulding has given and the students contemplate a treat in store for them when he returns next year.

## NEWMAN TRAVEL TALKS

Twenty, or even ten years ago it was impossible to attend college and travel through distant lands at the same time, but today we are working for our degrees at St. Mary's and yet each week we make an extended tour through some foreign country. Our first trip was to Palestine and the



Holy Land, places of greatest interest. Coming nearer home, we were delighted by the beauty of the Canadian Rockies. Iceland and Spitsbergen were next to claim our attention and the fourth week we "motored" through the Land of the Midnight Sun and the principal cities of Scandinavia. Our last trip gave us the novel experience of Alpine climbing and the awe-inspiring grandeur of Swiss scenery. These many educational and highly instructive trips were made possible by the world-famous Newman Travel Talks. Mr. Newman makes it a practice to photograph the unusual as well as the most daring of his experiences, and we who reap the benefit have only to use our eyes and our imaginations; sometimes we even get the thrill.

### VOICE GRADUATE RECITAL

On the evening of March 5, Miss Dorothea Ryno gave a Song Recital of exceptional merit, before a large and appreciative audience. The young debutante possesses a Lyric Soprano voice of appealing sweetness and dramatic quality. She was ably assisted by Miss Hazel Weinrich, whose artistic accompaniments gave proof of her excellent musicianship. Miss Ryno's many friends join in offering to her congratulations and all good wishes for further success.

### PROGRAM

I	
Come Unto Him—"Messiah".....	<i>Handel</i>
Cuckoo Song—"Love's Labor Lost".....	<i>Arne</i>
Nymphs and Shepherds.....	<i>Purcell</i>

II	
Carnaval.....	<i>Fouadain</i>
L'Ete.....	<i>Chaminade</i>

III	
Ave Maria—"Cavalleria Rusticana".....	<i>Mascagni</i>
Nella calma d'un bel sogno—	
"Romeo e Giulietta".....	<i>Gounod</i>

IV	
Last Night I Heard the Nightingale.....	<i>Salter</i>
At Morning.....	<i>Boyd</i>
The Little Damozel.....	<i>Noxello</i>
An Open Secret.....	<i>Woodman</i>
Sunlight.....	<i>Ware</i>

Accompanist—Miss Hazel Weinrich

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Harp: M. L. Merritt, H. E. Miller.

Piano and Organ: H. Weinrich.

Drums: L. Weinrich.

Saxophone: D. Nichols.

### PROGRAM

Dear Little Shamrock—Fantasia....Grunwol: Op. 496  
Harp Solo—Wearing of the Green

Ensemble—Macushla..... MacMurrough  
Cello

(a) Colleen Darlin'.....S. M. C.

(b) When Irish Eyes Are Smiling....Olcott

That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone

M. Carlo and A. M. Sanders

Dance—Irish Jig.....Eileen Colgan

Song—Hibernia's Champion Saint

Harp Solo—Erin the Tear and the Smile.....Moore

Ensemble—Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

Moore

Reading—Pictures of Ireland.....Katherine Boyle

My Wild Irish Rose.....Olcott

ST. MARY'S SONG.....S. M. C.

### NOTES

The special religious services of the month were:

Forty-Hours Devotion conducted by the Rev. W. R. Connor, chaplain, assisted by the Revs. T. Murphy and C. Miltner; St. Patrick's Day, observed with due solemnity, High Mass and an eloquent sermon by the Rev. P. Haggerty of Notre Dame. Although the celebration of St. Joseph's Feast was transferred to March 20, the sermon for that day was delivered by the Rev. F. Wenninger, C. S. C., at High Mass of Sunday. An equally forceful and instructive sermon completing the trilogy was given at High Mass on the first Sunday of Lent by the Rev. T. Murphy. Throughout his discourse, Father Murphy stressed the import of his text, "Now is the acceptable time", citing the careless

Christians, even well-educated Catholics, to whom he applied the words

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay  
Baubles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;  
'Tis Heaven alone that's given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

The chief social affair of the school year, the Junior Prom, Feb. 22 to honor the class of '21 was an exceptionally delightful function, (if one can distinguish among varied numbers on the program of entertainments). St. Angela's Hall was elaborately and artistically decorated in yellow streamers and daisies. The scheme was carried out even to the programs and the bountiful refreshments. Electric bulbs in profusion lighted the vari-colored dresses of the happy young girls as they mingled in the dance or grouped themselves around the hall. A special feature dance, en costume (a Daisy) was given by Betty Fay Ryan. Memento silver bracelets were favors for the guests of honor. Music for the evening was furnished by the "Big Five" Orchestra.

The strangely unusual has occurred at St. Mary's, twice during the month permission for a "late sleep"—just as late as the individual student desired—was granted. Did many avail themselves of the opportunity? Well yes, there was a notable stillness throughout the buildings on those particular Wednesday mornings. Entertaining!

On March 13, Mr. Hubert G. Childs, of Indiana University, as representative of the North Central Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges, visited the Academic Classes; Mr. John P. Everett of the Western State Normal, Kalamazoo, representing Dean K. C. Babcock, Secretary for the Association, inspected the College. Both gentlemen commended highly the work done and expressed great satisfaction with the classroom and laboratory equipment.

The "Luncheon-Dinner-Dance" on Feb. 11, which was a most successful affair, from the account of Feb. 11. Celebrations, hearts, bladders, in glad profusion and thrills were really realized when the class of '23 were hostesses to the collegiates.

Every student should own a copy of the popular "St. Mary's College Song" just in print, and now on sale at St. Mary's Supply Store (50c.)

On Feb. 16, the N. D. Glee Club with Mr. John Becker as conductor gave an enjoyable program in St. Angela's Hall. "Rogue Boquet," a composition of Mr. Becker, was a favorite number.

Detraction was the subject of an instructive sermon, delivered by the Rev. W. R. Connor, on the second Sunday of Lent.

Miss Martina Smith of Chicago was among the guests welcomed during the month.

On Feb. 27, the Debating Teams of the University "tried out" their arguments on the students and faculty of St. Mary's. The subject for discussion was "The Justification of the Closed Shop". Judges, members of the Organized Labor class awarded the palm of victory to the affirmative, with a close majority of one, the decision being 10 to 11. Since that date, we rejoice to learn that both teams have won laurels elsewhere. Congratulations.

The N. D. University Players' Club complimented St. Mary's faculty and students by their initial appearance in St. Angela's Hall on March 7. The program comprised four One-Act Plays which were excellently performed, without sensation, show, or rant, but with a true dramatic interpretation of life. Mr. Dan Sullivan, director, and the officers of the club and cast are to be congratulated on the success of their part in the Little Theater Movement. We further comment their careful attention to stage property behind the scenes.

Acknowledgement with Alma Mater's blessing has been sent out in response to announcements of the marriage of Antoinette Bosch to Mr. Peter Edward Ruppe, Chicago, Ill.; Ella Egan to Mr. William Howard McDonnell, Hurley, Wis.; Ruth Vogel to Mr. Milton Miller, Monticello, Ind.; Kathleen Elizabeth Fleming to Mr. Edward Hyde Ball, Chicago; Helen Etta Burke to Mr. William Casper Robin, South Bend, Ind.

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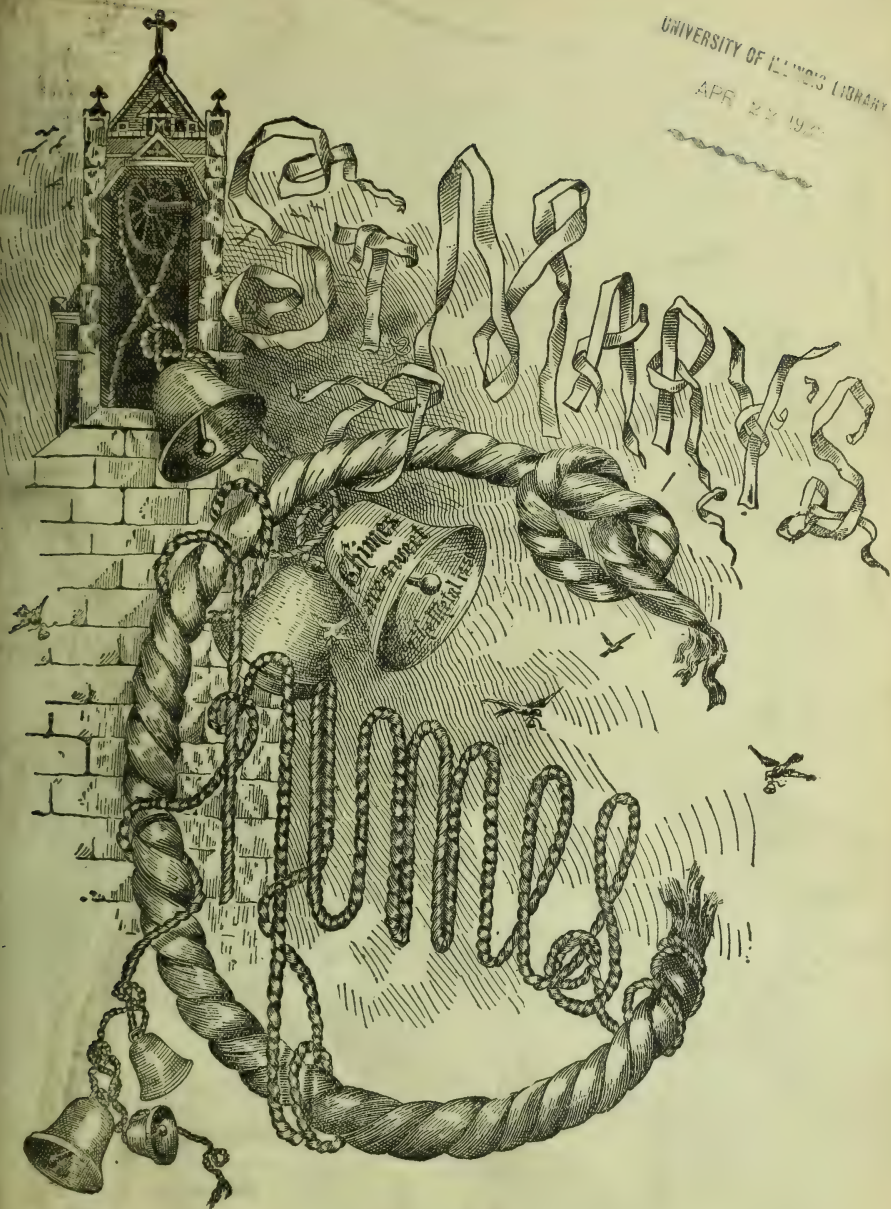
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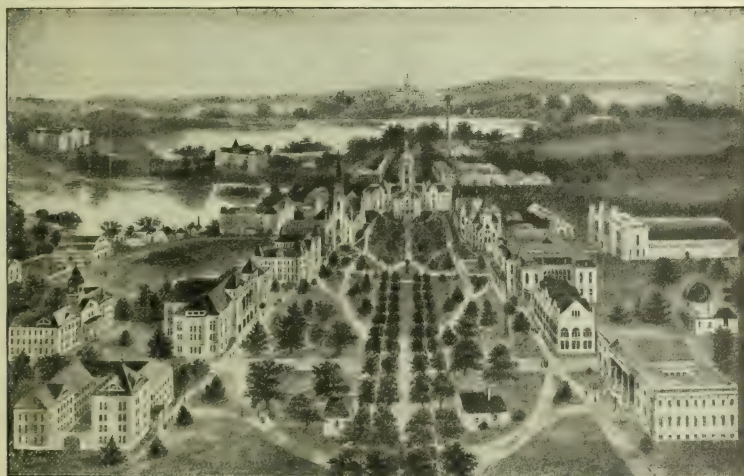
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JESUS, THE KING OF GLORY

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., April, 1922

No. 8

## "FAITH"

MARY E. SCHEIBER, '24

WHAT merit claimed Job for his patience  
Or those ancients who traversed sin's slough,  
Emerging with souls still untainted?  
What caused David in penance to bow?

What longing gave strength to Saint Joseph  
As in dying he met Christ's sweet eyes?  
They knew that in glad Resurrection  
Their souls with the God-man would rise.

What glory is there for the humbled?  
In whom does the chastened find strength?  
What raises the pride that is broken,  
And reclaims the sinner at length?

Can we learn the answer that softens  
The pain in a sufferer's eyes?  
Ah, they see the last Resurrection  
With Justice supreme in the skies!

## THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

CECELIA M. WOLTER, '21

THAT children differ notably from grown people mentally as well as physically has always been admitted. Only recently, however, has this fact been given special prominence in that "merry pastime" called child psychology. This science aims to aid children in their mental development through a more complete understanding of the child as he is, rather than as we think he ought to be. The child is given close attention; any ability which he may show is noted, and developed. Toys are an artful method of awakening ambition and revealing aptitudes. Miniature trains and air planes are supposed to hold the interest of future inventors and engineers. The mothers and homemakers of the next generation are given dolls and toy dishes. These instructive playthings may be first introduced into the home but they also take up a large part of the time in a grade schoolroom.

Child-study as a science has not been thus far entirely successful, but it need not be concluded that it is a complete failure. A child prefers play to work, and for this reason there is attached to work a sense of achievement which is a real pleasure. Super-attention given to a child which results in helplessness and lack of ingenuity, is a menace. Moderation should be used, and care taken not to become childish in an effort to be

childlike and sympathetic with the child.

The partial success of this branch of applied psychology may be in a measure due to the lack of scientific observation. Those who are living under the best conditions for observation are too much occupied with engrossing and immediate needs. When we grow older memories of our childhood are foreshortened, distorted, and incomplete. Hence, the literary efforts of the important period of childhood are not only interesting, but valuable as contributions to psychology. Three such efforts have survived the general fate of oblivion which usually befalls them.

In Northampton Massachusetts a nine year old girl has recited free-verse for an appreciative mother who has published it. *The Young Visitors* published in England, was written by Daisy Ashford when she was nine years old. But possibly the most noteworthy of child literateurs is Opal Whiteley of Oregon, author of *The Story of Opal*; *The Journal of an Understanding Heart*. This story was first published in five installments in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

At that time Opal Whiteley was twenty-two years old but she claims to have written the book when she was six and seven.

The childhood of this young writer as told by Ellery Sedgwick of the *Atlantic Monthly* staff, is

very unusual. When she was about five years old she was adopted by the Whiteley family in Oregon and given the name of Opal. Of her life before this she remembers only a few significant events. She lost her own parents, whom she speaks of as Angel Father and Angel Mother, when she was about four years old. One day she went out in a boat with Angel mother and something happened. She never saw her again and her nurse told her that Angel Mother had gone to Heaven. Shortly after this Angel Father went away and never came back. Something happened to the little girl when her governess was taking her by train to her grandparents, and she next remembers being ill and among strangers. When she recovered Mrs. Whiteley took her on a stage coach to a cabin home in the lumber district of Oregon, where she was to take the place of Mrs. Whiteley's little girl who had died.

Here she lived the life of a mis-understood child but showed no resentment of neglect and indifference. She found an outlet for her imaginative, loving, and sympathetic nature in her intimacy with animal and plant life, and with the few people who were sympathetic. Her communications with these understanding friends she recorded in diary form on wrapping paper and used envelopes.

The entire diary contains about a quarter of a million words but only about seventy thousand—that part attributed to the end of her sixth and to her seventh year—are published. The original has not been revised or changed in content. It was written with colored pencils on both sides of paper of all sorts, shades and sizes, and preserved by Opal for sixteen years, during which time she lived in nineteen different lumber camps. The pieces, which were numerous and very small, were first fitted together according to the color of the writing, and in this way the episodes were connected. These were then typed on cards by an assistant. When they had all been collected the cards were filed in sequence and the manuscript typed off and published just as it was first written. The tedious work of publication took nine months. Such are the facts as given by the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The original title of this *Journal of an Understanding Heart* is as remarkable as its subject matter. Such expressions as "I do think" are fascinating for a time, but become tiresome. The

double emphasis in the use of verbs, as "we had listened to thoughts" and "we stopped a stop at the brook," is found on every page. The use of the right word usually acquired by hard work seems to have been a gift to this child.

Opal distinguishes between and correctly uses in one paragraph such verbs as "concentrating", "thinking", and "feeling". She tells us the flour sack will "evolute into an underskirt". Such words as reason, inspiration, sympathy, satisfaction, and appreciation, are used with discrimination. Not a word in the whole book is wrongly used and only one seems to be a discovery at the time of writing the diary.

One day Opal took Peter Paul Rubens to school with her and "She (the teacher) did ask me where that pig came from.—She did look long looks at me. She did look these looks for a long time.—I did ask her what she was looking those long looks at me for. She said, 'I'm screwtineyesing you.' I never did hear that word before. It is a new word."

Definitions are formulated spontaneously. She calls a young girl "with the far-away look in her eyes" the Pensee Girl. When she cuts the miller's brand out of the flour sack and "the mamma" calls her a nuisance, she guesses, "A new-sance is something some grown-up people don't like to have around at all".—

Love of nature is the dominating feature of the book. No flower is too small and no plant too unworthy to be noticed by her. She pulls a cabbage plant from the garden and puts it into the brook for a few minutes, thinking it might enjoy dabbling its toes in the cool water. Of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, a "a most tall fir tree," she is very fond. When Mrs. Whiteley, whom she calls "the mamma", punishes her for making clay vases in the clean kitchen she says, "I felt sad inside. I went to talk things over with my chum, Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael."

All of her "most dear" pets have names similar to that of the fir tree. Many indeed have been solemnly "christened." They are named after great men of all times prominent in various sciences and arts. The "most-dear velvety wood-rat" answers to the name of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. Brave Horatius who "always follows after" is a shepherd dog. The pet bat who died from eating too many mosquitoes, is Aris-



totle. Another philosophical bat is Plato. Cardinal Richelieu is a baby chicken who has Edmund Spencer for a sister. Two mice are Felix Mendelssohn and Nannerl Mozart. Theodore Roosevelt and St. Louis are trees. The old misused horse is William Shakespeare, the gentle cow Elizabeth Barrett Browning. An especially aggressive rooster is Napoleon and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil is a toad.

Ninety of Opal's animal and plant friends have names which include poets, saints, philosophers, kings army leaders, painters, sculptors, musicians, and others. She gets these names from two copy-books, which her Angel Father and Angel Mother wrote for her to study from, and which she smuggled into her new home. Her free and easy use of the names, however, suggests mental over-feeding and a familiar use of an international *Who's Who*?

Advanced modern ideals have been in some mysterius way conveyed to this child for she keeps a "hospital" and a nursery" for her sick and unwanted chums. The unselfish love she shows toward these animals is a very beautiful thing. When a favorite pig, Peter Paul Rubens, is butchered she is brokenhearted. She hears him squeal so she runs to the pig-pen, where he dies with his bleeding head in her lap. And later when she is grinding sausage she is sad for she hears the "pain squeal" of poor Peter Paul.

People do not play as large a part in the diary as the animals and plants, but to the few who show Opal affection she responds by a mature appreciation of their virtues. Of these Sadie McKibben is the "most dear".

"The freckles on Sadie McKibben's face are as many as are the stars in the Milky Way, and she is awful old-going on forty. Her hands are all brown and cracked like the dried-up mud-puddles by the roadside in July, and she has an understanding soul. She always has bandages ready in her pantry when some of my pets get hurt. There are cookies in her cookie-jar when I don't get home for meals, and she allows me to stake out earth-worms in her back yard."

"—Sadie McKibben has a way of saying", "T'is a folly to fret; grief's no comfort."—She sings

on days when sunshine is. She sings on days when rain is."

Opal is also very fond of "the man who wears gray neckties and is kind to mice". He gave her blue ribbons for the chickens to wear on Christening Day, and he always writes to the fairies for colored pencils when she needs them. Other understanding friends are Dear Love and her young Husband. The characterization is especially good. After the first few chapters Sadie McKibben and the gray necktie man seem like old friends. Others we come to know are Bob Ryder, the chore-boy who never understands, two lovers, Larry and Jean, and Elsie whose husband uses vaseline on his pompadour." Of Lola, a schoolmate of hers we read that the teacher "asked Lola some things, and Lola did tell all in one breath. And teacher marked her a good mark in the book and she gave Lola a smile. And Lola gave her nice red hair a smooth back and smiled a smile back at the teacher."

An example of keen observation of people is illustrated in her writing of the men coming home from the mills.

"They come in twos and threes. They do carry their dinner-pails in their hands. And some do whistle as they come, and some do talk. And some that do see me sitting on the stump do come aside and give to me the scraps in their dinner-pails. Some have knowing of the needs I do have for scraps in the nursery and the hospital. And too, when they come home from work in the far woods, the men do bring lots of moss and nice velvet caterpillars and little rocks Some do."

The diary is not a mere collection of facts and incidents. There are seven complete stories in it. Four concerning love are: of Elsie, Larry and Jean, Dear Love and her Young Husband, and the Pensee Girl who marries "the man that whistles". There are three tragedies: the story of Saddle McKibben's husband who was killed by lightning, of the girl "that has no seeing" who burns to death, and of the schoolmate Lola who dies when she is very young. Little Lola's story is a typical one. At school she tells her friends "her life will be complete when she does have on a white silk dress". This is in the fifth chapter. In the thirty-first chapter the story ends thus:

"Lola has got her white silk dress that she did have so much wants for, and it has a little ruffle around the neck and one around each sleeve like

she had wants for it to have. It is nice she is a great lady—she did say that she would stand up and stretch out her arms and bestow her blessing like the deacon does—but she didn't—She staid asleep in that long box the whole time the children was marching around her and singing "Near-er my God to Thee," and more songs."

Descriptions are not less artfully done. In telling of the cutting down of a tree which could not have been unusual in Oregon she becomes dramatic.

"The saw did stop. There was a stillness. There was a queer sad sound. It did sway. It did crash to the ground."

The style and technic of *The Story of Opal* do not improve. They are equally good from the first to the last chapter. Any author could be proud of its construction. But to believe that Opal Whiteley wrote it when she was seven years old is to believe her a born genius.

The diary was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. As might be expected when a long piece of work is put into a magazine there must be omissions. But besides the large omissions there are short significant ones in *The Story of Opal*. A very wise character sketch of the children in Opal's class might have interested some of the magazine readers. An amusing bit of philosophy on the baby "who wants to have what it wants" is also left out. There are a great many of these short omissions found in the story as printed in the magazine, and they contain some of the best reasoning and bit of word outlook found in the whole book. A characteristic omission is found in writing about an exploration trip.

"We had no stops until we were come to where a long time ago the road had a longing to go across the river, and some men that had understanding made it a bridge to go across on."

Opal Whiteley the little wonder girl and literary genius, has relapses when she acts like a normal child. She makes tiny cookies with a thimble on baking days, polishes the furniture with vaseline, and throws the butter paddle into the river because "the mamma" when tired wishes she may never see it again. When the baby is ten and Mrs. Whiteley complains of losing ten minutes, Opal looks around among the chairs for them. Such literalness is very childlike. Some of the extremely complicated passages in the book are hard to reconcile with these

The plan of naming her pets, mentioned before, would necessitate a master memory but her dating device is even more ingenious. To almost every event Opal attaches a notable date of history. When she christened her pig she gave him the name Peter Paul Rubens because she first saw him on the twenty-eighth of June which was the "borning day of" the real Peter Paul Rubens. These dates are numerous and correct chronologically. Every time Opal writes she tells of some great man who was born or who died on that day and along with the day and the month she gives the year. After awhile we do not marvel when she tells us it is "the going away day of Gentile Bellini in 1507, and Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1792 and John Keats in 1821, and the borning day of George Frederick Handel in 1685. Such a device originated by a seven year old child is more than remarkable, it is inconceivable.

There are distinctions in questions of action "The mamma" has told her she mustn't touch a box of matches on the cupboard shelf. She obeys; but when they are left on the chair she takes them saying, "she didn't say I mustn't touch them when she leaves them on a chair." She uses the same reasoning when carrying cheese out to the wood-rat and carrying the rat in the kitchen to the cheese.

Opal is by no means a model child. She perpetrates all sorts of mischief which is very trying to the patience of her foster-mother. She never hurries when she is sent on an errand, no matter how often she is told to do so. When "the mamma" wishes the miller's brand out of the flour sack Opal cuts it out. She dyes bright blue everything she can find from clothes to dishes. To clean the kitchen floor on wash-day she pours the water from the tub upon it. Naturally she receives many punishments, but she never knows why. Once when she does the weekly mending with glue she gets an extra punishment "to be good on". She thinks it is kind to be told why, because "most times" she does not know.

These parallel lines of thought are inexplorable. Is Opal a seven year old child who does not understand her simple punishments or an elder person who has a clear understanding of complex emotions? Understanding of emotions is evident in her prayers. There is a "want prayer" said for her safety as she jumps from the barn roof. When Sadie gives her cheese for Tom Chat-

terton she holds a "thank service." She prays for the animals when they are sick. In telling about the funeral of a crow which was shot, she does not say it rained, but "the sky was crying tears." A paragraph on voices draws a fine distinction between seven different emotions as they are expressed by a voice. Examples of this are a "pain voice", a "lost voice", and "a voice without words." Such ability is not ordinary. It could hardly be acquired in seven years.

Daisy Ashford's book *The Young Visitors* may be compared with *The Story of Opal*. The only ground for comparison, however, is the ages of the authors at the time the books were written. The books differ in themselves and in the circumstances of their composition. Daisy Ashford lived in an English home, read the popular novels, and saw much of society. Her material is drawn mainly, from the conversations of her mother's visitors. Her chief advantage was that the atmosphere in which she lived was cultured and that is was not opposed to her literary ambitions. Her book is primarily a love story, told in a stilted, imitative manner. It is of interest only because it was written by a child. On the other hand, Opal Whiteley in her seventh year, wrote a diary full of "deep and loving insight into nature and the child's communion with animal and plant life", a book which is unique in style and technic, and purported to have been written without a bit of conscious effort, by an unloved, mis-understood child living in a lumbering district of Oregon, which is in no way encouraging to even a specially gifted writer.

*The Young Visitors* has been accepted in all literary circles because it has been proved to be

authentic. *The Story of Opal*, however, is still a matter of doubt. The question is not whether Opal Whiteley wrote the book, but, when she wrote it. Did she write it when she was a child or when she was attending Oregon University?

In an article on the subject, Mr. Fred Lockley gives a few facts of the life of Opal Whiteley of Cottage Grove, Oregon. She was born in Colton, Washington, on the eleventh of December, twenty-four years ago.

Mr. Lockley personally interviewed Opal's family. Her grandmother disapproves of Opal and represents her misrepresentations of the family. Opal is the oldest of five children. Her sister Pearl she mentions in her diary, and she resembles her sister Chloe. A picture of Mrs. Whiteley, taken when she was a young girl and which the grandmother is willing to show, bears a striking likeness to Opal. Of her girlhood the family tell that she quarreled with her sister, spent most of the time outdoors collecting bugs, used her imagination liberally about what the animals said to her, and always thought everything she said was very important. Both because of this article and from internal evidence, I believe that Opal Whiteley did not write *The Story of Opal* when she was a child seven years old. Books of this type do not contribute to the science of child study. They on the contrary, emphasize the need of it in a moderate, sane way. They show the need of directing and guiding ability in its early development so that it will have true value later. The aim in the psychological study of the child is not to discover child prodigies but to train children to become intelligent men and women.

#### EASTER LILIES

MILDRED KAVANAUGH, '23

GREENLY white, the soft buds swell,  
Shedding fragrance newly born  
Waiting their immortal tale to tell,  
Waiting for Easter morn.

A message of faithful trust they bring,  
Glad tidings for those who mourn,  
As they slowly open at the breath of Spring  
Waiting for Easter morn

Within their snowy depths they hold  
From earthly evils shorn,  
A gift from God, a wealth untold  
Waiting for Easter morn.

Until in sprays of snowy beauty,  
God's threshold they adorn,  
The crowning hour of creature's duty,  
Lo! 'tis Easter morn.

## RESURRECTION

HELEN KINTZ, '24

O WOULD that I could greet Thee, Lord,  
And offer to Thee a heart made pure,  
As Mary Magdalene  
A soul devoid of sin.

O would that I could comfort Thee  
As our dear Lady did,  
Take from Thy heart the piercing pangs,  
And from Thy tomb the lid.

O would that I could vest Thee in  
A winding-sheet of sacrifice,  
Entomb Thy Body in men's hearts,  
Bought by Thee at such a price.

## MOTHERS TWAIN

S. M. E.

SHE hastens down the broad road that leads from the hill to the city. Her face is drawn with anguish, for she suffers his every pain. Again and again she lives over the terrible events leading to the agonized cry which sent her hurrying toward her little home. What cares she that they call him a criminal! They could not understand when she followed him all the way while he carried his cross. Still less could they understand when, the two crosses by which Roman justice took revenge on him and his fellow-criminal having dropped with their burdens into place, she stayed near him still. When the populace hurried back to the city to a trial about to take place in the governor's palace, she remained to watch over him.

Suddenly he gasped at her,  
"Water!"

She looked about frantically. There was none to be had. Even the centurions had gone back to the city, in curious eagerness for the great trial about to be completed. Dared she leave him to go to their little home and bring the drink he

As she runs down the broad road she hears shouting. Blinking unheeding, she tumbles along. The clamor is upon her. She looks up to see men carrying a cross and jeering, singing about and behind them a mighty throng. One of

of the men is well and strong, but the other—who can describe Him? Dully she remembers the third hole prepared for a cross on the summit of the hill, and recalls the comments of the people who were attending the earlier execution. "The high priests tell us He is a blasphemer". "Nay, more, He hath so seduced the people that the whole world hath gone after Him."

The crowd sickens her. Will they never grow weary of blood? She draws a little closer—perhaps this man's mother is following him as she followed her son. The rude people jostle her into the roadway before Him. She looks pityingly into His eyes, and a sudden great comfort comes into her heart. Who can He be? She will speak to Him before she hurries on her way. Then a soldier thrusts her aside, and she falls against a woman who holds her till she regains her footing. She looks up into the woman's face.

Straightway she forgets everything that is happening. For thirty-three long years her memory has enshrined that lovely face, seen but once yet never forgotten. The years slip from her as in a dream.

\* \* \*

The decree had gone out that all Judea must be enrolled, every man in his own city. All day long the streets of Bethlehem were crowded with people. The little inn was filled early in the day. The inn-keeper's wife was tired by unusual exertions, and, when the evening meal was over, she seated herself before the fire to rest. Scarcely had she done so when there came a knocking at the outer entrance. She went through the adjoining room to find that her husband had already opened the door.

A man stood in the doorway, and with him was a woman, whose tired face brightened when she saw the inn-keeper's wife. The older woman looked at the pale young face and into the stranger's eyes—then grew breathless at the wonder she saw. A marvellous light was shining through those eyes, it seemed, a light shining yet veiled by a something in them, tremulous, expectant, half-reluctant, half-afraid. Understanding naught save their appeal to her sympathetic heart, she caught her husband's arm as he was about to close the door with a muttered,

"There is no room for strangers."

"You cannot let them go," she said, "the wo-



man must have shelter. We can find a place for her."

"Hush! I tell you there is no room."

"Oh, you cannot be so unkind. Let me bring the woman in and care for her."

"Be quiet", he snarled, and, thrusting her rudely back, for he was heated with wine, he shut and fastened the door.

She crept to her room, for she feared him when he had been drinking. Closing the door, she stood irresolute; then with a quick sob, she knelt by a low bed on which a little boy lay sleeping.

"O sweet one, if it had been I and thou!"

Kissing the small rosy hand, she rose and opened an old chest in the corner of the room. Lifting out some little garments and a bundle of swaddling clothes, she pressed them to her face and wept for the woman she could not befriend in her need.

\* \* \*

"Oh, it is thou, at last! Dost thou remember the night thou camest to the inn at Bethlehem, and my husband refused thee shelter? When a few days had gone by there came Wise Men from the Orient in rich apparel, who told us that they sought a King who was the Son of God. Then I thought me of the prophecies, and lo, I wondered concerning thee. And the Wise Men returning told us that they found the Messiah, a Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Then I prepared such things as I thought thou, mightest need, and when the next day had come I went to the stable. But thou hadst departed. Then, indeed, I grieved that I could not have sheltered thee, and ministered tenderly unto Him. All these years I have remembered thee and longed to see thy Son. And He is to be our King, who will rule my people. O tell me, where is He that I may go to worship Him."

Breathlessly the words tumbled from her, In her joy at meeting the mother of the desired One, she forgets her own mother-anguish for the moment. The woman, whose eyes during the story have never left the broken, pitiable figure, now struggling up after the third fall under the cross, says quietly,

"My Son!"

The mother of the thief had been too absorbed in her own shame and agony to hear the noisy clamor of the day, "He called Himself

the Son of God". He, the Messiah, to be crucified!

"Even as my son—my son"—Her voice falters and her head drops to the other woman's breast. "My son, who was so good till he met with evil companions. Now he dies, blaspheming Jehovah." She looks up into the other woman's face, then catches with trembling hands her flowing mantle. "The Messiah! Canst thou not entreat thy Son to save him? They will die together, my child and thine, and thou—"

The crowd jostles them apart, and the mother of the thief suddenly remembers. He needs water, and she has let the precious moments slip by. Perhaps the centurion—There is a scream, a great surging of the crowd. A huge horse, terrified at the unusual hubbub, rears under his rider and plunges madly. She is in front of him, and he strikes her to the ground.

\* \* \*

It is evening when she opens her eyes with the cry, "Oh, entreat thy Son to save him!"

A kindly neighbor woman rises from her stool by the bed. She bends over the broken form. "Be at peace, my friend. I have sweet news for thee. He whom they crucified with thy son was indeed the Son of God. When He died there was a great darkness of the sun; the veil of the temple was rent; and the earth rocked asunder to deliver up its dead. And thy son", here she leaned very close, "thy son said unto Him before He died, 'Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom!'"

"And the Messiah? Oh, tell me!"

"The Messiah answered, 'Amen, I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise!'"

The tired, drawn face relaxes, the staring, anguished eyes close. She lies so quiet that the watcher thinks her asleep. Then she opens her eyes and murmurs.

"And the mother of the Messiah?"

"His mother stood at the foot of the cross and looked away from Him but once, to look into the face of thy son. After that he spake unto the Messiah."

A wan, tender smile lights the pale face. Then the eyes close. The neighbor woman kneels gently by the bedside.

"Thou, too, this day," she whispers.

THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1922

S. M. R.

In her Christmas robe, just dropped from Heaven,  
I saw the earth, this morn at seven,  
And Winter in state on his throne.

A soft note high from a white-branched tree  
Called down to the very heart of me;  
I looked, and a cardinal's breast flashed red  
As it darted sunward over my head.

"Thus passeth the glory of Winter," I said,—  
For spring was come into her own.

### "HEALTH INSURANCE"

KATHARINE DOLAN, '21

THE business of government, is to make it easy for the people to keep strong and well." This is the foundation for the Health Insurance Bill, not only to prevent, by safety of methods and healthful surroundings, the start and spread of sickness, but also once the blow has fallen, to endeavor to lighten it and make it easier to bear by cash benefits, medical help, and insurance.

At the present time in the United States, we have 3,000,000 persons sick. The average loss of time yearly for 30,000,000 persons is nine days. Medical treatment amounts to about \$180,000,000 while the annual loss in wages is \$500,000,000.

This gives a fair estimate of just how great is the need for a system of protection, not only as a humane institution but also an economical one. Employers have discovered that it is better to pay a small amount toward an insurance fund, than to lose experienced workmen, on account of their inability to rest for a short time, when it is necessary for them to obtain special treatment, and as a result they become incapacitated for a long time, perhaps permanently. The insurance would be carried, two fifths by the employer, two fifths by the employee, and one fifth by the state. In this way we would find our charity lists decreasing instead of increasing, an outcome which makes immediate action desirable as well as imperative.

Health is not based entirely upon personal habits, but many cases of loss of health is caused by occupational diseases, such as, phosphorus and lead poisoning. Sometime this occupational disease is covered by special insurance but the field

of health insurance is broad and the particular insurance will not cover all of it.

Many have already seen the great need. Various trade unions and groups of workers have offered help. Employers have established sick funds, and all these show the necessity of a National plan.

If a system can be devised by which the rest of health insurance will be distributed between the employer, the workmen, and the state, the burden will be less difficult to bear. Very good standards for such a system were set forth by the Committee on Social Insurance of the American Association for Labor Legislation; they consist of the following articles.

First: To be effective, health insurance should be compulsory, on the basis of joint contributions of employer, employee, and the state.

Second: The compulsory insurance should include all wage workers earning less than a given annual sum, where employed with sufficient regularity to make it profitable to compute and collect assessments. Casual and home workers should, as far as practicable, be included within the plan and scope of a compulsory system.

Third: There should be a voluntary supplementary system for groups of persons (wage workers or others) who for practical reasons are kept out of the compulsory system.

Fourth: Health insurance should provide for a specified period only, provisionally set at twenty-six weeks (one-half year); but a system of invalidity, insurance should be combined with health insurance, so that all disability due to disease will be taken care of in one law, although the funds should be separate.

Fifth: Health insurance on the compulsory plan should be carried by mutual local funds jointly managed by employers and employees under public supervision. In large cities such locals may be organized by trades with a federated bureau for the medical relief. Establishment funds and existing mutual sick funds, may be permitted to carry the insurance where their existence does not injure the local funds, but they must be under strict government supervision.

Sixth: Invalidity insurance should be carried by funds covering a larger geographical area comprising the districts of a number of local health insurance funds. The administration of the invalidity fund should be intimately asso-

ated with that of the local health funds and on a representative basis.

Seventh: Both health and invalidity insurance should include medical services, supplies, necessary nursing and hospital care. Such provision should be thoroughly adequate, but its organization may be left to the local societies, under strict governmental contract.

Eighth: Cash benefits, should be proceeded by both invalidity and health insurance for the insured or his dependents during such disability.

Ninth: It is highly desirable that prevention be emphasized so that the introduction of a compulsory health and invalidity insurance system shall lead to a campaign of health conservation, similar to the safety movement resulting from workmen's compensation.

The result of these standards is the Health insurance Bill itself, in a tentative draft of an act, submitted for Criticism and Discussion by the Committee on Social Insurance of the American Association for Labor Legislation. In this act the details are cared for in full, especially those that have to do with compulsory insurance and payments, and maternity benefits.

Those who are under compulsion to take out insurance are the employees who do not receive over a \$100 a month remuneration, except employees of the government. This enables the bread winner of the family, not only to lay up for a rainy day but also to help bear the expenses of his less fortunate brother.

The Cash payments are granted for twenty-six weeks, dating from the fourth day of disability, while medical attention is supplied from the beginning of illness as long as cash benefits are due. The percent given as the standard of the Association Bill is 66.2-3 percent of the wages, and it is the middle course between the minimum rates in Austria, Germany, and the Netherlands, varying from 50 to 60 per cent of the wages, while a maximum of 75 per cent is permitted in Germany and Austria and 90 per cent in the Netherlands.

Maternity benefits in Europe are provided for in every country that carries life insurance. It is paid to the insured woman or wife of the insured man. In the United States the bill calls for the payment of a benefit the same as the regular sick benefit of the insured for a period of eight weeks, two before and at least six after delivery.

The doctors may be selected by the insured member himself and their compensation will be paid according to the plan of the County Medical Society.

When we come to realize these conditions by the passing of a Health Insurance Bill, we will find the laboring man, free from the torturing tread of the ogre, sickness descending upon him, an ogre who is sure to invite his friends, misery and despair, to come and dwell with him in the home.

This picture is especially vivid to the man who must work in unhealthy conditions. He is thrust into his present predicament, but the passage of such a bill would make it so much easier to bear. The employer would, under compulsory insurance, desire to make the conditions as good as possible and much of the impending danger would be averted.

This has been seen by the European countries. Between 1909 and the outbreak of the European war, there was rapid development in compulsory health insurance legislation. During that time such laws were adopted by the six countries, Germany, Austria, Luxemburg and Great Britain, and the Netherlands. The four countries, Germany, Austria, Luxemburg and Hungary had previously passed such compulsory laws. All of these countries are far ahead of us in this respect, as they have demonstrated by their experience, the practical value and economical soundness of these principles.

And we have found ourselves to be in even a greater need of a compulsory insurance. During the draft 40 per cent of our young men were rejected on physical grounds; 15,000 American women die every year from childbirth; and 250,000 babies die in the first year of their lives. Again, more than 80 per cent of the families aided by the Buffalo Charity Organization and 38 percent of the New York Society, were dependent because of sickness. New York State alone pays out annually, \$10,000,000 for the institutional care of the pauper sick.

The burden of these misfortunes should fall proportionally upon the employee, the employer, and the state, and this can be accomplished only by the speedy enactment of a Health Insurance Bill.

## FULFILLMENT

FRANCES LAPOINTE, '24

THE earth was hushed in quiet,  
The trees stood silent guard,  
The morning, dew-dripped, waited—  
The gates of Heaven were barred.

But then with mighty joy  
The glorious sun burst out,  
And He, the risen God,  
Put conquered Death to rout.

## AN IRISH EASTER

MARY E. SCHEIBER, '24

MISCHIEVOUS will-o'-the-wisps had filled the marshes the night through, but now dawn was afloat in the sky; its soft tints shading night's blackness to an ever mellowing grayness. As if in the hope of cheating the villagers of their enjoyment of sunrise on Easter morn, dawn had swathed all heaven in a cloud-garment that dimmed the luster of hurrying sunbeams. But when she discovered the towncrier arousing the village populace, despite her precautions, she seemed to sense the significance of the day and in sudden agitation brushed a gleaming arm across the sky, swept aside the mists and revealed a gilded space brightened by the reflection of a gold-tipped radiance crowning a hill-top. Toward this knoll, topped by a solitary limekiln, streamed the life which issued from the houses of the village. All the brilliance spilled onto the happy Irish soil seemed concentrated here, and in the faces of the children dotting the roof and peeping from the windows of the building was a beaming and innocent enjoyment. Whether the sun was taking a preliminary peep to see if the scene was set for his appearance, or whether his vanity prompted him to insure the arrival of all others before that of his own pompous self, is doubtful, but at any rate he hesitated long enough to enjoy the hush of expectance that followed. Then he ascended into the bright sky and there danced gloriously, dazzlingly, until each heart has gathered in millions of the vivacious beams of happiness shimmering abroad, and sang for joy at the thought of the real Resurrection. In such a jubilant mood, then, the young folk returned to the village to enjoy the delights of an

Easter festival, while the older people, gathered within the Church, reenacted the sacrifice of the Cross and renewed the resurrection within their hearts by the reception of Him who arose from the dead.

## EASTER MEMORIES

MARJORIE FOX, '24

AN old man was seated on the wide veranda of an old country home. In one hand he held a violin, in the other a bow which he occasionally drew caressingly across the strings. Age had encroached upon the vigor and health which had been his in youth, but even Age could not efface the nobility and distinction shown in every line of his face. His attitude was one of deep thought, for Easter was just one day off, and Easter brought with it a flood of memories.

Even in youth this old man had been called a genius; for with his violin and bow he brought beautiful songs into existence, causing rapture in the hearts of his listeners, rapture to think that anything could be so beautiful. But the happiest time of all had been the first Easter he had played his "Risen Christ" in the great Cathedral. It was the greatest and most beautiful of his compositions, and had been written out of the very fullness of Easter Joy in his heart. He had been so delighted when the director of the great Cathedral Choir had allowed him to play it at Mass on Easter morning, and every year since that time long ago, he had played it with ever increasing fervor.

The old man's hands dropped. The violin and bow fell with a faint thud. His attitude changed from one of thought to one of sleep, but it was a deeper sleep than that of mortals. Tomorrow his "Risen Christ" would not be played by him in the Cathedral, but before God's throne in Heaven, where he had been called.

## APRIL

LUCILE WEENRICH, '24

CLOUDS melting into rain drops,  
Awake the sleeping flowers,  
The violets and the yellow cups  
Are lurking in their bowers,  
Then the sun comes peeping out,  
Winking at the rain-kissed grasses,  
Thus pass April hours!



## O LAMB OF GOD

ARMELIA HELLMUTH, '23

O LAMB of God!  
Thy soul was rent  
In that sad hour,  
In prayer spent.  
But Heaven's power,  
Assistance lent:

For Thou,  
Oh Lamb of God!  
Each soul could see,  
Condemned to die  
In sin. Ah we!  
Thou past not by.  
From bondage free

I bow,  
Oh Lamb of God!  
Before Thy shrine,—  
Gethsemane's mound.  
The victory Thine  
The ransom found;  
And Heaven mine.

## BLIGHTED OFFERINGS

MILDRED KAVANAUGH, '23

IT was a beautiful window. Satin-faced lilies banked with golden daffodils, pale blush-roses amid soft carressing ferns, cheered the hustling throng as they passed. Monsieur Beaudell had selected the choicest flowers for his big window this Easter, and the results of his careful choosing were evident. Even when all other windows flaunted their gay spring messages, his stood out as a sun among moons, dazzling and brilliant. Inside the shop polished cases were filled with freshly cut flowers, and neat attendants served the inquiring purchasers as they selected and re-selected their Easter lilies.

But in the little work-room at the back of the big display window and the tidy shop, all was not so fresh and springlike. The blighted flowers that would not do for display but which were to be sold at a discount, stood on a cluttered table, and by the table, sorting the still fresh blooms from yesterday's flowers stood another blighted figure, little Pierre Beaudell, the orphan nephew of Monsieur. Pierre's legs were mismated; one dragged as its mate, aided by a crutch, moved his frail little body around the room. But he had

the "artistic eye" Monsieur said, and although like the imperfect flowers, he was not fit for the front room, he was valuable in the work-shop.

All day Saturday business flourished. Easter awakened the desire for flowers, flowers for the homes and for the altars. Pierre had begged Monsieur to give him one of the beautiful lilies for an offering to his Beloved Lady, but Monsieur, busy and tired, had pushed the little fellow aside and laughed at his request.

"Mon Dieu! For the Church, my lilies are for sale, to put money in my pocket, not for silly children to carry to shrines. Let the wealthy Elders on the Avenue buy the flowers for their Churches. I will sell the lilies to them. *Comprenez vous?*"

And Pierre had been thrust back into the work-room.

All his life Pierre had been buffeted and neglected. Monsieur, providing him with a dark little room over the store and scarcely enough food for his feeble little body, regarded himself as the possessor of a large heart and the doer of a great act of charity for which he would reap endless reward. Pierre never complained. He knew his maimed body was offensive to the debonair Monsieur, so he remained obscure, making daily pilgrimages to St. Mark's Cathedral, oftentimes with a few flowers culled from the wilted ones but more often empty handed.

But on Easter, not to place one lily at the feet of the Blessed Mother! Surely that was a sore trial. Perhaps by dint of great selection he could find one among the blighted group on the table, which while not worthy to be placed upon the altar would nevertheless be an offering. The Blessed Virgin would understand. Choosing from the collection a plant with two but slightly wilted blooms, he carried it up to his own little room and placed it by his bed. Monsieur would never miss it.

When the shop closed for the evening and Pierre's work was done for the week, he climbed the narrow stairs to his room. In the dim light the lily shown like a star; the friendly darkness covered its blight. Wrapping it against the chilly evening air, Pierre started for St. Mark's. It was a hard journey for the little cripple, carrying the heavy plant and wielding the unsteady crutch. As he mounted the steps, he heard the organ.

The organist was playing over the Easter Mass. Pushing the door open, he was greeted by the fragrance of many flowers. In the soft glow from the sanctuary lamp, he could see the main altar, standing out in the twilight like a huge lily, each snowy spire a petal, the golden tabernacle door the center.

Pierre thumped down a side aisle to the Blessed Virgin's altar. It, too, like the main altar, had been decorated for Easter. The most perfect blooms adorned it. Pierre dropt on his knees before her throne for an instant, then timidly

placed his imperfect offering at the base of the altar. As he knelt by it, from the dim loft the organ swelled forth the Easter *Sanctus*. Pierre did not hear it, he was alone in the twilight with his Lady. Was She moving? He stretched forth his thin little hands. Yes, She was coming, She had taken his hand, was leading him up, higher and higher to the very throne of God.

The organ softened into the Benedictus. The sanctuary lamp flickered and flamed higher. In front of the Blessed Virgin's altar, two blighted creatures had found rest.

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#### GREETINGS TO MOTHER

MARJORIE FOX, '24

A FAIRY queen I'd like to be,  
At this fair Easter time,  
One wave of golden wand from me  
Would send a gift sublime.

Of flowers the fairest blooming now,  
I'd send a great bouquet,  
In each small flower I'd place a vow  
To love you every day.

But since my dream can not come true,  
For that could never be,  
My Easter Greeting comes to you  
From just your daughter, me.

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#### BOBBY'S DOUBT *A Bed Time Story*

CATHERINE JOHNS, '22

"Aw' you can't tell me that any rabbit leaves eggs, Easter" said Bobby, satisfied with his wisdom.

"Well! I guess I know! Didn't my Dad see him bring them to his house when he was little," defended his play mate.

"Bobby scornfully suggested "Say how can that same rabbit still bring eggs around. Gee! he must be old."

"Well! but that was a grandfather," said Jimmie, with the assurance that he had won his point. "I just bet anything you have a basket of eggs, Easter, an' brought by a bunny, too."

"Well! believe if you want to, you're nothing but a kid, anyways," and Bobby left his comrade with a hopeless and disgusted look.

Easter eve came around with Bobby still unconvinced as to the Easter rabbit. But his mother ~~was~~ had looked him into bed that night when he felt a tap at his window. In an instant a big

furry bunny jumped to his bedside. Silently he put Bobby into a basket on his back, and started on his Easter errands. Bobby did not remonstrate, since his surprise was too great and the bunny was too busy to bother with his queries. So, he quietly settled himself in the basket and peered out, intent upon all that was happening. They went from house to house leaving baskets of eggs. At each home Bobby's doubt began to weaken. Finally, the rabbit took him back to his bed and left there, with him, the largest of baskets, together with a chocolate image of himself.

"Say, Mr. Rabbit yo're most as good as Santa Claus" thanked Bobby in a tired yet grateful voice.

In the morning, Bobby found by his bedside the basket and chocolate bunny, which destroyed all his misgivings. He rushed to Jimmie, excited and happy, though vanquished.

"Say, Jimmie, you didn't fib as much as I thought you did!"

## INGRATITUDE

MARY ELIZABETH SEIDNER, '24

ARCHANGELS ever and anon descend,  
 Their glowing wings adorned with grace, God's flower,  
 To fling its blooms in soul-refreshing shower,  
 Upon Earth's gardens: there, man's heart to mend,  
 The fragrance of His love each rose inhales,  
 In every lily white breathes all that's pure  
 While violets so humble and demure  
 To Him in penitence entice our hearts.  
 Yet when He seeks our thanks for gifts so rare  
 What feeble recompense doth He receive;  
 Our souls forget their Saviour crucified  
 The very angels question, "Do they dare?"  
 And strive by adoration to relieve  
 His anguished Heart—the Heart of Him Who died!

## HER FAVOR

ELSIE FORSCHNER, '24

ANNIE and Jack were two little orphans who had been adopted by a man sixty-four years of age. His name was Timothy O'Toole and the children called him "Uncle Tim." He had been an enemy to the world for years and had lived in his big house up on the hill, alone, except for the servants he kept to care for his house.

After the European war, when the Red Cross and other societies were making campaigns for the relief of the poor, Mr. O'Toole had been persuaded to care for these two children who had lost all trace of relatives and were under the protection of the Good Shepherd Sisters. He had done this, not through his love for the children, but because he had been persuaded that it was his duty to mankind.

Years before, Mr. O'Toole had been a Catholic, but after his mother's death, when he was about twelve years old, he began to grow lax in religious matters and finally fell away entirely from his faith. Then when he suffered business difficulties he had turned away from the world and had led a very secluded and selfish life.

After living for several weeks in Mr. O'Toole's house the children noticed a queer coldness about his manner, but could not quite make out what was the trouble. They did, however, notice that he never went to Church; and after he had refused several times to accompany them to Mass, they did not ask him any more. They had had

enough religious instruction to know that every one should adore God and go to Church. They also knew that God granted all requests if the person could be bettered by it. So Annie and Jack promised that they would go to Mass every morning during Lent and ask God to make "Uncle Tim" go to Church. They called this "their favor."

Mr. O'Toole did not notice at first that the children were getting up early every morning; it was the nurse's business to take care of them. But after a week had passed he began to think it strange. He called the children and asked them why they were up so early and where they were going with their hats and coats. Annie was the one addressed and she hesitated a moment, then answered,

"We are going to Church to ask God—"to give us our favor. Don't you want to come along, Uncle Tim?"

But "Uncle Tim" did not want to go.

After the children were gone, however, he began to think of what Annie had said, "to ask God to give us our favor." He remembered when he too used to ask God for favors. That was a long time ago. Then he wondered what it was the children wanted. He had tried to give them all that they needed, what else could they wish for? But he was interrupted by a business caller.

It was on Holy Thursday and the children

were coming from Church when a racing automobile coming down the street suddenly became like a huge monster, uncontrollable. It gained speed, dashed to the side, ran over the curbing, and struck Annie. The little girl was carried home unconscious, and the doctor was sent for. All day she lay in a delirium, moaning about "her favor" and begging Jack not to forget it.

Since the children had come to his home "Uncle Tim" had learned to love them, and now his heart was near to breaking from the heavy weight of this sorrow. He was just beginning to feel like a real man again and this sorrow must overtake him. He fought with himself, but finally he broke down, sobbing. Then he began to pray, the first time in years, and he begged God to spare this little angel on earth.

Annie did not gain consciousness until the next morning at just about the time she usually went to Mass. The first thing she wanted was to get dressed so that she could go to Church; and when told by the nurse that she could not go as she was too sick, she began to cry. This awakened "Uncle Tim" who, being tired from his all-night vigil, had just fallen asleep, and he came hurrying to the little girl's bedside.

Jack had already gone to Mass and no amount of explaining seemed to change the little girl's mind that she ought to go. She had promised God that she would go to Mass every morning

and ask for "her favor." She could not fail in that promise.

"Uncle Tim" thought of her promise and of how sacredly she held it. Did he think much of his promises? No, he had even forgotten the promise he had made to his dying mother, never to forget God, and to keep up his Catholic religion. If his mother only knew, how badly she would feel. For a long time he sat thinking, his head in his hands. Frequently Annie could see his frame shake as though he were sobbing. Finally, he raised his head, put his hand on Annie's hand and said,

"Annie dear, be quiet and pray to God from your bed today, and Sunday I will go to Church with you and beg God to give you "your favor." I am sure he will grant it."

The little girl looked at him. She could hardly believe it was true. God was so good. "Her favor" was going to be granted.

"Wait until Jack hears this,," she said to herself. Then she raised herself up and kissed him. "Uncle Tim," she said, "I am so glad. And Sunday is Easter." Then she lay back and soon she fell asleep.

"Uncle Tim" sat by her for a long time watching the smile on her face, but he did not know that he was the cause of that smile, that he had made "her favor" possible.

#### LONGING

MONA KEOWN, '24

WHEN the sheen of April's dawn has changed  
 Into day's most charming hue,  
 When the robin tilt his morning hymn  
 From a bough wet with glistening dew  
 And the Easter chimes have tuned the air,  
 I'll be longing, dad, for you!

When the roses bloom in summer time  
 And emit their fragrance rare  
 I'll be going home with heavy heart,  
 For I know you'll not be there.  
 It is then, sweet dad, I'll miss you most—  
 And your ever loving care.



## ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PUPILS OF

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

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APRIL 1922

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EASTER GLADNESS

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"The revel of leaves is beginning,  
The riot of sap is astir."

Everywhere there is renewed life, from lilac and willow to the banners of the maple, and the "long procession moving up from the south, lures humanity out of doors to enjoy the song of the birds, the color and fragrance of the blossoms and the fresh savor of the soil.

But is the pulsed quickened with the mere natural beauty of the spring? It is the spirit of Easter, the spirit of the Resurrection that makes the heart glad. All the beauty of tree and flower and bird is nature's tribute to the great fundamental belief of the Christian world.

Immortality is symbolized in the spring's renewal; for, as the seed which dies in the darkness of the earth's bosom comes forth with new life, so we shall rise from death into life undying.

It is this pledge of immortality which the Risen Christ has given to our souls that makes Easter what it is,—a day of holy triumph—truly this is "the day the Lord hath made".

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THE CEREMONIES OF HOLY WEEK

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Perhaps, it is in Holy Week that we realize most vividly and most gratefully the beautiful symbolism of the Church in her ceremonies. Sight and hearing are appealed to even in the setting of the week's solemn actions. The sombre drapings, the purple and black vestments, the absence of flowers and the glory of lights, the hush of the organ and the bell, the transition from Holy Thursday with its eager

last testament of loving adoration before the Alter, to the deserted, open tabernacle of Good Friday,—there is no other poetry like it. And it is a symbolism full of holiest meaning.

Were it only a dramatic rite it would be impressive; but it is emblematic of a sublime reality; it means history and religion, faith and hope, love and worship to us, who understanding hearts, follow the Man of Sorrows through those long hours of the Passion to the tomb, there to watch until the **Resurrexit sicut dixit** sounds and our souls keep saying alleluia. Faith is fostered and love quickened by the ceremonies of the Church, whose divine mission was conformed and sealed by the Death and Resurrection which she so graphically represents.

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THE LIFE OF CHRIST*(As portrayed in the four Gospels.)*

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THAT the leaders of three great nations might come to the Crib of His Divine Son and learn of the wondrous miracle enacted there, God hung a great guiding star in the heavens. Years later, after that Son had consummated His life on earth and no longer lived and moved among those who first had turned to Him, God in His Providence chose another means of bringing all nations closer to Himself and to His Son. He choose four of His most humble followers and, flooding their souls with divine inspiration, He made them the guiding lights of all nations for all times, that they might know the beauty and the wonder of the life of His Son.

Matthew, the apostle, in his stern exactness with his strikingly quaint style, begins the genealogy of Christ and traces it through the forty-two generations of the House of David. There is a strange solemnity in his words,

"Abraham begot Isaac. And Isaac begot Jacob. And Jacob begot Judas and his brethren. . . And Jacob begot Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ."

It is Luke who gives the most beautiful version of the Annunciation and a story of the birth of Christ, strikingly vivid in its simplicity. He pictures Joseph and Mary going from their home in Nazareth to the town of Bethlehem that they might obey Caesar's decree, demanding that they

be enrolled in their home city. He shows us how, wearied with travel and without shelter, they seek refuge in a lonely cave, where in the silence of the night the Christ is born; and to our ears he brings the great message of peace to men of good will. What could be more telling than the few words in which the evangelist epitomizes the beauty of the hidden youth of Christ?

"And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and men,"

We look to the Beloved Disciple for the more intimate touches in the life of the Master, that eager, exultant voice crying out in the wilderness of an incredulous world, proclaiming the Word, the Lamb of God, the Life and Light of the World. With him, we go through the public life of Christ; we see Him choosing His apostles; we marvel at His simple obedience to His Mother at Cana when He performed His first miracle; we learn the power of His love, which reached out to the Samaritan woman to heal her of her sins, and to the ruler's son to lift him from his bed of sickness. Again, we see the expression of that Love in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, when he gave His people the promise of the Bread of life everlasting. Divine Love is reflected in every line of John's story. He makes us see the Good Shepherd, the Friend of the poor, the Counsellor of the weak, the forgiving Father, and he reveals to us the endless acts of mercy, charity, and justice in which the Son of David clothes His Love. His song of love culminates in the triumphant ride of Christ into Jerusalem amid the shouts of a conquered people.

How soon those shouts of praise were to turn to bitter jeering, St. Mark tells us in his simple story of the Passion. With him, we gaze upon Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane suffering the terrible Agony; the betrayal by the disciple Judas; the brutal treatment in the house of Caiaphas; Peter's pitiful denial, Pilates unwilling condemnation of the gentle Christ. He takes us over that long journey to Calvary and shows us the Lamb of God clothed in His own blood, His grief-stricken Mother, the faithlessness of His friends, and His humble submission to the cruelty of His captors. Then comes the long agony on the Cross and the death of the Saviour.

Again we turn to St. John, the Beloved Disciple, for the account of the resurrection of Christ and

His various manifestations of Himself to His followers. Again the Love of Christ dominates the story. We find it in His words to Peter,

"Simon, Son of John, lovest thou me?" and Peter's answer

"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love Thee."

We find it in His careful planning for the guidance of His Church and in His words of encouragement to the faithful followers whom he was so soon to leave.

An with Saint John, we conclude:

"But there are also many other things which Jesus did; which, if they were written every one, the world itself I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written."

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## THE SMILE

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The smile has been the subject of song, poetry, and prose, for so long a time that nothing new can be said about it. However, its value can never be over-emphasized. The psychology of it is evident, for a smile has the magic power to transform unpleasant images into brighter ones, and by so doing, to change the individuals outlook. A cheery smile has often been the means of giving a new aspect to the events of certain dreary days, which all humans are more or less bound to experience. The philosophy of the smile is that it is the rainbow of the blues, and it is expressed in the refrain: "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, And smile, smile, smile."

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## APPROPOS OF EXAMINATION

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Cardinal Newman himself was such a highly gifted, accurate and truly learned man, that one can with difficulty picture him as having experience of the trials of those with less mental power. Yet in two highly amusing and equally instructive dialogues, he discloses a wonderfully intimate knowledge of the struggling, inaccurate mind of one type of youth—the kind that "rejoices to profess all the classics, and to learn none of them."

The first dialogue is in the nature of an Entrance Examination. The applicant, Mr. Brown,

is being questioned by a tutor as to the extent of his knowledge of the Anabasis. The self-satisfied attitude of the young man, the delicate irony of the teacher are well pictured. This is in the nature of an attack, in accordance with one of the author's most strongly based antipathies, upon the brand of education that attempt to drill a few facts into the students' head and behold, with great complacency, the result. The result of the examination is shown in two letters, one from the tutor, requesting that the young man's entrance be deferred, the other from the youth himself to his father, telling how well he passed and what funny questions he was asked. He says, 'I was tolerably satisfied with myself, but he gave me no opportunity to show off.'

The other dialogue shows the satisfactory side of the picture, the examination of a student, who though not actually brilliant, knows what he is talking about, is accurate, and above all has connected his knowledge with the facts of life instead of storing it away in various mental pigeon-holes. Newman had a sound practical knowledge of the human mind, and his taking the elementary studies to illustrate his idea is characteristic of the man. He knew the value of thoroughness, of accuracy, and of a right beginning, and hoped by this amusing dialogue form to bring the truth home to some of his young readers..

#### BOOK REVIEW

*A Woman of the Bentivoglios* by Francis Powers is the story of the foundress of the Order of Poor Clares in the United States.

A pen picture of Marie Maggadalea Bentivoglio, vividly drawn, introduces the reader to this humble servant of Christ. The book, of less than eighty pages, gives an account of Rome at the time of Maria's birth (1864), her family, her admission into the Poor Clares, her "Via Dolorosa", which began Oct. 12, 1875 when she landed in New York, and its continuance through many hardships and rebuffs until her peaceful death August 18, 1905, at Evansville, Ind. The work of establishment is calmly and sweetly recorded. Simple, loving, trusting was the character of this noble woman.

(Ave Maria Press)

#### RECITAL

By

#### ST. MARY'S GLEE CLUB PROGRAM

##### American Composers

The Sweetest Flower That Blows.....Hickey

The Nightingale's Song.....Nevin

GLEE CLUB

The Star.....Rogers

MISS E. LACUVZE

Absent.....Metcalf

A Model College Girl.....Brown

GLEE CLUB

Duet Cycle: "A Day in Arcady".....Ware

Spring Morning

The Seas of Noon

Good Night

MISSES D. RYNO AND H. WEINRICH

A Birthday.....Huntington-Woodman

MISS M. H. DURET

O Heart of Mine.....Clough-Leigher

My Shadow.....Hadley

GLEE CLUB

March Wind.....Turner-Salter

MISS M. WADE

A Song of Joy.....Tristant

GLEE CLUB

Accompanists: MISSES M. RANSTEAD AND H. WEINRICH

March 26, 1922.

#### PIANO RECITAL

MARTHA K. MORRISSEY

##### The Thief

*A lovely spirit-thing*

*Came creeping to the low*

*Doors of my heart:*

*It sets a song, dear God, of Thee,*

*I could but bring*

*It safe within. How could I know*

*That, stealing all my love, it would depart*

*On the swift wings of melody,*

*Dear God, to Thee!*

—S. M. E.

#### PROGRAM

Introduction and Polonaise.....Hollaender

Violin—PROFESSOR R. SEIDEL

Intermezzo, Op. 2 No. 3.....Dohnanyi

Leyenda.....Albeniz

Reading—Dona Dolores and King Philip....Crawford

MISS G. LANG

Dedication.....Schumann-Liszt

Preludes.....Chopin

Song—Yesterday and Today.....Spruss

MISS H. WEINRICH

Piano—MISS M. RANSTEAD

Butterflies.....Ole Olsen

Folksong—Intermezzo.....Palmgren

Walt—Prelude Op. 24 No. 4.....Poldini  
 Symphonic Concertante.....Hard  
 Violins—Miss M. MALPIN, Prof. R. SEIDEL  
 Piano—Miss Z. BURNS  
 Roses of the South (Paraphrase).....Strauss Schull  
 Suite—Peer Gynt.....Grieg  
 First Piano—Misses H. WEINRICH, A. R. CARR  
 Second Piano—Misses H. DAILY, L. CARTER  
 Violin—Professor R. SEIDEL

### NOTES

St. Mary's is greatly interested in the award of the Laetare Metal, since the recipient, Mr. Charles P. Neill, is a near relative of our beloved Superior.

Sunday, Mar. 26, the Rev. L. J. Carrico, C. S. C. delivered an eloquent sermon. Expanding the text: "Love thy neighbor as thy self". Father Carrico told the need of service to society and the obligation of Catholic women to lend themselves to the work by affiliating with the National Catholic Welfare Council.

We wonder how many of the superstitiously inclined will have courage enough to venture homeward for Easter vacation on the 13.

An ancient tradition has been violated! Colored uniforms for spring are to be substituted for the time-honored pongee waists and woolen skirts.

The Sophomores are growing in wisdom and in grace with the powers that be,—a new privilege has been granted them—permission to enter town.

St. Mary's Glee Club entertained by a Recital on March 26. The numbers on the program were confined to American composers. The blending of the voices and delicate shading which characterizes the Club were well brought out in the varied selections.

The annual reception for the Sodality of the Children of Mary was held in the Church of Immaculate Conception and twenty-four aspirants were admitted.

On March 18 the sisters were hostesses at

an informal luncheon complimenting the class of 1923.

Mr. J. P. McEvoy, humorist, uncovered the secrets of his trade in a talk on Journalistic Fun Making, April 14. The talk provoked much laughter and merriment. It was a well-prescribed tonic "taken" after the strenuous, brain racking examinations.

March went out with more than the proverbial roar; April 1, was a picturesque winter day,—snow covered grounds, and glistening lacy veils over every fir tree and shrub.

Coy and vacillating are the days: now snow, now rain, then suddenly the sun breaks through the airy clouds, the breath of spring is in the breeze, the grass becomes marvelously green over night, and the birds are heralding their return from winter quarters in the south.

The Triduum in preparation of Easter Communion was conducted by the Rev. A. Schwitter, S. J. of St. Louis University, Mo.

A championship game of Basketball between the Fourth Academics and College Freshmen recorded numerals for the Acs. The teams were evenly matched and the score close,—79.

Several former St. Mary's students were week-end visitors. It seemed quite natural to see Elizabeth Mahoney, Helen Mills, Leona Voris and Grace Downey on the campus.

The Freshmen recently displayed their dramatic talent and ingenuity in presenting a group of modernized fairy tales.

St. Mary's offers sincerest sympathy to the bereaved families of Constance Casey, Watseka, Ill.; Marie Reardon, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Maxine Bressetti, Bay City, Mich., who mourn the loss of a beloved father and to Margaret Carroll, Kansas City, on the death of her brother, Stuart.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."



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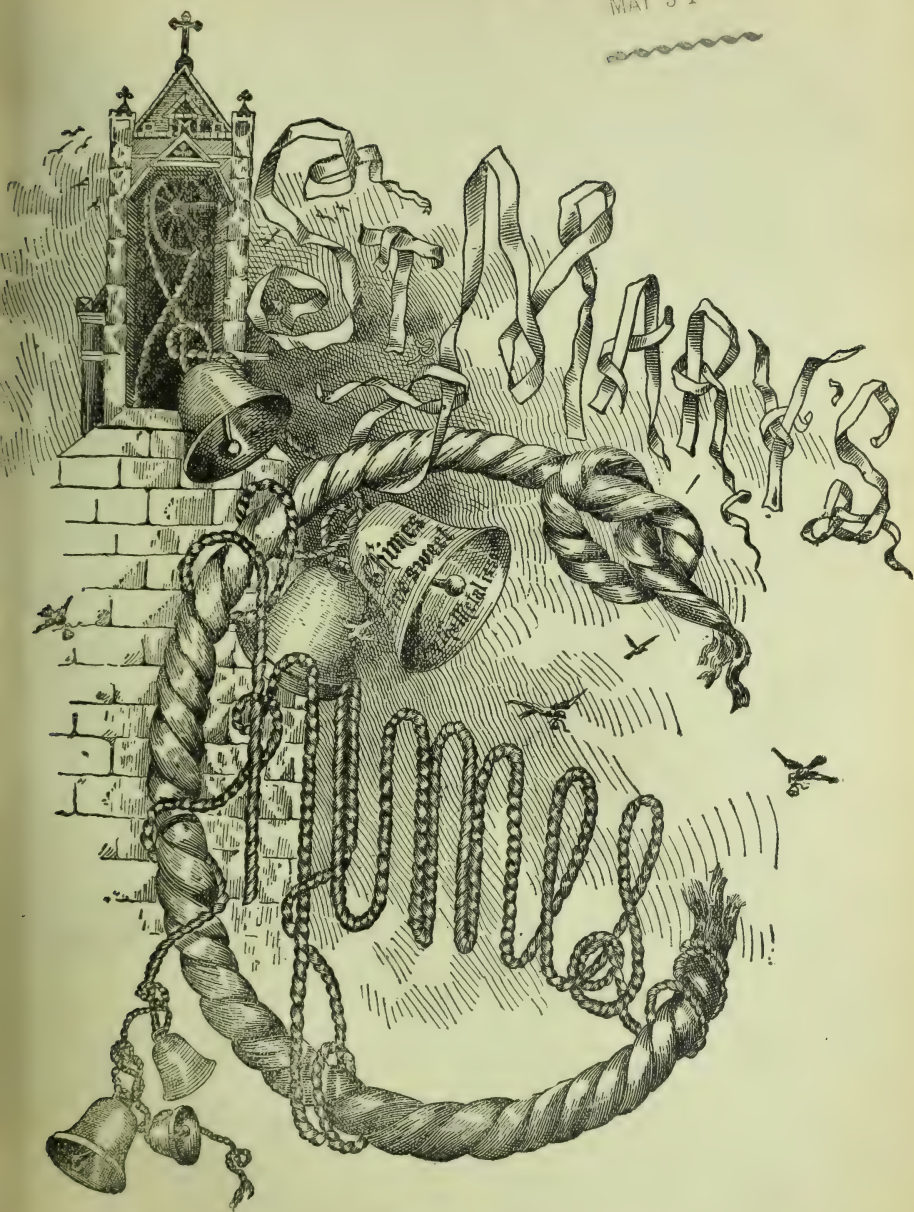
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ON LEAVING A FOREST: TO ALMA MATER

BEATRICE REA, '21.

LADY of kindly ways sing we our parting praise  
To you in whose dear solitudes, apart  
From the hot pulse of our world's restless heart,  
Followed we diversified stars-gleaming through shadow-bars,  
Or, at a peaceful noon, watched how in dazzling shoon  
The green leaves stirred, when sunbeams glanced between.  
This is your kingdom; here in deep serene  
Throned are you, Most Wise,—Spirit of High Emprise!

Time—Ah! but it is sweet, past in this woodland retreat  
With lowly things, whose changing, mystic whole  
Reveals Infinite Wisdom's strong control!  
Here every flower that grows, Beauty celestial shows,  
Laughing beneath tall trees, lulled by a happy breeze,  
A crystal bosomed brook creeps to the ocean,—  
And in its rapturous, never-ending motion  
Sings of your presence near, Spirit we hold most dear!

Queen of this quiet wood, well you have shown the good  
That life can never offer us who soon must part  
From these loved shades, where beats your tranquil heart.  
So at the forest end, hear us, most kind friend,  
Who pledge in parting song, our love anew  
Ere turn we from the blessed smile of you—  
Into the clamorous way of the golden, garish day!



# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., May, 1922

No. 9

LORETTO

CATHERINE GERLAUGH, '24

LORETTO'S door stands open wide to me:  
Within, Heaven's loveliest angels living there  
Are handmaids to the Dwellings' Lady fair,  
Whose welcome sweet and kind bids none to flee.  
A beauteous Child, 'tis Christ, sits on her knee—  
Their souls' sweet perfume saturates the air—  
And saintly Joseph's tender, loving care  
Enfolds them like vast sweeping tides of sea.  
Oh, Holy Little Place wherein I kneel,  
Could I but stay within thy shelter pure,  
And always keep thy peace within my heart.  
From all earth's age-old cares I long to steal  
Away to thy safe refuge—all secure  
Within Loretto's walls, ne'er to depart.

## AMERICAN EXPERIENCE WITH THE MINIMUM WAGE

RUTH HEALY, '21

TO us who are interested in the Minimum of Wage, the question of the Minimum of Justice is a vital one, and especially its phase—a living wage. Rev. John A. Ryan D. D. has ably defined and justified the living wage. Every man who is willing to work has an inalienable right to sustenance from the earth on reasonable conditions. Above all things a man has at least a right to have and enjoy a decent livelihood, that is, food, clothing, and housing enough to insure health, recreation, opportunities of education and social intercourse, also, a security against accidents and sickness. The man who does not have the opportunity to possess all these does not enjoy a decent or reasonable livelihood. God created the earth for all men, and all persons have a sufficient claim to its gifts, and for some not to have them is a great injustice. It is a fact that in modern industrial conditions this injustice can be remedied only by the legal Minimum Wage.

The legal Minimum Wage can be justified in that it is the moral duty and the moral right of a state to enact such laws for the betterment of its people. The state is obliged to protect its citizens so that they may enjoy their natural rights; and the claim of a laborer to a living wage is a natu-

ral right. It has been the experience of our statesmen that it is very difficult to enforce a Minimum Wage law, but even so, it is not more difficult than to pass or enforce other labor laws which are not as important to the community as the Minimum Wage law.

Father Ryan points out four sources from which the increased wages might be obtained:

First,—Higher wages would give the workers greater physical ability and more incentive for a greater output from their work.

Second,—When the employer finds out that labor is no longer so cheap that he can substitute poor machinery, he will have to put in up-to-date machinery and secure intelligent managers and as a result increase the product.

Third,—The cost of the increased wages can be paid out of profits in two ways: (a) to have the large amount of the work done by experts and (b) to reduce the profits of many of the concerns in the industry.

Fourth,—An increase of the price of the product when necessary is an added source.

It is expedient for the welfare of the country that the law be applied in two respects, that at first it should be restricted to women and minors; then it can be applied to men, so that in a few

years the minimum wage rates will constitute a living wage for a family in moderate circumstances.

The first charge that should be made on industry is that all normal employees should receive a living wage; and an industry is a parasite on society if it cannot pay a living wage. The War Labor Board which was created in April 1918, had as one of its principles that all workers, even to common laborers have a right to a living wage. This body was the first to issue a formal enunciation of the principle of the laborer's right to a living wage. When the same doctrine, formulated by Pope Leo XIII in 1891, was given to the world the general public thought that the Pope was an extremist, but it has now become a world doctrine. The doctrine was: "There is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort

If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of fraud and injustice."

This same doctrine was sanctioned at the Peace Conference and the following is quoted from the labor clauses which were inserted in the Peace Treaty:

"First,—The guiding principle that labor should not be regarded merely as a commodity or article of commerce.

"Second,—The right of association for all lawful purposes by the employed as well as by the employers.

"Third,—The payment to the employed of a wage adequate to maintain a reasonable standard of life as thus understood in their time and country."

The Minimum Wage experience in the United States presents a singular and peculiar situation. In the first place, it is a separate state and not a general enactment. The legislature of any state desiring to promulgate such a law, does so in its own authority restricted only by the United States Constitution. In the second place the Minimum Wage applies to women and minors only. We find the origin of this legislation in England and Australia. Before this New Zealand, the United States of the South Sea, and District Conciliation

Boards to supervise direct collective bargaining on the part of the employee and given authority to fix minimum wage. Thereby we might say New Zealand gave us the nucleus of the Minimum Wage. It will be of interest to contrast Australia and England.

In Australia where the labor party has been more powerful than it has been in England, it will be noted that the tendency is to have the wages fixed to equal and sometimes to exceed the minimum which is necessary for a right and reasonable living. On the other hand, in England, which is noted for its over-stocked labor market, the tendency has been to have the wages fixed below the Minimum.

The fact that the Australian and English experiments proved successful, enlightened the world as to labor conditions. We profited by the foreign experience and deemed it necessary to devise Minimum Wage laws in the United States. The National Government did not take it up though we find some individual states enacting such laws.

In 1912 there was enacted in the United States the first Minimum Wage law, and Massachusetts holds the distinction of being the state to pass it. During 1913 eight other states followed the example of Massachusetts. In 1915 two laws were enacted; one in 1917; one in 1918; and three in 1919. At present there are thirteen states having Minimum Wage laws, but added to this is the island of Porto Rico and the District of Columbia. Some of the provisions of the laws in America may be summed up as follows: The Minimum Wage laws can be said to consist of two types, one in which the rate for the Minimum Wage is fixed by the laws of the individual states. In the other type the wage is determined by a board.

In most of the cases where the Minimum Wage is enforced, it is restricted to females and to minors in some of the states. In eight of the states, California, Colorado, District of Columbia, Kansas, Massachusetts, North Dakota, Oregon, and Washington, the word "minor" is used to include all persons under eighteen years of age, and in Minnesota, it is used to mean males under twenty one and females under eighteen years of age. In Texas the law regards "minors" as those who are under fifteen years of age. In Ari-

zona, Arkansas, Porto Rico, and Utah, the laws only include females. The weaknesses of these early laws were: Everywhere the law is based on what is assumed to be the necessary cost for a right and reasonable living. A mixed board of employers and employees is the agency for carrying out these principles. The only means of enforcing this principle is the indirect pressure of public opinion.

The Massachusetts bill has in its beginning some striking features. It provided for a permanent appointive commission with power to look into any occupation in the commonwealth to see if the wages paid to the employees were less than the necessary cost of living and not sufficient to keep the worker in good health. "The basis of wage determination by the boards was made explicitly the double one of cost of living plus financial conditions of the business, with the business considerations evidently taking the priority." Most all of the other Minimum Wage laws were copied with the Oregon Law as the basis. This law provided for a central administrative commission and subsidiary boards which were appointed by it. Section 1 reads: "It shall be unlawful to employ women in any occupation—for wages which are inadequate to supply the necessary cost of living and to maintain them in health; and it shall be unlawful to employ minors—for unreasonably low wages". Nine of the other statutes took as their model the Oregon plan and one followed the Massachusetts plan, that being Nebraska. This law was passed in 1913 but has never been put into operation. Colorado in 1917, established a Minimum Wage law but not much interest has been taken by the commission. The State Industrial Commission has full charge of the laws in that state. The Wisconsin Law was passed in 1913 and all power of administering it was given to the Industrial Commission. A state wide minimum has been enforced since 1919 and all experienced workers (women and minors over seventeen) receive twenty-two cents an hour in all occupations or \$12.10 for a fifty-five hour week.

The Industrial Welfare Commission has full charge and power by the Kansas law to regulate the conditions, hours, and wages of the working people. In Minnesota, in 1918, the Commission was reappointed and the wage orders,

nine dollars a minimum for experienced workers were to be enforced. Commission laws were passed in Texas in 1919 and an Industrial Welfare Commission with the chief of the Labor Bureau Statistics at the head was established. Also, in 1919, laws were passed in North Dakota. In this state the Workmen's Compensation Bureau has all the power of fixing hours, conditions of labor and wages.

The members of the advisory boards are representatives of the employers and employees. The definite number is not fixed as in some states; there are three in each group and in some others there are more than three. Usually the number of representatives chosen by employers equals that chosen by employees. The manner in which these members are selected depends on the commission. In some cases, District of Columbia, Minnesota, Oregon, and Wisconsin, there is no compensation given to the members of the board, while in Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, and Massachusetts, the compensation is the same as that of jurors plus traveling and hotel expenses. The rate is five dollars a day and traveling expenses in California. Of course the expense depends on the number of meetings held and the distance the members have to travel to attend them. One of the difficulties of the board is in setting an adequate minimum wage. There are three classes of workers who need special consideration when a minimum wage is determined for them, the defective, minors and apprentices. The way in which the people of the defective class are dealt with is by individual permit, but not many of the workers hold such permits. Of the three classes the minors and apprentices are the most difficult to deal with by the board.

The apprenticeship period was very long; besides some of the employers would either dismiss or shift the girls, to other departments after the end of a year and then these girls would begin the second year of their apprenticeship with the sum of one dollar a day. Others tried a method of paying the apprentices six dollars at the beginning and increasing that sum one dollar every four months, so that by the end of the year the girl would receive nearly the minimum of an adult and the employer would want to retain her. Obviously, this was an incentive for the girl to remain at her work. To overcome these difficul-

ties the law made provision for length of apprenticeship and for the amount of compensation. The minors afford another problem for the board. In Oregon they receive \$8.50 at the beginning if they are over sixteen years and if they are not apprentices, and, in addition, they receive fifty cents every six months. The minor is well protected in Wisconsin by the provision of the law. "Permit children producing the same output as employees in a higher wage classification shall be paid not less than the minimum wage rate for such class."

Foremost in the conclusion it will be well to emphasize that we need a real living wage standard which will take into account the needs of the individual worker, not only by days but by years. Besides this, there should be a flexible standard for the application of this real living standard. It is surprising to note that some of the commissions have made great progress despite the fact that their financial conditions are extremely low. For instance, the Oregon Commission is appropriated \$3,500 a year and out of this sum the secretary's salary, office expenses, rent, publicity and many other items have to be paid. That the Minimum Wage legislation has been a great aid to American Industrial workers may be seen by some of its results: (1.) The Minimum Wage Law has increased the efficiency of the workers. (2.) A reasonable Minimum Wage makes stability in the labor conditions. (3.) The cost of operation is not increased under such decrees. (4.) It protects the employer who pays a living wage from unfair competition. The opinion of people of this country who have come in contact with the

workings may be cited to show that it has been a success. George S. De Neale, of Washington D. C. said in February 1920, "It is the consensus of opinion of business men of the national capital that it has enabled them to secure the services of more and efficient women, due more especially to the fact that the minimum paid equals the average salaries paid to the same character of help by the Federal Government, private corporations and other industries here". C. C. Carpenter, president of the Mac Dougall and Southwick Company (Retail Dry Goods Merchants) of Seattle, Washington made the statement on December 31, 1919, "Quite contrary to the belief of many merchants, a fair minimum wage will not increase the present cost of operation". (5) Again Mr. Carpenter said in a letter: "I am heartily in favor of a minimum wage control of the State. Such control protects the fair minded, right thinking employer."

Among the better established results of minimum wage legislation, may be mentioned, "(1.) that it has raised wages; (2.) that minimum wage rates do not in general tend to become maximum rates; (3) that it does not necessarily force workers out of industry; (4.) that it does not unduly handicap employers; (5.) that it does not undermine trade union organization; and (6.) that it does not decrease efficiency."

The good results and the necessity of such laws have been seen by the public at large and it is hoped that it will not be long before all the states in the union will have adopted a legal Minimum Wage.

#### A WISH

GENIVIVE FARRITY, '24

MOTHER fairest, purest flower,  
Keep me safe from storm and strife,  
Make my heart as pure as snow,  
With thoughts that from thee flow

In thy hands I place my life,  
Keep me safe from storm and strife  
That when I die in God's dear sight,  
My soul may be all pure and white.



## MAY TIME VERSES

## FULFILLMENT

MARY DOWNS, '24.

APRIL'S smiles have turned to laughter  
And her tears have blown away.  
All her hopes have found fulfillment,  
In the bounteous store of May.

Pearly hawthorne decks the woodlands,  
Nature dons her grand array  
Nurtured by smiles and tears of April  
Are the beauties of Fairy May.

April is a saucy maiden,  
Now in smiles and now in tears.  
May is April grown to womanhood,  
The promise of her girlhood years.

## MAYTIME AND LOVE

MARGARET WADE, '24.

LOVE in every springtime flower,  
Whispers in every tree,  
Sending a message every hour,  
Out of the heart of me.

Love in every springtime shower  
And in the skies of blue,  
Bearing a gift in every flower  
Out of the heart of you.

Love in every springtime bower  
Blooms in the month of May;  
Love with all its mystic power,  
Luring our hearts away.

## SAINT MARY'S IN SPRING

HELEN KINTZ, '24.

IT'S nice to go to foreign climes  
And meet old friends and new,  
And to go home in vacation time  
Is mighty pleasing, too.

But when the apple blossoms bloom  
And the birds their corals sing,  
The enchanted spot of all the world  
Is Saint Mary's in the Spring.

## THE FAIRY OF THE MAY

DOROTHY MENDEN, '24.

WHEN I see the lovely days of May,  
I think this glorious world must be  
The work of some bright fairy-fay,  
A stranger both to you and me.

The gleeful gurgle of a tiny brook,  
Is her laughter soft and sly;  
Sparkles of sunlight in every nook  
Are the twinkles of her merry eye.

From fairy pipe bright bubbles she blows,  
A blue sky flecked with clouds to make;  
To trees and flowers wherever she goes  
She whispers, "Tis May, awake!"

## SPRING'S SONG-FLOWER

ELIZABETH COOPER, '24.

OBUDS and blossoms of spring time,  
We love your beauty rare,  
But sweetest of all among you  
Is the "song-flower" of the air.

He flits among the tree-tops,  
And sweetly, cheerily sings,  
Oh, truly these birds of the heaven,  
Are happy God-made things.

Through your smiles and tears, O spring time  
He sings, without a care;  
The sweetest of all your children,  
This "song-flower" of the air.

## THEY ALSO SERVE

MARY E. SCHEFFER, '24.

S MOOTH candles breathe their lives upon your shrine  
 Their flames alight with glowing love of you,  
 They sacrifice far more than mortals do  
 For your chaste honor, Mary, mother mine.  
 As if possessed of throbbing hearts, they pine  
 Away to nothingness before thy view—  
 While toward thine arms the flames e'er leap anew  
 As they behold the Infant there recline.  
 In whirl of gaiety God's creatures all  
 Forget thy presence guarding altars white.  
 They leave these candles homage at thy throne  
 Lone sentinels—who make less keen the gall  
 Of our neglect: they serve till hearts contrite  
 Return again desirous to atone.

## THE TRIUMPH OF IRELAND

MERCEDES REMPE, '21

I N contrast to the materialism of the present  
 day, stands the idealism of that small and oppressed nation, Ireland—Ireland, a nation that has endured for centuries intolerable wrongs and sufferings, a nation whose path upwards has been a crimson one, wet with the blood of martyrs who have died to uphold the Christian ideals of their country. The ideals of Ireland have kept her young in spirit, though she is old in sorrow and experience. Unlike other great nations, Jerusalem, Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Rome, Ireland will not rise to greatness and then disappear, leaving only a few monuments to her glory. Hers will be a real and enduring triumph, the triumph that comes in recognizing the Saviour of men when He comes to them, and from being faithful to the task He sets before them.

The highest ideal to which man can aspire, is perfect performance of duty—duty to God, to his country, to his neighbor, and to himself. Pursuing this ideal leads to noble thoughts and deeds; forsaking it leads to degeneration and destruction. The history of nations is almost wholly a record of failures, of ideals that end in ruin. The present world, judged by its materialism, is a world of materialism, and its hope of salvation Ireland, which by her examples of faith, patriotism, and love of virtue and sacrifice, may re-

store to pagan peoples true ideals of Christianity.

Religion has always held highest place in the ideals and lives of the Irish people. Before they learned of the exalted life which a real follower of Christ must necessarily lead, they were living lives exalted by ideals of honor, faith, and purity. It is small wonder that Christianity found such a ready response in Ireland. Because of geographical position, Ireland was shielded from invasion and conquest by Rome. Hence, though she had not the opportunity to adopt Roman institutions and culture, she was saved from the taint of Roman godlessness and immorality. Yet the ability to become refined, learned, and well-governed seems to be innate in the Irish people. Practicing the austere pagan creed of Druidism they, according to Canon Dalton in his chapter from *Glories of Ireland*, called "Ireland, the Island of Saints and Scholars," created and developed a civilization of their own which was in some respects without an equal." Gradually Christianity was introduced on the island. In 432, Pope Celestine sent Saint Patrick who became known as "the Apostle of Ireland." It was Saint Patrick who gave the Irish people the Catholic principles for which they have had to fight in order to protect them from a hostile England. In the fifth and sixth centuries there were many holy men and women in Ireland. Saint Brigid, founder of the convent of Kildare, holds a place in the heart of the Irish people second only to that of Saint Patrick. Monasteries and convents were soon scattered over the little island as thickly as the stars in the firmament. But with the true spirit of a divine lover, Ireland has not kept her heritage to herself. Her missionaries have travelled over the whole world. Some of the holy men who took part in this work were: Saints Columcille, Aidan, Fradolin, and Fursey.

Because she loved her religion Ireland has had to suffer much. In 1641 both Houses of Parliament declared that they would never give their consent to any toleration of the Catholic religion in Ireland, or in any other part of his majesty's dominion. Then followed destruction of churches, altars, and tabernacles, all in the vain attempt to rid the nation of the Catholic faith. The persecutions of the immoral Elizabeth and the bloody James, the massacres of Cromwell, the mis-rule of the Stuarts, and the proscriptions of the 18th

century;—all failed to force a different religion on Ireland.

O holy Cross! Dear symbol of the dread  
Death of Our Lord,  
Around thee have slept our martyr dead,  
Sword over sword!

The moral strength of Ireland that enables her to keep faith in her adversities, is "in the drinking of the Chalice of Christ, and in the carrying of the Cross of Christ."

Second only to the Irish ideal of duty to God is the Celtic love of country. Desire to worship God in her own way and national rivalry, have been the chief causes of Ireland's sufferings. The fight has always been one of great odds; the courage and hardihood of the Irishman set against the superior arms of an united Britain. Courage seems incarnate in the soul of the Irishman. It is a quality at which the whole world might well marvel, because through endless sufferings it has remained unbroken in spite of every attempt on England's part to destroy it. During the Tudor reign, the country was laid waste, homes were burned, families were slain, and people were left to starve. Famine and pestilence over-ran the island until the very heart of the Irishman appeared crushed when he beheld the sufferings that surrounded him. But the Spirit of the Irishman was unbroken. These trials only seemed to strengthen the courage of the men. This whole-souled love for country, this willingness to sacrifice all for her, has been and still is that which makes Ireland an ideal Christian nation.

A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres.  
One master-mind is worth a million hands;  
No kingly robes have marked the planet-shakers;  
But Samson-strength to break the ages' bands.

Being the handmaiden of religion and of patriotism, love of learning is one of the characteristics of the Irish race. The Irish have not only an intense love and appreciation of learning, but, in spite of fierce opposition, they have done much to foster and encourage it. Sir Roger Casment has said, "Ireland alone among western lands preserves the recorded tradition, the native history, and the continuity of mind that connects half of Europe with its ancestral past. For early Europe was very largely Celtic Europe, and nowhere can we trace the continuous influence of Celtic culture and idealism, coming down to us from a remote past, save in Ireland."

This love of wisdom has not only broadened

the minds of the people but has helped to raise them to a high plane of spirituality. Ireland has had to pay dearly for this desire because England has done everything in her power to suppress and destroy it, but in this as in other things she has failed. Some of our not very remote ancestors tell us of schools conducted in the lanes and fields while a guard stood ready to give warning at the approach of the English soldier. The hedge school-master was one of Ireland's greatest blessings. He kindled and kept alive the love of learning; he revived the national spirit of Ireland; to him, more than to any other class of men or institutions, is due the struggle of the present day. Defying the laws of England, he taught the people. His life was as hard as the life of a priest. Hunted like a beast, he fled from valley to mountain, from hill to plain, but he always circled back to take up his interrupted work.

Their lore was not the brightest, nor their store perhaps the best,

But they fostered love undying, in each young Irish breast;

And through the dread, dread night and long, that steeped our island then,

The lamps of hope and fires of faith were fed by these brave men.

The lamps of hope and fires of faith were fed by these brave men. An example of England's effort to blot out the literature and the national learning of the Irish, is her policy in the National Schools of Ireland. When the Irish children entered the school-room in the morning, a stick was tied around the neck of each. For every word of Gaelic the child spoke during the day, a notch was cut in the stick, and at the end of the day, the child received a whipping for every notch. Before the school work was initiated, every child was made to recite the following:

I thank the God who on my birth hath smiled  
And made me, in this day and age, a happy English child.

A consideration of all these difficulties makes evident the miracle that must have taken place in order that Celtic literature and knowledge might live. The survival of Irish learning seems to disprove the old maxim: "As the twig is bent so the tree inclines."

God has given to Ireland the most heroic figure in the world, in whom is embodied another of her splendid ideals—the Irish Mother. She stands for the highest expression of faith, courage,

strength, and sacrifice; these spiritual qualities have served to make a womanhood which has kept the nation faithful and strong. Women in Ireland are held in deeper reverence than in any other part of the world. There is an old Irish tradition that serves as an example of this reverence:

‘Once upon a time an Englishman and an Irishman met, and were discussing the merits of their respective countries. The Englishman boasted that the people of England were so honest that a bag of jewels and money might be left by the roadside unprotected, and it would be there when the owner returned. The Irishman in answering this boast, told an incident that happened in Ireland. A beautiful girl, clothed in the finest of silks, adorned with precious jewels, set out and travelled from one end of the island to the other. Neither the jewels were taken nor the maiden insulted or harmed in any way.” Sir Thomas More has written a beautiful poem on this incident, which contains these poignant lines,

Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm  
No Son of Erin will offer me harm.  
For though they love women and golden store,  
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more.

As a symbol of Mary, our Mother, the Irish mother represents the highest type of Christianity. She guards the soul of her children with her life because they are intrusted to her by God. Into their hearts she instills the principles for which Ireland stands. Ireland is safe while the Irish mother lives. To a world which is fast forgetting the teachings of Christ, she stands as an example of purity and strength.

It is Ireland that shines forth as the one bright hope from the darkness of the present world, and it is to be hoped that the ideals for which she stands may be known to all, so that Ireland's star of faith may shed its light in all corners of the earth and bring the world back to Christ. The storm clouds have long hid from the world this holy pulsing star, yet we venture with high hearts the prophecy that the clouds will soon be entirely dispelled. Ireland must and will take her place among the great nations of the world by the consummation of her inner greatness, a greatness that the world must and will recognize. We cannot think of her, we cannot hope for her without praying and longing for her perfect freedom. Her innermost freedom and that alone, will make

it possible for Ireland to fulfill her mission among the peoples of the world. The fulfillment of this mission will be her supreme triumph.

All thy life has been a symbol,  
We can only read a part.  
God will flood thy life with sunshine  
For the woes that fill thy heart.

#### SOUL SHRINING

ELIZABETH MAHONEY, '21.

WHEN earth is decked in Spring's fair garmenting,  
Young leaves upon the trees so lately bare  
And brown, the earth green carpeted, the air  
All fragrant with May flowers' blossoming—  
Then bring we tribute to this hallowed spot.  
Yet are the bounds of our remembering  
Not set by this one day—our lost one's names  
Are shrined within our hearts where ever flames  
The love-fed lamp of mem'ry luminous  
The little sacred place and failing not  
Though their graves, swept by winter's tempesting,  
Lie cold and bleak, the marking crosses bare  
And undecked save for sleety frescoes there.  
Today we come for the bestowing  
Of tribute daily deep within us wrought.

#### CHARLES DICKENS

ROSELLA KRAMER, '22

THE final stamping of certain literature as permanent or of a writer as lasting is the result not of a fleeting popularity but is the outcome of a stringent test of hundreds of years. The immortal mind will secure the immortal Dickens as a permanent writer. He was not a meteor that scintillated for a brief moment and then faded, but he is alive to-day. His place in the nineteenth century English literature is unassailable. It will grow stronger with the passing of the years. He is the nineteenth century's special creation, for he is peculiar to it. This century, with its French revolution, its awakening sense of the dawn of liberty, was one that encouraged everybody. It expected everything of everybody. Dickens could not escape its influence. He was hurried along by the surge, and he not only rejoiced in it, but surmounted it,—a colossal genius.

Dickens was born at Landport, in Portsea, in 1812. Charles was the second of eight children. The family, always under the star of misfortune, was, however, in fairly good circumstances when Charles made his appearance. He was born and



grew up in an Eden of middle-class prosperity. As Chesterton says, "he fell into the family, so to speak, during one of its comfortable periods." His father, the original Mr. Micawber, was a fine specimen of irresponsible fatherhood. He early imbued the young Charles with the desire to step into the "glare of the footlights." He would perch him on a chair and make him sing comic songs for the family's special delight. Naturally, the youngster was pleased with the applause showered upon him. He grew up in "hilarious self-consciousness" with an insatiable ambition to show off, and ultimately realized his desire in triumphs that have been told over and over again.

Dickens was a precocious child, and he dreamed his dreams like most children. He not only aspired much, but expected more. But his youthful castles were struck down as if by a thunderbolt. After two years of "grandiloquent misfortune" his father went bankrupt and the family straight-way moved into the Marshalsea prison. Charles was then nine years old. His mother (Mrs. Micawber) then set up a Boarding Establishment for women, but in Dickens own words, "No young Ladies ever came," and Dickens found himself working in the cellar of a blacking bottle factory. Dickens worked there, stunned with dissappointment. How irksome the dreary hours must have been to him! How his imagination, always vivid must have rebelled at his surroundings! The experiences of these earlier years are pictured with virulence in his books. They are reflected in *David Copperfield*. On the London streets he learned the hearts of the poor; he associated with toughs and waifs; and, perhaps, we can understand his later exaggeration (for exaggeration, to a degree, it surely must have been) of the conditions existing among the poor. "Little Dickens Dickenized London and prepared the way for all his personages." Dickens, at this stage, had a hopeless outlook upon life which he never forgot—but he also forgot that "the bitterness of boyish distresses does not lie in the fact that they are large; it lies in the fact that we do not know that they are small."

A strange incident occurred at the time Dickens was living in the Marshalsea. Dickens having been ill at the factory, one of Charles' co-workers, Fagin, kindly assented to take him home. But Dickens would rather have died than

let his friend know where his family was living. So the two stubbornly tramped for hours through the London streets, and finally, in desperation, Dickens dashed up the steps of a strange house and bade his friend farewell. But strangely, in spite of his pride, Dickens did not forget his humor. He rang the door-bell, and had the courage to ask the servant whether Mr. Robert Fagin lived there. Though ill, his humor was with him!

Then fortune again smiled upon the family. A legacy was inherited and Charles, being considered clever, was sent to the Welling House Academy, a worthless school. Here he obtained a glimpse into the evil of existing private schools, which he later denounced so heartily in his novels. Dickens soon left the school, and at fifteen, found employment as a clerk in a lawyer's office. By night he studied shorthand and succeeded at this as he succeeded at everything that he undertook. When someone once asked John Dickens where his son Charles was educated, "Well really," he said, "he may be said to have educated himself". And so he was. Soon Charles became a reporter and wrote up speeches he heard in the Houses. He regarded both Houses as venerable jokes. He wrote his notes on the speeches while lunched about in coaches, or galloping in a post-chase over the country. In fact the whole of Dickens life seems as "one nocturnal gallop".

While yet a boy, Dickens had done some writing to amuse himself—mere sketches. At twenty-one he "drops his first sketch stealthily with fear and trembling into a dark letterbox, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street." It later appeared in his first book "Sketches by Boz", published in 1835. Then came *Pickwick Papers* in 1836—and Dickens found fame knocking at his door. *Pickwick* was written serially, is full of vitality, contains exaggerated characters and incidents, but the public hailed the writer immediately as a coming literary man. The hero of the *Pickwick Papers* is Mr. Pickwick himself, a fat old man of the middle-class of whom Dickens thought he could make into a good ball, though he later decided to make him a fat romantic adventurer. The world early made up its mind to laugh with Dickens. As a reporter,

the young author learned the trick of racy writing and he knew just what would suit the popular taste.

Dickens was also a fine actor. As an actor he knew every dramatic possibility, understood tense situations, and the niceties of voice and gesture. His keen observation aided him in writing descriptions that no other can write. Often his description became lyrical.

Dickens popularity was instantaneous. The demand for his novels grew. After *Pickwick* came *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and many others. Dickens story-telling was indefatigable. His plots were large, varied and complicated, and he handled them with masterly skill. No other author, except perhaps Browning, presents the personal equation so much in his literary works. His characteristics were a conjunction of common sense and uncommon sensibility. His broad sympathies inspired his genius for pathos and humor. About ordinary things he made extraordinary fuss, and his characters, though caricatured, are irresistible. Such types as Oliver, David, Squeers, Uriah Heep, Bill Sykes and Micawber will live forever.

Dickens also gave dramatic readings from his works. His fame travelled abroad. He was invited to America and Canada to lecture. But he was disappointed in America and his satiric *Martin Chuzzlewit* places America in the light of a too harsh criticism. He thought our democracy tyrannical. After his return from America Dickens edited the *Daily News*, and then ran away to Switzerland in an attempt to write *Dombey and Son*, but without success. So he returned to his beloved London streets and wrote the book, and then wrote *David Copperfield*.

Dickens had all the prejudice of his time. He had an incurable habit of always explaining himself. Fatigue only seemed to enervate him with more energy. He lectured endlessly and died over his unfinished *Edwin Drood*. His life was one triumph after another. He may truly be called a great man because he made everyone feel great.

#### THE LARKS YESTERDAY

—VERONICA McCABE, '24.

[I have made love in yesterday's  
Sage to-day (I hope he said)  
But in the future, I don't know,  
I could hope that I had the way

#### CHIMERAS

—ROSELLA KRAMER, '22.

I AM seeking my beloved  
In the forest, where the lapping  
Of a thousand quiet streamlets  
Dulls the beating,  
The retreating  
Of her fleeing feet!  
High on mountain heights I seek her  
Where the snow, in sunlight bathing,  
Dazzles, blinds my eyes, fast-failing  
In discerning  
A returning  
Of my loved one fleet!  
Far into the night I seek her,  
'Neath the pale, half-mocking star-light,—  
And the moon, behind a cloud rift,  
Is but hiding,  
Night winds riding,  
On star-dusted street.  
I stumble on, insistent, seeking,—  
Peering blindly for the dawn;  
Straining ears for lightest foot-fall,  
Yet pursuing,  
Hoping, wooing,  
Knowing not defeat!  
But at daybreak when the dawn mists  
Veil the sun in rainbow colors,  
Then I see her in a sunbeam  
Sunlight weaving,  
My heart grieving,  
For we cannot meet!

#### THE LILY OF THE THISTLE PATCH.

—VERONICA McCABE, '22.

WELL, Mandy, it's sure goin' to be a bad night," said Ezra, as their old horses sloshed along through the deep mud.

"Yes, Ezra, I feel it in my bones that there's something evil afoot tonight. I wish that you could remember that strange dream that you said you had last night."

"Oh, now I have it! The sight of the store down the road reminds me. First I saw this old store. Soon it vanished and where it stands, grew a thistle patch, within which stood a single white lily. Then a reaper, with a long scythe cut down all the thistles, but he dug up the lily carefully, and placed it in a pot, which he took away with him."

"That's a mighty strange dream, Ezra, but little Peg down there is surely a lily in a thistle

patch if there ever was one. Now look at that performance down there."

Ezra, lifting his eyes from his steaming, mud-spattered team, gazed down the road at the rambling old unpainted building. Of what follows he saw little, and heard less. The battered door, over-topped by the weather-beaten sign, "R. S. Ingles—General Merchandise", was thrown open suddenly and a little black and white terrier came bounding forth, yelping with pain. A man's burly leg was drawn back within the building, but a flaxen-haired girl, about five years of age, brushed past him and ran to cuddle her abused pet, which she found cowering beneath the dripping ledge of the porch floor. But as she was drawing the quivering little animal out from his hiding place, the door again opened and a harsh voice called,

"You troublesome brat, drop that dirty beast and get in out of the rain. It's bad enough to have to put up with your finicky ways without having to make a slave of myself nursing you and washing your clothes. Drop it, I say!" So the little girl, after tenderly pushing her pet under the ledge again, and giving its head a quick pat with a hand, which the puppy's rough little tongue had just licked in gratitude, ran to the door and slipped in, skillfully dodging a blow aimed at her by the hand of the woman whose coarse and flabby cheeks were tinged with a dull, angry red. Turning to hurl more reproach upon her little victim's head, the step-mother was greeted by the slamming of the door, at the back of the store, which led to the living apartments beyond.

"I wish that you'd put that brat in an orphan asylum," snapped the same irate lady as she turned to the man to whom the previously mentioned leg belonged. "She's got such a quick eye and she blabs out everything. First thing you know, we'll both land in the pen."

"Well," growled the man through his stubby beard. "She's just like her mother was. Wants to feed all the old tramps and stray dogs that come along. Wants to give all the candy in the showcase to the customers' kids, because they like it. Clutters the house up with wild-flowers. She never was a real help-mate like you are, Eve. But listen—I have plans for tonight. The folks around here are catching on to my business methods, so I've set the stage for the big show to-night."

"Yes, Bob, I think it's time for us to move. I feel uneasy, as if the air around here were becoming rather unhealthful for us, and . . ."

But her dialogue was interrupted by the stamping of feet on the porch, and a moment later the door opened to admit the farmer and his wife.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Pierson. Come right down to the old stove here and warm yourselves," said the proprietor as he drew out some dilapidated chairs for his customers. Put their crocks on the counter, Eve, and come here to entertain them while I weigh the butter." Then he excused himself and removed the crocks to a counter in the rear of the storeroom, where he began to weigh the butter. Soon a door, close by, opened a little and a small face peered through the crack. Then a little golden crown came bobbing along on the other side of the counter.

But none of the occupants of the room were aware of her presence until a shrill voice piped, "Oh, Dad, you're buying that butter, aren't you? I know, 'cause you always move that bar out when you buy things and pull it down when you sell them."

"Shut up and get out of here—quick, I tell you," snarled her father in a low tone, and he looked toward the stove but was surprised to see approaching him, a stranger, whose entrance neither he nor the others had noticed. His tone changed as he addressed the stranger. "Good evening sir, what can I do for you?"

The stranger had glanced toward the front window and had made a strange motion with his hand. Before he could answer the courteous proprietor, the door opened and two police-officers and another stranger came in. "You can't do anything for me, my friend, but since I am the scales inspector I shall proceed to do something for you. I have in my pocket more incriminating evidence than that which your little girl has just given. You've been warned several times, lately. The police have a little present for you."

"You," exclaimed the other young man as he glanced up into the face of the store-keeper. "You—here! I know you even if you were smooth shaven then. Gentlemen, this man is wanted at my home in Florida on the charge of using the mails to defraud. He seemed to be a respectable young man when he came into our community and won my sister's affection. He was posing as

a successful real estate agent, but one day, not long after their marriage, he ran away and took my sister with him. Soon we learned that he had been selling, by mail, improved fruit farms, which turned out to be plots of a worthless tract of land, near the Everglades. About a year after his disappearance, we received a telegram from Chicago, saying that my sister had died, but never until now, have we been able to find a trace of him."

"Indeed," said one of the officers of the law, who had been peering around beneath the counters, "and I have found traces of something else that will bring him free board and lodging for some time. I have just found a box of oil-soaked rags under the counter. He was planning to celebrate this evening, I believe. At any rate, this explains the fire that he had over at Summitville, last year. He knew that there were rumors of his short-weight tactics going about, so he was getting ready to move to a new field."

Then Mandy, who had been silent for so long spoke up, with a quavering voice, "Are you going to take them to the lock-up?"

"That's where they're going, lady, and they won't be back for quite a spell," answered the officer.

"Well, what will you do with their little girl?" asked the lady of the officer.

"Send the brat to an asylum," snapped the proprietor.

"Asylum—what's an asylum?" piped a thin, little voice.

"O, the d—! Where'd you come from," ejaculated her father. All had turned to behold a pale little face, peaking out of its halo of golden curls, around the corner of the counter.

The young man gasped, "Why, that's my sister's child, I know. She has exactly the same features and the same beautiful hair and that scoundrel never told us. Come here, little one," he called. "Mother is very lonesome since father died. She misses your mama so much that I know that she will be very, very, glad if you will come home with me. You can stay with her and make her happy when I am away on business."

"And can I have flowers and puppies and give hungry little boys and girls all the candy they want?" asked the little girl as she looked up wistfully into his face.

"You bet you can, little one," answered the newly-made uncle. Turning to the farmer's wife, he said in a low tone. "Who would think that such a lily could grow in a thistle patch!"

Suddenly clutching her husband's sleeve, the old lady whispered, "Ezra, do you hear that? I do declare! You're a regular prophet!"

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#### FOREVER YOU

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NEEL WARD, '24

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THERE may be sunshine everywhere I go  
 And music playing where the breezes sigh,  
 There may be brightness in the arching sky  
 And laughter where the sunny waters flow  
 And tone that comes with evening's mellow glow,  
 When night wind calls and star-dust gleams on high.  
 Yet, all remind me but of you for whom I sigh  
 Whom I have loved, the dearest chum I know.

I met you when my life was passed in dreams  
 Of future hopes. You left before I knew  
 What blessings you had brought to me. It seems  
 God wanted you, my angel chum, yet through  
 The years I feel your smile when sunshine gleams,  
 Always you are my chum, forever you.



TO A NUN

ALBERTA MURPHY, '24

A CANDLE alight in the still, soft dusk—  
 Waxen-white, burning straight as a red;  
 Steady the glow, upward pointing the flame—  
 A life that is given to God.

## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

FRANCES KENNEDY

GRANDMA' Walsh read and re-read the paper: she studied it, paused—wondered. rubbed her tear-stained eyes, adjusted her glasses and read it again. The story of the unknown soldier brought from France and given burial on Memorial Day was the piece of the paper that caught and held her attention. For some reason since her much loved Jack had gone over there and never returned, she had given up interest in other things and waited every day to hear of or from him.

And Jack?—The drifting, careless, easy-going youth had never returned. They said he died in battle but it was all so incoherent, those notices, that Grandma' Walsh paid no attention to them. Someday Jack's bravery would be noted—the world would proclaim him a hero, then she would be glad and satisfied.

So as she read this story, the idea that this unknown soldier was her Jack, became fixed in her mind. Yet with tears of grief, she was happy when a knock came at the door.

"What is it you say? Somethin' to eat, Sir? 'Course you can be havin' the house today if its

that you want, for Jack, my boy—is happy today an' I'm happy!"

"Er—Jack, who?"

"What?—why my son, sir—he went away to France with the others. They said he was lazy and good-for-nothin'—but he's not! He's the unknown soldier brought back from France. Didn't you see those flags? And the parade is to be this afternoon."

"You're—you're Mrs. Walsh?"

"Yes—Sir, yes sir—I am! 'Tis many a sad day I've had since my Jack went away. People have laughed and that Mrs. Jones said I'd better save my tears and prayers—but Jack—Thanks be to God! is in Heaven and he's brave. Now I can die in peace, the dear lad!"

Somehow the supposed tramp left the kitchen door, threw back his shoulders, clenched his teeth and swore within himself that with God's help he would make Jack Walsh a decent man. His poor old mother's prayers would find an answer. And someday he'd return—not with flags as on Memorial Day—but with a clear record and a man.

MOTHER

CATHERINE JOHNS, '22

THE golden promise of the dawning morn,  
 The star beams' misty far off light  
 That struggles through the gloominess of night,  
 Are but reflections come from thee  
 Who now hast left the earth and me.

Adown the lanes of memorys yesteryears,  
 The whispered words of love then spoken,  
 The future dreams, all now are broken:  
 One backward look, a joyful ray,  
 Until our future meeting day.

Sacred and sweet the life that is to come,  
 From out the shadow of my sorrow,  
 Swift years will steal into the morrow,  
 When through the vale I'll come to thee.  
 All clad for Heaven's eternity.

## A PAGE OF VERSE

## A SPRING NIGHT

MARY ROARK, '24.

THE silver moon-mist drenches all the earth:  
 From out the mystery of the dusk a bird's low note  
 Throbs with the joy of spring's recurring birth.  
 A star blooms, like a tear upon the cheek of night,  
 As though her heart, athrill with youth and love  
 Had overflowed with sweetness nigh to pain.

## TOO LATE, ALACK!

LOUISE RILEY, '24.

MR. Bachelor-Button  
 Had a rendezvous this spring  
 With a dainty Violet Blossom,  
 His love for her, to sing.

But prompt Miss Violet Blossom  
 Had no time to waste, you see!  
 So, Bachelor Button, I'm afraid,  
 Until next year, he'll be.

## TO THE SPIRIT OF PEACE

VERONICA McCABE, '22

COME, thou spirit! Come thou quickly,  
 Whispering of eternal peace,  
 Leading nations to discover  
 Paths in which the storms will cease.

Come, thou spirit! Come thou quickly,  
 Now to lead men to the light.  
 Come, to guide them in the pathway  
 Where the sun of peace shines bright.

## A REVELATION

MARGARET WILLIAMS, '24.

THE dead branch on the maple tree  
 Becomes a living thing;  
 The flowerets lift their dainty heads,  
 The larks come out to sing.  
 All the earth is filled with music  
 As of a fairy lute:—  
 In the market of God's creation,  
 I alone, am mute.

TO A STRAWBERRY SODA  
(A Summer Idyl)

HELEN DRUMMEY, '24.

YON foam-topped glass of nectar pink,  
 Down your circular, slippery brink,  
 My straws of ivory whiteness sink  
 To unseen depths that gaily clink.  
 Within your foaming mass, I think  
 I see your many bubbles wink,  
 Because for just a nickel's "chink"  
 My earthly thoughts with heaven link.

## SPRING TROUBLES

ALICE CRAWLEY, '24

WHEN Spring comes 'round I feel so gay,  
 Cause everything's so sweet:  
 The birds sing madly all the day;  
 May dance through the streets.

The sun comes down in shower mild  
 And silver paints the leaves;  
 The little acornets run so cold  
 And patterns on the sidewalk weave.

I want to go and walk, just go,  
 And leave my work and care:  
 But I can't go, because, you know!  
 The angle worms are there.

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MAY 1922

### SPRING FEVER

Webster defines the word fever as a "diseased state of the system, marked by increased heat, by the acceleration of the pulse, and a general derangement of the functions." There are many kinds of fevers varying in their severity and contagion quite as much as the uses of the popular "Three in One" brands. One of the most contagious forms, in my estimation is that inevitable something which comes with the last flake of melting snow and the happy chirp of the robin that dares forsake the southern climes.

One of the first symptoms of this malady is a general "can't-be-bothered attitude", and a desire to hunt for the new spring bonnet or bring forth the last summer's straw as circumstances permit. The best cure, I think, is to take a stroll along some babbling brook and thus get the real spirit of spring. You will then be able to meet your duties with renewed vigor and will be confronted with the ambition to move Atlas.

It is useless to try to avoid this epidemic which is so prevalent; it is far better to meet it face to face and after the siege you will be much improved in spirit. It is not dangerous and the after effects are not to be dreaded.

### THE FLAPPER

"The modern flapper," says the president of Vassar College, "is the best and purest type of American girlhood." Well, we will see. Are those girls of to-day who think of nothing but men, jazz, and dress, the women whose influence will be felt, say five, ten, or fifteen years from now? Or will the influence of the 'dead', 'old-fashioned', 'slow', girl, who is a 'back-number' now, be felt? If the ques-

tion were put to a vote, which would lead? The one would, possibly, get as many as the other; but the girl who strikes the happy medium—the one who is full of life and vitality; who knows how and when and where to have a good time; who dresses neatly and in fashion, but never ridiculously; who enjoys dancing, sports, and all manner of amusements; and who appreciates a romance as well as do her 'Flapper' and her old-fashioned sister. This kind of girl is surely the embodiment of every thing American. Let us give our vote to this last named girl—the hope and spirit of America.

### TRUTH PARTIES

"When my love swears she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies".—  
Shakespeare.

Second only to the memory book as an essential of boarding school education is that modern development of the mutual admiration society, the Truth Party. Inspired by the highest motives, a half dozen or more girls get together for an evening of mutual analysis, and each in the hope of being able to reciprocate—submit to such an X-ray as only a fellow student can give.

The great stimulus behind the Truth Party seems to be the desire that in the goodness of another's heart one will find quite a pleasing picture of herself, see herself embellished with virtues and qualities, which, though hitherto unconscious of, she modestly accepts. It is a case of "you tell me something good about myself and I will tell you one better about yourself". Truth Parties are without a doubt the best inducement to pleasant dreams and the model of observance of the golden rule.

Mental reservation seems to be the key to success in the Truth Party. Each firmly believes all that she hears, although she knows well that veracity is often, if not always, sacrificed to charity. But once in a while one does find a Truth Party where the actuating motive is simply a desire to enlighten the victims for the general good or because some clever talks on sincerity have aroused in the guests a desire for the truth no matter how bitter.

Whatever the guiding motive may be, at such a gathering one sees her character, her personality, her appearance, and her potentialities

coldly and gleefully dissected. She sees herself as others see her and as once in a while in an introspective mood, she has seen herself. Psychologists tell us that one's personal consciousness is always scarcely one's own; but this does not hold good at a Truth Party; for even this is penetrated by these clever scrutinizers. The girl's conscience gets such a grilling examination that even the Recording Angel might find enlightenment in it. When one's fellow student is promoted by such glowing motives, there is no limit to the information she will feel impelled to unearth. The poor girl becomes obsessed with the fear that the faculty might also know her as these students do.

After going through such an experience, the students leave assuring each other that they are the better for the information so willingly given. They accept all verdicts in the very best spirit; especially if they are complimentary as they usually are. But still during the ensuing days, when contact with the various guests of the Truth Party recalls the statements made there, they find running through their minds thoughts aptly expressed in those few words.

"I do believe her, though I know she lies".

#### OUR ILLUSIONS

Francis Thompson tells us that his criterion of being a child is "to not yet know that you are under sentence of life and ask that it be commuted to death". To many of us, incapable of such striking thought and expression, the absolute and ultimate criterion of the loss of childhood is the loss of illusions. Precisely defined, an illusion is an unreal image or a false appearance; but in the sense in which we use it most, it is a viewpoint whose effect upon the realities of life is similar to the effect of a prism upon a white light. It gives a rainbow tinting of beauty and tenderness to the hard and sometimes un-beautiful things of life.

We need our early year gathering these cherished illusions and finding in them a source of joy. When we start out to face the world and to fight our own battles, we feel well shielded behind an armor of linked illusions. But when the days of an unromantic world, the fragile links begin to fall about us one by one, and the ending of them as they fall is like an

We have illusions that throw a kindly light over our own faults and weaknesses, that somewhat enhance our own good qualities and possibilities; we have illusions about our own people; and most of all, we have illusions about our friends,—these last being the most enduring in our armor. When these fail us, then we have, indeed, lost our grasp upon the beautiful things of life and in the meaning of the poet, we have ceased to know what it is to be a child.

The survival of one's illusions is evidenced particularly in that trusting faith with which so many people meet failure, disappointment, and infidelity. The one class of illusions which the world can not reach is that which a mother's love weaves about a child. In the heart of one's mother, one's spirit of childhood is always preserved.

#### THE CHILDREN OF MARY: THEIR WORK

Among the many religious societies of St. Mary's, that of the Children of Mary easily takes precedence. Not only is its membership the largest, but the number of applicants to the society is perceptibly increased, every year. This society exercises a truly remarkable influence in the student body. The month especially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the virgin month of May, so dear to young hearts, and the autumn month of the Rosary, which will comfort them when their hopes, like falling leaves, lie, perhaps, scattered at their feet, are preeminently months marked at St. Mary's by a quickening of religious fervor. During these months, the children, under the banner of our Mother, show their respect and devotion by daily Communion, and by votive offerings to the shrines of the Blessed Virgin. That there is a supernatural influence at work in this society can not be questioned; doubtless this influence is due to the purity and loveliness of the Mother of God, our unfailing intercessor, and it is these qualities that draw so many devotees to do her honor.

The ceremonies conducted at the reception of the Children of Mary every year, give an impression that years of absence from St. Mary's cannot efface. The entire student body participates in the ceremonies. The church is beautifully decorated for the day; the girls are arrayed in Mary's colors; and at the entrance of



those to be received, the organ peals forth into the Church a triumphant march, which lends fervor to the solemnity of the occasion. The applicants say their act of consecration, and then one by one receive the badge and medal of the Mother of God.

Even more beautiful are the ceremonies conducted in May in honor of the Blessed Virgin. At that time the campus wears its loveliest colors; the trees blossom gaily, flowers deck the pathways, and all the earth seems a verdant carpet of color. It is then that the Children of Mary have their annual May procession. The procession, consisting of white-veiled girls, and the Sisters of the Community, commences at the Church. Hymns are sung and prayers are recited, and soon all the campus walks are covered, and all the air stirs with song. The religious and emotional significance of the occasion is striking. One is reminded of the customs obtaining in the Mediaeval Ages, when all the world came out in festal array to do honor to the Lord, in the streets of hamlet and city alike. Benediction is given in the various shrines that adorn and bless the campus, and at the close of the procession there is a crowning of Mary in the Church, followed by Benediction and the singing of the Te Deum. The Blessed Mother cannot but be pleased by the simplicity of the honor shown to her. Can we wonder that she showers her blessings and her smiles so lavishly upon her children?

The Children of Mary among the alumnae of St. Mary's are no less zealous to further her cause. Reports received from them and from others who admire their work, relate of their services done for the Church. Those devoted lovers of Mary and her Son help their pastors in the teaching of the rudiments of the Catholic religion to children who might otherwise be deprived of the supernatural assistance which means so much in the ultimate way of life, but who through their gentle ministry are induced to do great things for God.

At St. Mary's, too, the Children of Mary lend their assistance to the Foreign Missions, by giving bazaars, dances and parties for that purpose. They have learned how sweet it is to have about one's young years holy and lovely influences, and filled with the zeal of true charity, they wish the poor children in foreign lands to receive these influences into their lives, also. If

we can judge by their present attitude toward religion and life, there is everything to be hoped for concerning the future services that the Children of Mary will render, not only in the religious field but also in the social field. Their work consists in encouraging charities, in making the ideal of universal brotherhood a practical one—and all they desire to be done with the guiding help of the Mother whom they have come to know and to love during their school years at St. Mary's.

### A MASTER MUSICIAN

Madame Marie von Unschuld, pianist, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., who is touring the States in behalf of the sufferers in Austria, her native country, gave a most unusual recital in St. Angela's Hall on the evening of May 1.

Mme. Unschuld plays with exquisite finish, great delicacy of expression and absolute individuality. Her wonderful interpretation is that of a pronounced master. Perfect pedaling, sweeping crescendos, brilliant clearness and dainty pianissimos are at her command. Marvelous technique, purity of tone-color and evenness of tone in scale passages also characterize her playing. She is full of life and temperament and she plays right to the heart of her listeners. The Musical world has every reason to be proud of such a consummate artist.

Sweetly and modestly Mme. puts forth her plea; asking, not for charity but, for a compensation worthy of her work. Further, she charmingly and gratefully calls attention to the fact that she owes her musical education to American institutions.

### SONATA RECITAL

APRIL 24

#### PROGRAM

March .....	<i>Torjussen</i>
Violin—ENSEMBLE CLASS	
Piano—MISS Z. BURNS	
Sonata D major.....	<i>Schubert</i>
Andante and Allegro	
Violin—PROF. R. SEIDEL	
Piano—MISS L. CARTIER	
Sonata Op. 5 No. 1.....	<i>Hauptmann</i>
Violin—PROF. R. SEIDEL	
Piano—MISS A. R. CARR	

Ave Maria .....	Gounod
Violins—Misses M. MAUPIN, E. FORSCHNER, J. LEFLOUR, L. GUEDDEHOFFER, A. BUCKLEY, F. LAPOINTE, L. WEINRICH, R. KAVANAUGH, P. O'BRIEN.	
Viola—Prof. R. SEIDEL.	
Cellos—Misses D. NICHOLS, L. EWING	
Harp—Miss M. L. MERRITT	
Organ—Miss H. WEINRICH	
Piano—Miss M. RANSTEAD	
The Mill .....	Raff
Sonata—Andante and Allegro .....	Haydn
Violin—Prof. R. SEIDEL	
Piano—Miss H. DAILY	
Sonata Op. 21 .....	Gade
Larghetto, Allegro, Allegro vivace	
Violin—Prof. R. SEIDEL	
Piano—Miss M. RANSTEAD	

### NOTES

Dame Nature seems cognizant of the Alumnae Meeting, June 1922, for she is putting on her most beautiful attire. St. Mary's is at her best—the lilacs are more abundant and the trees heavily laden with delicate blossoms, as if they too, would take part in Alma Mater's welcome.

Our Faith and the power of example were the dominant notes in the sermon delivered by the Rev. Thomas Laher, C. S. C. on April 23. Father Laher took for his text, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith."

The sermon for the opening of devotions for May was delivered by the Rev. William Maloney, C. S. C. of Notre Dame.

On April 25 the Freshmen were hostesses at a Dance in St. Angela's Hall.

Miss Eleanore Herring is spending a few days with friends at St. Mary's.

The Freshmen have also inaugurated "Push-car" rides, to delight the Collegiates and the Academics. The scheme is not a gratuitous pleasure, for it is a well-calculated money-making business.

At their last meeting, April 27, the Dante Circle gave a short program, which was followed by an evening at Domestic and Card.

As theatrical managers the Seniors presented a play in the Home on April 29. The opening night was noted a large success.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Leo Heiser, C. S. C., the students enjoyed "My Brother's Keeper" and Harold Lloyd's "I Do," screen pictures.

Possessed of the mercenary spirit, the Sopromores have opened a Beauty Parlor in the basement of the Collegiate Hall. Business is thriving.

Strawberries! For the entire school this early in the season? Yes, and they were delicious too. Plenty of them, thanks to the courtesy of E. A. Piowaty and Sons of South Bend.

Miss Mary B. McNerny, teacher in the Junior High School, South Bend, recently spoke to the classes in Education on "Supervised Study". Miss McNerny's remarks were practical, helpful and inspiring. The students were delighted with the talk and they hope to have Miss McNerny with them again.

Plans for the Alumnae meeting, June 10-13 are about completed. They include preparations for an unusually large number.

St. Mary's was well represented at the N. D. Junior Prom, on May 5, and the young ladies report a most delightful evening—from nine P. M. until the wee hours of morning!

Lake Marian and the tennis courts are in readiness for practice, and with favorable weather, the Tournament in June promises excitement. Broad and high jumping will be added features.

St. Mary's has received announcement of the marriage of Loretta Genevieve McGuire to Mr. Humphrey Louis Leslie of Waverly, Iowa; of Florence Guthrie to Mr. C. W. Bader of Whiting, Indiana; and of Alice Gordon Murdoch to Dr. Horace Raymond Lyons of Rochester, Minnesota.

The Misses Josephine Fisher and Leona Voris were recent guests at St. Mary's.

On Wednesday, May 3, Mrs. D. E. Kelley, an Alumna, of Valparaiso, Ind., and some fifteen members of the Valparaiso Art Club visited the studio and viewed the valuable paintings in the museum and drawing rooms.

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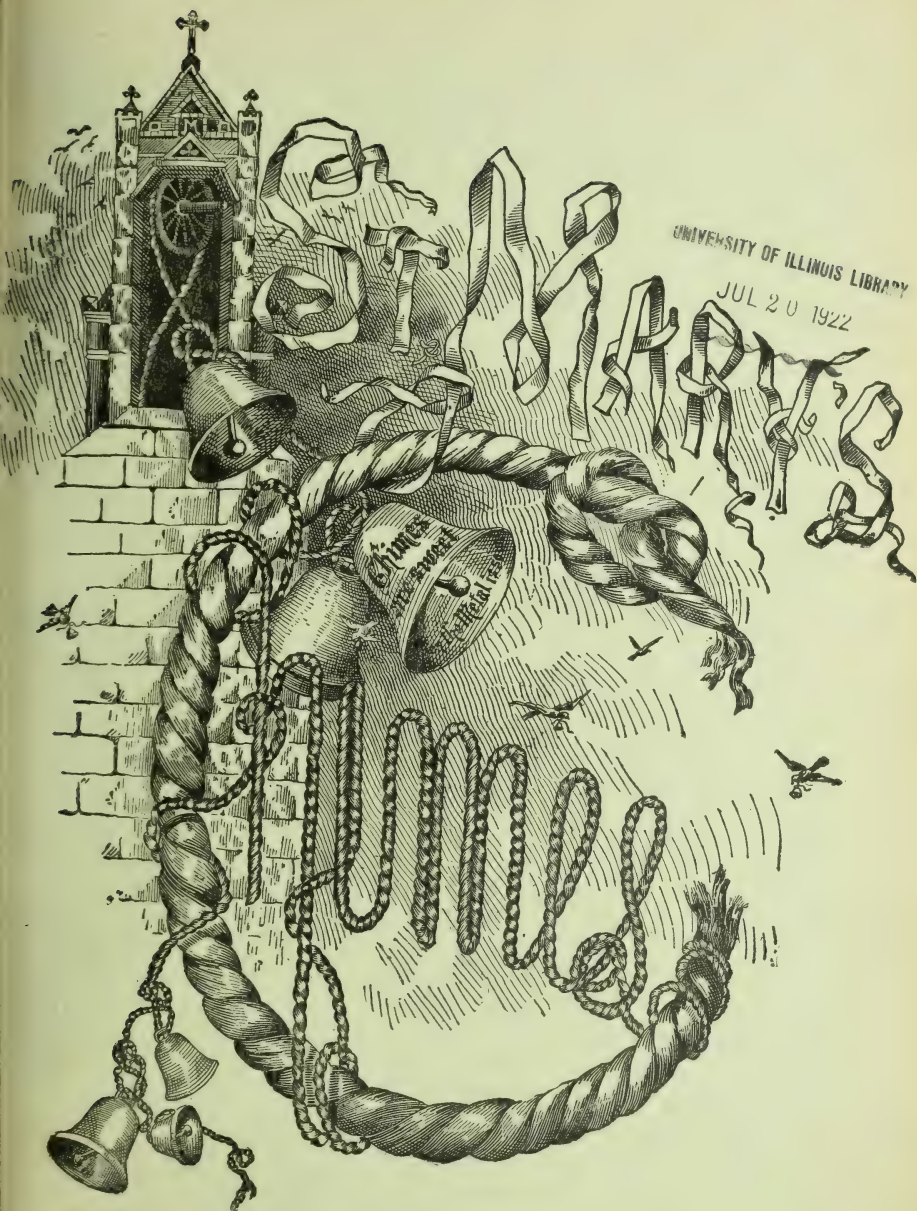
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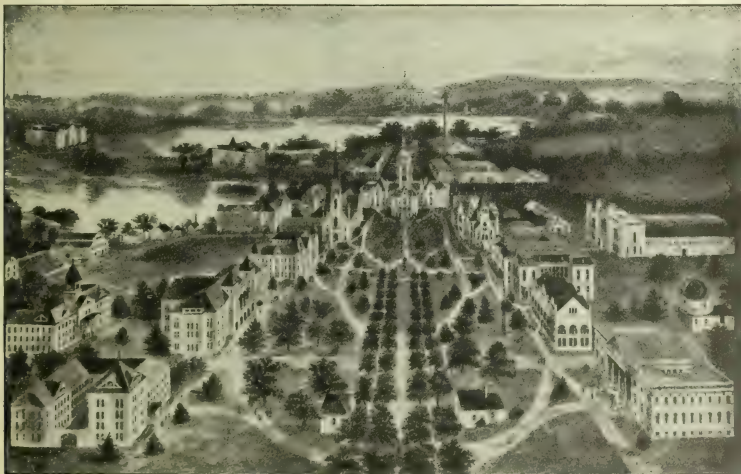
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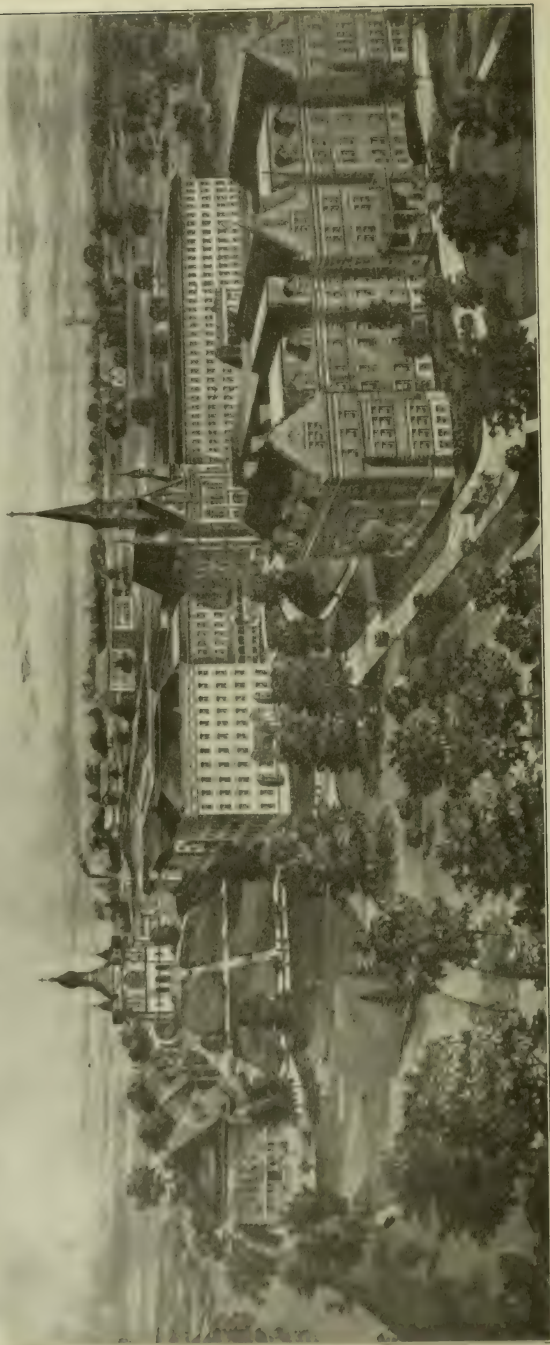
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CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION TO THE REGISTRAR.



# ST. MARY'S COLLEGE *and* ACADEMY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA



Address,

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE,  
NOTRE DAME P. O., ST. JOSEPH CO., INDIANA





ST. MARY'S ALUMNAE

1897-1922

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THE roseate flush of dawn,  
Through silvered mist of years,  
Has mellowed into sunset  
That crowns past hopes and fears;  
This, Alma Mater's prayer—  
The minor chord of praise,—  
That Heaven's blessing gild  
The twilight of thy days.

# ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXX

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., June, 1922

No. 11

ST. MARY'S, N. D.  
1922

As silver moonbeams steal o'er sleeping flowers,  
So have thy fleeting hours  
Passed in the peace of holy, quiet love,  
Diffusing its soft radiance from above,  
Dear Alma Mater, on thy shrines and bowers.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH BOYLE, C. S. C.

"IF I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee: if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of joy." (Ps. 135. 5-6.)

You have reached the closing chapter in your college career. Tomorrow you shall bid these hallowed halls farewell. The paths you trod in girlhood's happy freedom shall know your feet no longer. The scenes you loved shall gladden you no more. Classes shall again assemble, eager students in search of wisdom shall foregather, but you will not be there. In fancy only will you live these hours again, shall you—

Seek in old haunts and old accustomed places,  
Seek and not find the old familiar faces.

Today marks the crossing of the last grey sandbar of youth and the trimming of your sails for the open sea of life. The things of childhood are long since gone, withering away "like the dead hands that formed them". The glad days of girlhood are likewise ending and you stand forth upon the threshold of womanhood gazing with steadfast eyes upon the face of the future, solemn, serious, but unafraid. You are not altogether unprepared however for the uncertainties the future holds in store for you. The years of study have anticipated these dangers and have strengthened you against many of the hazards to be expected in life's stern adventure. The wisdom learned at these fountains of knowledge, the virtue gained through the discipline of self-control, the inspiration received from the spectacle of consecrated service, the graces won

through the sacraments and prayer—these are the weapons in which you place your unfaltering confidence—these are the cimitars with which you hope to cleave your way to a destiny immortal and sublime.

Joan of Arc was but a timid maiden of Domremy, when voices from on high summoned her to be the deliverer of her country, the Saviour of France. The call was strange and mysterious. The command, stern and uninviting; but trusting God and the voices of His messengers, she laid aside forever the playthings of childhood and as Abraham of old, at a like command, "went forth out of her country and from her kindred and from her father's house", to do the work assigned her by the most high God. The sword of battle sickened her but did not daunt her spirit. The jet black charger and the grey steel armor chilled the very blood in her veins but failed to turn her from her heaven-bent mission. Harkening to the voices that sounded in her soul, she rode the steepes at the head of her soldiers. The slender, childlike, armor-clad figure moved before the troops like a vision of light, inspiring them by her actions and ennobling them by her life. To be worthy to follow her, their heavenly enchantress, they forsook their sin, their sloth, their debauchery and set out in real earnest to make possible her undertaking. In spite of the apparent hopelessness of her mission, history bears witness to the miracle of its success. For the imposter she drove from the throne, the battle

of Orleans she waged and won; the crown she placed upon the rightful king, Charles the Seventh, the Dauphin, and the lillies of France were borne in triumph over the hated enemy, the despised invader England. Yet through it all, this maker of kings, this inspirer of armies kept her soul immaculate amid the grime of conflict and carried proudly prayerfully, unstained and unsullied the white flower of Virgin purity through the red fields of war.

Members of the Class of '22, a call is sounding on the far horizon and voices are summoning you to service. There is the voice of God, the voice of Mary Immaculate, the voice of duty, of conscience. Ah yes, and there is besides—with a sweetness and tenderness altogether alluring and compelling, the voice of Alma Mater.

Christ your King and Captain is in your midst today. He is looking down into the depths of your souls. He is reading the litany of your hopes, and fears, your dreams and visions, your joys and sorrows as they rise into youths unclouded sky today. And He says, my child, "Remember I am the Lord Thy God, Thou shalt not have strange Gods before Me"'. (Ex. XX 2-3). Remember that wherever you go and whatsoever you do in the long fair years that spread before you, you belong to me. You are responsible to me for every action you perform, for every duty you leave undone, for every commandment you violate, even to the end of your days. Remember", he says: "You came from me in the beginning, you are subject to me at this moment, and you are coming back to me in a few brief years, for your reward, if you have fulfilled life's purpose; for punishment if you have failed: I will not ask of you then", says Christ, "what money you have amassed, what pleasures you have enjoyed, what positions of honor have you occupied. Ah! no, I will address to you the same momentous question that I thundered in the ears of the Prince of Palestine: What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? (Matthew XXIV 30-31). This is the burden of our Lord's message to you today as it is the reason for the very existence of this Catholic College. This is the reason why you, the recipients of the consecrated service, should be deep in your hearts, should engrave upon your memory the all important and life-revealing truth that

you were not made for earth; that you are in the world to save your immortal soul and for that alone; that if your soul is lost, all is lost, and if your soul is saved, all is happy, and life's purpose has been fulfilled. That life is a sacred trust loaned to you by Almighty God, by means of which you may purchase life eternal; that life is a most precious gift but that the possession of it, is, at best, brief. The wisdom won in these years of study will not be yours always. The wealth acquired through days of toil will all pass away but the soul shall not pass away. This earth upon which you stand shall crumble and the stars by which you swear shall fall, but your soul shall live on forever. When the last descendant bearing your name shall be borne from the earth, two-hundred years hence though it be, your soul shall watch the mourners returning from the grave. When the great cities of our day shall be forgotten in history, when men shall read of our own beloved America as we today read of the lost nations of Syria and Babylonia, your soul shall look down upon those ruins even as you look on me today.. Then, and forever afterwards, you shall be happy or unhappy depending upon the way you have lived the few brief years of your earthly life. Is it any wonder then that you should pause this morning on the threshold of the new and vaster life you are hence forward to follow, to remind yourselves that this education you have received, this new power you have gained must be a stepping stone or a stumbling block to your eternal salvation; and that though your studies may lead you into Elysian fields and into new conceptions of life, the truths of God are the same, the age-old problems of sin, salvation, heaven and hell remain.

Tomorrow another shall speak to you upon the value of education but today I prefer to speak to you upon the value of your soul. He will no doubt extoll the worth of education as a preparation for life. I prefer to speak of it as a preparation for life eternal. Privileged indeed are you to be permitted to pursue your studies in a Catholic College, in an atmosphere where God has had a place and a throne and where His Divine revelations are welcome. Rightfully do your treasure the degree for which you have been striving, for four long eventful years. Yet if it does not bring you to a greater realization



of the seriousness of life, the sacredness of duty, the importance of salvation, it has failed in the purpose for which it has been called into existence. Understand well today and all the nights and days of your lives, that every brick in these buildings and every stone in these walls has been reared and kept in place by the sweat and blood and sacrifice of women who have consecrated their very lives to the maintenance of those principles; that the only earthly reward they ask is that you, the students, trained in this atmosphere of faith and religion, may have these principles indelibly written upon your souls, and exemplified in the actions of your daily life. If the years spent in this sanctuary of learning have not made you truer Christians and better Catholics, they shall have been lived in vain and shall rise like the accusing Ghost of Banquo to condemn you. If the position your education wins for you in the future takes from you the gift of faith or makes you appreciate less the divine importance of your religion, then are you poor indeed and your life like your education a melancholy failure.

These years have not been in vain however. They have been rich in educational as well as in eternal treasures. For while gathering from unpolluted sources the wisdom of past ages, you garnered a ripe harvest of spiritual grain. From the pulpit you have learned revealed wisdom. From the sacraments you have received grace. From the Tabernacle, courage and inspiration. From the example of women living lives of voluntary poverty, you have learned the proper value of wealth and the correct use to be made of it. From the example of women who voluntarily gave up the pleasures of this world, you have learned that pleasure must never be the object of man's striving and you have resolved that it never would be in yours. From the example of brilliant religious, performing with minute exactness apparently trivial and insignificant tasks, you have learned the sacredness of duty. You have resolved to find a useful life work to do and to find your happiness in doing it. Above all you have learned in this atmosphere of religion, how to conquer your passions through prayer and the sacraments. You have learned how utterly dependent you are upon God for everything, and how sweet it is to love and serve God in turn. And while learning these

lessons, you have been drawn nearer and nearer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, your brother, your Saviour, your friend. He is the friend whose love shall not grow cold, the friend who will be by you when the graduation laurels have withered and the guests that grace the occasion are gone. You have formed many friendships here with chosen companions and classmates, but the friendship of Christ will outlive them all, will surpass them all as the noon of "radiant summer surpasses the midnight without stars." He is the friend who loved you first and who loves you most. The friend who will not change when youth vanishes and when beauty fades. He loved you when the stars were young away back in the everlasting ages. He will love you still in the twilight of life when the grey years are upon you and the bridge of death in sight. To have learned the value of friendship with Jesus is ample reward for the four years spent in study. It is the voice of that friend that calls to you today and it is to that voice I bid you harken.

"My Child", he says, "will you forget these lessons when the temptations of the world assail you, when the allurements of the world encompass you, when the crosses of life bend down your head in sorrow." Let your answer be found in the words of the grief stricken captive by the Rivers of Babylon. "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee; if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." (Ps. 136 5-6).

The voice of Mary Immaculate calls to you likewise, "Daughters of mine", she says to you today, "you have worn my name upon your College escutcheon, wear it ever on your heart. As my name shall linger lovingly upon your lips today, let the lessons of my life sink deep into your soul. My name has been given to your college that your thoughts might instinctively turn to me, that my life might become your inspiration and the pattern after which your own should be formed. Willingly or unwillingly you will be known as my children, even to the end of your lives. Elect souls have loved that title. Even the Incarnate Son of God did not disdain it. Will you be worthy of the appellation? Generations shall never cease to call me blessed because I was 'the handmaid of the Lord', and generations

shall rise up to bless you also if you strive to imitate my example”.

Yes, Mary is mighty because she loved Jesus. Her life is an index pointing to Jesus; the litanies that sing her praises, the feast days dedicated to her name, the prayers recited in her honor, are so many reminders of Him whom Mary loved as no other created heart ever loved before or since. Mary has been an inspiration to all generations because she was a true woman; because she did the things Almighty God wished her to do and in the way that He wished them done. Her devotion to duty brought her to Bethlehem, to Egypt, to Calvary, to the tomb. Her humility was such that she considered herself merely the “handmaid of the Lord” whereas she was in truth His Mother and the most exalted being that ever descended from His creative hand. Her self-sacrifice was such that she voluntarily put for ever behind her back by the vow of chastity as she believed the honor that every Jewish maiden cherished most, that of being the Mother of the Messiah. Her love for purity was such that she blushed at the presence of an arch-angel in her chamber; that she preferred the simple virtue of purity to the privilege of having Jesus for a Son. God will not allow the memory of those to perish, who love Him ardently and discharge their duty toward Him. He will teach their children’s children the pathway to their tombs. They alone are truly great. Seventeen centuries ago a little Roman maiden Agnes loved Christ more than life and proved it by shedding her blood amid torments excruciating. Her life was short, her execution apparently nothing; but God would not let her memory die. The judge who sentenced her to death is unknown. The Roman Pro-Consul of that distant day is forgotten—remembered only as Pilate is remembered—because of his infamous action, putting to death an innocent one. Of the forum where the Roman laws were formulated, hardly a stone remains upon a stone, yet the memory of Agnes has remained a living energizing, influence and inspiration through the waiting ages since. Little children repeat the story of her martyrdom. Temples are still erected to her name. And the help of the virgin and a sanctuary crowded in the sacrifice of the Mass from the rising to the setting of the sun

Truly those who work for God and in obedience to God attain to immortality.

The inspiration of Mary’s life fills the ages as the fragrance of the garden fills the night. Her name made the martyrs strong in death. Her name inspired chivalry with its wondrous devotion to womanhood and to honor. To glorify her name the religious orders have been founded with the long procession of chosen souls who have walked in consecrated virginity in imitation of Mary through the long 2000 years. So mighty is Mary’s influence that no man can pronounce her name or think upon her life without desiring at least to live more nobly. So also, though in varying degree, is the influence of Agnes, of Monica, of Joan of Arc, of every true woman. Were Beatrice other than pure and noble the Divine Comedy would not have been written, the world’s sublimest song would have remained unsung. The inspiration of this single woman enabled the poet “to ride sublime upon the seraph wings of ecstasy” and to give to man in the plaintive dirge of the Purgatorio and in the triumphant strains of the Paradiso music not heard on earth before. When a woman’s life is right, men think of her as of their own Mother. Even the thought of her lifts them to a lofty sphere where dwell their holiest association. When a woman’s life is otherwise even the very thought of her awakens ugly memories, unholy desires,—sin.

The Classic writer Mephistopheles tells of a princess of India sent as a present to Alexander the Great. Lovely as the dawn she was reputed to be; yet what specially distinguished her was a certain rich perfume in her breath; richer by far than a garden of Persian roses. A physician discovered her terrible secret which was this: She had been reared upon poisons from infancy, until she herself was the deadliest poison known. When a handful of sweet flowers were given to her, her bosom scorched and shriveled the petals, When the rich perfume of her breath went among a swarm of insects a score fell dead about her. A pet humming bird entering her atmosphere, shuddered, hung for a moment, in the air, then drooped in its final agony. Her love was poison, her embrace was death. Such is the blighting influence of the ungodly. This is the lesson our Lady would have you remember as you leave this chosen Eden dedicated to her name: That which you

do for God and at God's command will be yours forever; that the only joys on earth worth having are the simple joys that Mary experienced in the Holy Home of Nazareth; that the function of inspirer is one of the very noblest prerogatives that a woman could possibly exercise.

Members of the Class of '22, the voice of Mary Immaculate bids you go forth in her name to be the inspirers of the twentieth century even as she was in the ages past; to hold high before the world the virtues that gave her power, and to be in the small circle in which you move what Mary was in her life.

There is another voice to which I would bid you harken today, a voice higher than that of teacher or school higher and more important than all human voices together, the voice of duty, of conscience. That voice will go with you when you leave these hallowed precincts. It will warn you when your soul trembles in the shadow of the tempter. It will whisper to you when you are face to face with sin. It will cry out to you in pain. It will scourge you with remorse when you deviate even in the slightest degree from the path of rectitude traced out by God Almighty.

These years of study have taught you the Law of God, what is right and wrong in His sight. Now a more difficult task confronts you namely, that of doing the right even though it be unpleasant and of avoiding the wrong though it be alluring in the extreme. The ideals of the world and the ideals of the Catholic College are polar distances apart; but the laws of God are the same. The contrast between life as it should be lived and life as it is lived by many in the world will stun you at first and perhaps bring you reeling to the earth. The question is: have you the character, the moral strength to cling to the principles that you know are right and just and given by Almighty God or are you going to surrender your inheritance and your crown and yield to the pressure of environment. Oh! listen to the voice of Conscience; hear it, heed it and you cannot fail. You have nothing to fear from the combined forces of evil. No one can hurt you except yourself. The same fortune will not attend all. Some will be rich and some will be poor—some will have almost all the good things of earth others will have almost none. This difference amounts to nothing; but, if some are good and others otherwise, some godly and others ungodly,

oh, there is a whole universe of difference between these. You will see corruption in high places, dishonesty in every form, unfaithfulness to marriage and the rest. You will see licentiousness in those reputed nice, coarseness and intemperance among those whom the world calls smart, and your upright soul may sicken at the sight. But these things cannot harm you. God kept the youthful Daniel unhurt amid the raging flames of Babylon's iniquitous furnace. And so will He keep the young heart in the midst of the foulness of this or any other age provided that young heart loves purity and is willing to pay the price necessary to procure it.

The palaces of Rome were unusually vicious in the years that looked upon holocausts of blood, and spectacles of shame and scenes of demoralizing vice. Yet in one of the most famous of these palaces lived the Virgin maiden Perpetua, and through those scenes she passed unscathed, to teach the daughters of this distant day that they can keep their garments unsullied and their hearts undefiled amid the fiercest temptations that the twentieth century can offer. Harken then to the voice of conscience and no evil influence will be able to lead you astray.

There is still another voice to pursue you with tender reproaches "down the nights. . . . and down the arches of the years"; a voice all atremble with love and emotion today, the voice of Alma Mater. What a flood of holy memories have clustered around that sacred name—who gave us life and who made the morn of youth so sweet that the years are fragrant ever afterwards. She too has a message for you ere you depart. Deathless Mother of many children, the wisdom of ages clings to her yet the years fall from her like a garment. The storms of sixty winters have passed over her but have left no trace upon her youthful brow. Like a Mother, she is always young, always tender, always interested in her children. Her queenly heart embraces all, the oldest as well as the last. Mindful she is of the little Bertrand Chapel, of the hardships and sufferings of the Pioneers, mindful of the Junes of other years, and other classes, scattered throughout the great wide world, thinking perhaps of other days and other graduation honors. Mindful also of the little graveyard where so many of her loved ones are waiting the call to the eternal reunion, she gathers to her

heart her youngest little ones the Class of '22; and as she folds them to her breast and presses a farewell kiss upon their forehead, she leads them to the gateway of life and points to the future—"Go my Child" she says to you today, "and the blessings of a Mother's prayer goes with you. Remember the love I bore you. Remember the lessons I taught you. Remember henceforth your joys shall be my joys; your sorrows shall be my sorrows. You have grown to beautiful womanhood under my watchful care. Go, take upon yourself the duties of a woman. Go, take your place beside that splendid army of noble women who have gone from my side into the broad arena of life, a credit to Alma Mater and a credit to America. You have worn my colors proudly during your college days—wear them

so to the end. My honor I have given into your keeping. Let your life be such that your actions shall never bring the blush of shame to your Mother's cheek or pain to your Mother's heart. Let your ambition be to richly deserve and valiantly win the best life holds in her treasure house. Give in turn the very best of your talents, your wisdom, your virtue, your high Ideals to a world that sorely needs them. And when life at length shall have slipped away, 'when the shades deepen and the evening comes' and the candles of time burn low, may you know the joys of the faithful servant, conscious of having lived a noble, useful life; conscious that you have been a real woman; conscious that you have been true to Alma Mater, to duty and to God."

#### A SONG OF LIFE

MARY FRANCES JONES, '21

THE harp stands mute.

No music swells from out its golden frame  
Its strings are still; for lack of human touch  
Its glorious notes, but possibilities.  
Beholders look, and looking say, the shame  
That no one yet has come that can awaken such  
Divine sweet music as should befit  
An instrument of fame.

At last there comes  
One who needs but to touch the beautiful thing  
To stir to life the magic, and its voice  
Vibrating sounds now soft, now loud, until  
The place re-echoes, but alas, a string  
So long unused breaks in its effort to rejoice  
Shattering all the glittering chords  
And silencing the song the harp would sing.

The harp, a soul  
Upon whose strings Life plays a fleeting tune.  
Now gay, now sad, now joyous are its notes—  
But suddenly Life her skilled hand withdraws  
Silent and hushed the tinkling sounds, so soon.  
Unfinished is the song of life's bright hopes—  
Yet, not like the great harp with song forever stilled,  
The soul's triumphant song will be  
Finished in eternity



ADDRESS OF THE HON. ELI SEEBIRT  
MAYOR OF SOUTH BEND

THE honor of being invited to give the Closing Address at the Commencement of St. Mary's College and Academy came to me at a time when I first felt I could ill afford to forego attention to other pressing duties. But when I considered that this recognition is not so much a personal one, but an honor conferred upon the City which I represent, and when I considered the intellectual, moral and religious inspirations that our City has drawn for so long a time from its contact with this School, I concluded that I would not only be indifferent to a personal obligation, but I would also be remiss in my duty to the City which I have the honor to serve if I did not respond to the most gracious request of your good Mother Superior, and bring to you the message of good will which its citizens entertain towards this College. And so as the Chief Executive of the City at the very gateway to your campus, I come to pay homage to this great institution of learning and to tell you that the people of South Bend appreciate the reflection of your work in a better and higher citizenship in our community.

While this is Commencement Day for this class of young women and the speechmakers are supposed to honor them upon their advent into a new life, yet I think that my tribute should be double, and that I should be permitted to digress for a moment from my expected talk to honor the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the teachers who make the work of St. Mary's possible.

In this marvelous machine age we wonder at the productivity of the factory and of the land; we marvel at the achievements of man in transportation by land, by sea and by air; we are staggered at the immensity of industrial organizations formed by our captains of industry; and we are astounded at the unfolding of mysteries by the hands of some Marconi or Edison, yet when human effort is being rewarded for building up and maintaining the great civilization of this age, the highest place can not be denied to the humble teachers in this and other colleges.

In this connection I want to repeat that familiar quotation from Emerson in which he says:

"He who gives us better homes, better books, better tools—a fairer outlook and a wider hope—him will we crown with laurel."

You who are about to pass out of this institution today feel quite sure that you know and understand what it means to your lives to have been permitted to come under the influence of the character and of the teachings of these women who have consecrated their lives to God's noblest work, that of making womanly women, but I venture the thought that not until your characters have been touched by the temptations and trouble of the busy every day world, not until your lives have stood the test of world experience will you fully understand what it has meant to you to have received from these teachers this fairer outlook, this wider hope.

And I am sure that these young women of this graduating class will in future years press upon the brows of these teachers a crown of laurel.

And now I want to address a word to the members of this graduating class as to some of your responsibilities as educated women, and as to some of the duties which will rest upon you as good citizens. Our responsibilities and duties become clearer to us after we study some of the conditions of government and society out of which they arise and into which you will be thrown.

Without intending in the least to alarm you, I desire to arouse you as to the political, social and religious degeneration which I conceive has most perceptibly taken place in our country during the last few years.

There are many who see clearly the metamorphosis which was worked in industrial and financial conditions by the war, and we have many doctors who are trying to cure these ills. But do we as a people see clearly the political, social and religious decay which arose out of the war and which is threatening our civilization, and are we doing anything to arrest or stop it?

War united us into a mighty and unlimited force. It fired the imagination, it drove us into a joint enthusiasm directed to one end, that of winning the war, and while we were thus stimulated, there was an anæsthesia of the moral and spiritual sense of our people. The result was that there was an unconscious deterioration in the valuation of principles and ideals which the people of this country had held most dear for two

centuries. The moral and legal rights of our fellowman and our responsibilities towards him weighed lightly upon us. Economic and ethical values were of small consequence.

This situation brought about a lax attitude towards life. Men and women forgot the true proportion of things moral and social. The complex machinery of the war and our complete preoccupation with it offered a perfect opportunity for the working of every selfish, corrupt and greedy trait existing in the flesh of man, and while we were bent to the task of fighting our common enemy these vicious elements of society went uncurbed and unrestrained.

A contagion of injustice, unfairness and greed corrupted both capital and labor. The profiteer operated without conscience or qualm. Some of the laboring class gave the least and exacted the most. Those who did not profiteer and grab were ground between the two millstones, and out of this grew the state of mind that it was no longer necessary for us to serve honestly and faithfully or to be just to man or to government. Opinion and psychology became infected with this economic poison, and wherever law stood in the way of these tendencies and practices the law was annihilated. The mandates of the law both civil and church lacked force, and the conscience no longer reacted to the requirements of municipal or religious order. Crime became more rampant than ever before in the history of the world. Moral influences were drugged into insensibility, and social unrest became a world disease. The very stability of both church and state were shaken by the assaults of socialism, bolshevism and anarchy.

The roar of battle has ceased, but these inheritances of the war still abide with and vex us. In government there is an effort to break down established forms and to substitute experiments; in industry the conflict between capital and labor is dangerously acute; in religion the church is disturbed by heresies, and in society accepted cus-

toms are challenged by propagandists.

This in short is a view of the conditions of the world into which you enter today, and there never was a time when the nation needed more than it needs now, the services and presence of educated men and women.

The nation needs the steadying influence of men and women who understand and believe in the plain principles on which our forefathers builded. It needs men and women who can see clearly and act justly; it needs men and women who will not disturb the public mind by teaching it to want what it should not have; it needs courageous men and women who are not afraid of the unprincipled demagogue who for his selfish purpose would engulf the world in one vast ruin; it needs men and women who are willing to serve in obscurity, smile in adversity, and meet defeat in patience, who can stand in hard places and fight the hard battles. Such men and women as these will stay the ravages of social disease, they will restore and strengthen the principles on which are built the church and the nation.

In speaking thus of the duties and responsibilities of the educated woman, I do not mean to imply or to permit you to imply, that I counsel you to go out into the world as crusaders and agitators, seeking to project yourselves into spheres never intended for woman. I think that God in his wisdom has pretty well marked out and indicated to us what the true sphere of woman-kind is. But I would say to you, safeguard that high position which all men are willing to accord your sex, give your life to the building of the home on which the very life and health of the Church and Nation depends, give your fullest to the Church which has nurtured you, engage in any and every public activity, which does not tend to stain the purity of womanhood; go out into the world and live and practice, and inspire others to live and practice the Christian principles and the fine womanly virtues which you have been taught in these halls by these teachers of the Holy Cross.

## A MEMORY

GERTRUDE GREENE, '22.

INTO mute memories' realm, one blessed day  
 Serenely, I came my way  
 Where the dusky mantle of death could be seen  
 Through the tawny rose and glimmering sheen  
 Of transient happiness so gay.

Restful its enclosure was, neutral greys and gold  
 Mystically in filmy fold  
 Hung like olden images, whose life and brilliance  
 Time robbed hour by hour of radiance,  
 Mellowing the thought-fruits of old.

In silence I wondered, letting echo's praise.  
 Presently, my idling gaze  
 Came to one sweet picture of this phantom room,  
 Hung resplendant and striking against the gloom,  
 By warming and vivid rays.

Saint Mary's I loved thee—in life thou hast been  
 A challenging sentinel of this earthly din  
 To victories hallowed by the benedictional gleam,  
 Nay, more, mirrored the youthful dream  
 With immortal truths of the heavenly Denizen.

## VALEDICTORY

ROSELLA KRAMER

IT is not easy to arrive at a satisfactory comprehension of the full meaning of life. Every day we are confronted with the same old problems—what are we? and why are we here? Do we not recall, how, when we were but children, we marvelled with a child's curious wonderment at the ever increasing perplexities of life? And how, while we questioned we dreamed of a time when we, too, would be grown-up like our fathers and our mothers,—of a time when the baffling mysteries of a complex world would hold no more secrets into which we dare not probe? But as we grew older, instead of understanding, as we had anticipated, we became instead only a little more bewildered, and we found that things did not seem quite so carefree and so happy as they did when we were children, seeking only simple answers to our little woes. The stately march of the passing days, each courting us with its sorrow and its joy, made life a paradox more inexplicable than ever. Then we took courage and went to College, with the secret, though pardonable conviction, that some time in the dim future we would make a personal and brilliant conquest of the world. But, alas! to-day, after four years of study, we find that the things we know are infinitesimal. A thousand years of studious application would not make us wise.

To-day, the day we expected to be the climax

of our lives, the hour which we awaited with such eager impatience, is but another paradox. Instead of a glorious end, we find only a beginning, an open door, an aching heart. In the midst of our happiness is a poignancy that words fail to express. But, classmates, did we not know that we could not remain here always? that we would be loath to leave? Though sad, we need not fear. Have we not received a heritage that will be a haven in the problems of the future? St Mary's has taught us that we are children of God. That will answer all questions, and that is all we need remember—we are children of God. Accounted though we be with a knowledge of the sciences and of the arts, what is that in comparison to the self-knowledge which we have acquired? This knowledge alone is the key to the unparalled and inspiring power of a Christian life. We cannot but be grateful to our teachers, and to our chaplains, who have helped us, by their example of self-sacrifice, to solve the riddle of human sufferings, of triumphs, of failures. We are especially grateful to Mother Pauline, because of her kindly smile and her guiding spirit. We thank our fathers and our mothers, whose encouragement and whose love have made this day a reality. We shall not forget St. Mary's. Let us be her very cornerstones. In order to serve her best let us cultivate our consciences according to her ideals.

Alma Mater, we have grown to love you. The friendships you have made possible, your shaded walks, your twilight skies,—all your beauties, have knit us closely to you. And now that we must part, we can only say to you—

All through the dusky hours of these last days with thee,

My thoughts in troublous sleep are pinioned. Revery  
And sombre night, like constant shadows, walk with me—

But in my heart is a clarion call, and the dawn  
Of one sad word, farewell. Like crimson tear-drops drawn

From hearts when parting rends, so fraught with pain  
this word;

Farewell,—my lips a'tremble are, my eyes grow dim,  
And all my soul its utterance shuns, while drifts my hymn

To solemn silence.—I cannot speak this word.  
Peace, peace, my soul, what need for parting cry?  
Spirits commune in thoughts that do not die,  
And memories, like dreams, realities defy.

Day fades but for a while; it leaves, swift to return,  
Lost in night visions, that roscate grow at dawn,  
That mirrored are in heaven's delicate blushings,  
Or in the sun-beam sea of morning's first sweet flushings.

What need to yearn

For day that's past when day is born anew?

Night is not always with us, yet night immortal is;  
Who gave the heaven's blue,

But Him who rules our destiny? Divine despoiler  
Who gives divine return.

I sing of sorrow, and attune my ears to mortal woe,  
And all too soon I fling away delights that heavy grow,  
Murmurings and petty frettings fill my idle day;  
Enmeshed am I, in foolish babblings, oblivious of the way

That He, the Man of Sorrows, in pain bequeathed to me  
His Cross, my sustaining way to immortality!

My Cross, today is heavy, weighted with unknown fears,  
I strain my ears for one echo of all my girlhood years,  
Lost are familiar faces; voices I love are still—  
Bowed down is my soul, like a floweret swaying on  
wind-swept hill!

Light of my Alma Mater, it is to thee I cling,  
Mother of my fairest hopes, from thy eternal spring,  
I quaffed Elysian waters.

And now, when the spell of thy charm enfolds me  
In closest embrace, I tear myself from thee;  
Singing to thee vagrant thoughts that throng  
Like memory echoes about me,

Breaking at last into parting song!

Our lives, with thee, an enchanted dream,

A voyage down a smiling stream;

And we adrift in a fairy boat

Upon its sleepy waves afloat.

Beside the helm, with tender grace

Thou wert, soothing every trace

Of storms and tears, with thy silver singing;

In weary hours thy loveliness bringing.

Mother, over our cradle bending,

To us all thy sweetness lending;

Molding our souls, to steadily soar

Onward and upward to heaven's door,

Winging their way to immortal bliss

Sealed with the touch of thy mother kiss!

## BACHELOR THESES

Class of 1922

Present Status of Child Labor.....	Genevieve Boyle
Jests and Jesters of American Newspaperdom.....	Margaret Buckley
Cardinal Mercier, Priest-Patriot.....	Florentia Clarke
Thomas Hardy, the Aesthetic Pessimist.....	Doris Cunningham
The N. C. W. C. in Immigrant Aid Work.....	Katherine Duffy
Forest Romance.....	Gertrude Green
Saint Jerome and the Scriptures.....	Helen Holliday
The Problem of Modern Women in Industry.....	Helen Johnson
James Matthew Barrie's Women Characters.....	Frances Kennedy
The Idea of Justice in Greek Tragedy.....	Veronica McCabe
Christ's Methods of Teaching.....	Mary McGarry
The Modern University.....	Amelia Schlecht
Cardinal Gibbons, Churchman and Citizen.....	Teresa Stocker
Valedictorian.....	Rosella Kramer
Class Essayist.....	Stella Scott
Class Poet.....	Catherine Johns



## JUNE

ELIZABETH MAGINNIS, '24

<p>THE Maytime flees along the eves          Of days all filled with sunshine.              Swaying lightly              Reeling slightly,          Drunk with sparkling wine              Of life anew,              Falling dew,          And smiling, azure eyes          And the echo of June's sighs.</p>	<p>The glad light gleams in golden streams,          As Maytime laughs her laughter.              Dancing sprightly,              Beckoning brightly,          When June comes tumbling after.              Bringing flowers,              And golden showers,          And flinging love and gladness,          June fills the world with beauty's madness.</p>
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## THE SPIRITUALITY OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

STELLA SCOTT, '22

LOOKING men, as well as things, into loveliness seems to be the altruistic attitude of many of our English writers in their critical moods. We stand amazed at the glory with which Thompson has clothed the wilful daring of Shelley; we marvel with Carlyle at the hidden genius revealed by the occasional glimpses of the beautiful in Burns; and we are swept along by the majestic current of Macaulay's admiration for the inimitable power of Milton. Because of its striking contrast to these glowing eulogies, William Lyon Phelps' tribute to Francis Thompson is refreshing in its brevity. What could be more strikingly simple than these words, "Francis Thompson walked with God"? To one viewing the seemingly drab life and the amazing work of the poet through this prismatic epitome, however, they become pregnant with color, depth, and beauty. What greater tribute could be paid a man than to reverence his intimacy with his Creator and to acknowledge that "the zeal for God's house had eaten him up"; that his lips flamed with shining song because the live coal from the altar of God had touched them? Is this not the keynote, to Thompson the man and to Thompson the poet, is it not the key-note to his spirituality? If by spirituality, we mean that a man's whole being is controlled and inspired by the spirit, it should not be difficult to find abundant evidences of Francis Thompson's contact with the Divine.

Though a man make a recluse of himself in the world, as our poet did, there are inevitable channels through which the world can penetrate into his inner life. Who can resist those early significant influences which shape character,

home, books, friends? Who can keep the un-failing reflection of himself out of the writings which are himself? Who can prevent his own reaction, albeit an unconscious reaction, or otherwise.

To understand the influences most marked in the making of Francis Thompson, a brief glance into his life is necessary. There was little of the unusual about this son of an English doctor, born in Preston in 1859, and reared like other children of the middle class Catholic families; his familiarity with the peers of literature at an age when most children are struggling with nursery rhymes being but the usual evidence of the precocity of genius. In sequestered nooks, the boy poured over the treasures of the great masters and built for himself a world of dreams. Habits such as these, undoubtedly, added much to the natural reticence and timidity of the child—qualities which persisted in the man. At the age of eleven, Francis was sent to the Jesuit school at Ushaw in the hope that he might later become a priest. Saturating himself with the classics, revelling in the beauty of poetry, and ever drawing more within himself, the boy spent seven years at Ushaw until at the age of nineteen, an enigma to his teachers and directors, a disappointment to his family, he found himself back in the world. Immediately, he made the world his cell; and the medical career to which his strange, sensitive nature could not adapt itself, became for him a "career of silence and evasion". From Ushaw, the faith and the spirit of prayer of the Jesuits went with him, and the rigor of the Exercises of Saint Ignatius might easily be traced in his tremendous fight

against laudanum, for which his pain-racked body constantly cried.

The story of his befriending by the Meynells is a familiar one,—the story of the paternal guidance of Wilfrid and the inspiration of Alice, forces which filled his lonely life with new hope and love. In that home circle, he found

"The heart of Childhood, so divine for me"

and he found also the beauty of simple, Catholic life, which he has extolled in his songs. Through the Meynells, Thompson met Coventry Patmore, who became to him "the Virgil of a younger Dante". The strength of the friendship between these two deeply spiritual men is evidenced by Patmore's own words,

"My heart goes forth to you as it goes to no other man; for are we not singularly visited by a great common delight and a great common sorrow? Is not this to be one in Christ?"

It was Coventry Patmore who opened to the younger poet the gates of vision and led him into the paths of sane mysticism. He said of him,

"He is of all the men I have known most naturally a Catholic. My Catholicism was acquired, his inherent."

This friendship brought Thompson another happiness in the introduction to the Franciscans of Pantasaph, where the poet often sought solitude from the vicissitudes of London life. Hugh Anthony Allen, in his delightful essay on "The Poet of the Return to God", cleverly traces the telling influence of Franciscan philosophy in the prose and poetry of Francis Thompson. In his love of nature and of childhood, in his asceticism, in his familiarity with the Divine, this majestic singer bears strikingly spiritual kinship to

"The Assisian who kept plighted faith to three,  
To Song, to Sanctitude, and Poverty."

The writer notes the similarity between the "Canticle of the Sun" of the Saint and the "Orient Ode" of the poet. Again, to him, "Health and Holiness" is in tone and philosophy distinctly Franciscan, being not unlike the little Assisian's own teachings on asceticism. Like his charming patron-saint, Thompson accepted pain as the instrument of joy, as the

"Wound of the hand, outstretched (screamingly),

and loved Lady Poverty as his bride. The theme of Thompson's own masterpiece, the pursuit and

conquest of the soul by an infinitely loving Christ, finds expression in another Canticle of Saint Francis. Being a Tertiary, Thompson wrote his essay "In Darkest England" as an appeal to the London Tertiaries to carry the spirit of their beloved founder into their city slums. His "morality carried to the ninth power", his deep contemplation, his wide vision, and his intensity of faith, made the poet a most welcome guest within the quiet circle of "the bearded counselors of God" in the monastery at Pantasaph.

The Mystic Poets in whom Thompson found kindred spirit were not without marked influence in his spiritual development. Crashaw, Donne, and Vaughan are reflected in many of his profoundly spiritual thoughts; his religious passion and exalted ardour won for him the title of "the greater Crashaw" and worthy estimates from the English critics, such as this from J. L. Garvin,

"If his sense of beauty is part of his religion, his religion is that of a rapt Catholic, to whom the very Heaven. . . is open and palpable; his is the Catholicism of profound mysticism."

That Francis Thompson was preeminently a mystic is evidenced at every turn in his own works, as well as by the testimony of his little circle of spiritual-minded friends. He epitomizes his own philosophy in "Form and Formalism" when he says,

"In Christ, therefore, centres and is solved that supreme problem of life—the marriage of the Unit with the Sun".

That splendid labor of love, the biography of Saint Ignatius Loyola, is the embodiment of the author's sanctity, his genius in religion. Aside from his marvellous mirroring of the life of the great Soldier of Christ, the biographer has sounded a trumpet call of spiritual activity to a languishing world; he has made weary and tepid souls burn anew with the desire for Sainthood. How like the wondrous ways of God that from the failure of this frail man to follow in the ranks of Ignatius, He should bring forth this triumph of love, which is now lighting the way of a wondering world to the heart of the Soldier-Saint, and leading many a valiant soul into the paths that he who kindled this beacon, could not walk!

With the publication of "Paganism Old and New" the genius of Thompson as a writer of prose caught the attention of the English critics.

This first recognition of his literary worth brought with it the realization that this ingenuously artistic tapestry of words had been woven upon the sound fabric of Catholicism,—which the world soon learned was to be the abiding element in all his “springing thought”. The author accentuates the fact that only through the medium of Christian vision may anything of beauty be seen in the revival of Paganism; he contrasts Love, the child of Jehovah, given to the world at the marriage in Cana, with Love, the child of Jove, and here he sets forth the Christian ideal:

“Therefore sings Dante, and sing all noble poets after him, that Love in this world is a pilgrim and a wanderer, journeying to the New Jerusalem; not here is the consummation of his yearnings, in that mere knocking at the gates of union which we christen marriage, but beyond the pillars of death and the corridors of the grave, in the union of spirit to spirit within the containing spirit of God.”

Again in “Nature’s Immortality”, he expresses his belief that only in so far as man enters into the life of God, does he come into sympathy with Nature; for one can not reach the heart of Nature without first having come closer to the Heart of God. Here, too, as in “Form and Formalism”, the mystic speaks in terms of union with God—“the marriage of the Unit with the Sun” when he says,

“As one man is more able than his fellows to enter into another’s mind, so in proportion as each of us by virtue has become kin to God, will he penetrate the Supreme Spirit, and identify himself with the Divine Ideals. . . . This, my faith, is laid up in my bosom.”

“Sanctity and Song” is the poet’s tribute to his beloved patron, the Seraph of Assisi, as “Health and Holiness” is an epitome of the Little Brown Saint’s philosophy of asceticism. In the delightful pages of this most widely known of Thompson’s essays, there is a clever portrayal of the ‘ready-made austerities’ which the ‘nervous, devitalized modern’ finds replacing his hair-shirt and discipline, since mere living is ‘itself an ascetic exercise’. Saint Francis himself has nowhere more tellingly depicted the essential harmony between body and soul than his namesake has done in these lines,

“Grace does not cast out nature; but the way of grace is founded on nature. Sanctity is genius in religion; the Saint lives for and in religion, as the

man of genius lives for and in his peculiar attainment. Nay, it might be said that sanctity is the supreme form of genius, and the Saints the only true men of genius.”

One might quote endlessly from the spiritual treasures of this magician of prose were it not that his poetry has been so much more highly acclaimed as the argument of his sanctity, earning for him the title of “the essential poet of essential Christianity”. The reluctance with which one first turns from his ‘sublimated æstheticism’ is soon forgotten in the magnificent heights of his poetry. Could one question that this man, though broken by the world, had kept himself unspotted from the world, when he reads such exquisite verses as these in “Ad Castitatem”?

“Do thou with thy protecting hand  
Shelter the flame thy breath has fanned;  
Let my heart’s reddest glow  
Be but as sun-flushed snow.”

Or needs one greater proof of the insight and vision of the poet than shines forth from that magnificently prophetic ballad “Lilium Regis” wherein is pictured our unequipped Mother Church standing fast amid the frightful blasts of war, sheltered by the mercies of Christ, awaiting her final world-triumph. Few read this poem without a feeling of deepest awe that this ‘anchorage in the world’ should picture so vividly the great world struggle, which he was never to see. His splendid vision of the triumphant Church culminates in these lines,

“O Lily of the King! I shall not see, that sing,  
I shall not see the hour of thy queening!  
But my Song shall see, and wake like a flower that  
dawn-winds shake,  
And sigh with joy the odours of its meaning.  
O Lily of the King, remember then the thing  
That this dead mouth sang; and thy daughters,  
As they dance before His way, sing there on the Day  
What I sang when Night was on the waters.”

In “Assumpta Maria”, there is a suggestion of the Canticle of Canticles, a whispered refrain from the Office of Our Lady, and a distinctively Franciscan note in its intimacy with Mary. Through her, he saw the world ‘made saturate with God’; through her, he was ever ‘beating heavenward’; in her, he found embodied all his ideals of womanhood. His love of Mary is as childlike in its simplicity as it is striking in its faith. That same strain of spiritual longing per-

meates "The Kingdom of God", "The Dead Cardinal", and "The Sere of the Leaf"—to mention only a few of his songs—and we are ever conscious of his 'clinging Heaven by the hem', of his crying out to Christ 'walking on the water, not of Genesareth but Thames'.

A glimpse even so fleeting into the 'titantic glooms' and 'vistaed hopes' of the poet's soul makes irrelevant further delving for evidences of spirituality; yet, until we have seen something of the beauty of his masterpiece, we have but touched the threshold of his House of Song. It is with reluctance that we pass over the exquisite love poems of this man to whom love was but an unfulfilled dream, poems that are truly Dantesque in their mystical beauty and their exaltation of womanhood. And harder still is it to leave his touchingly beautiful songs to the 'heart of Childhood'—songs reflecting the '*sancta simplicitas* of the true poet and the real child'. Ten years before the death of Francis Thompson, Canon Sheehan lamented thus the lack of honor he was receiving from his own,

"The vast bulk of our co-religionists have not even heard his name, although it is already bruited amongst the Immortals; and the great Catholic poet, for whose advent we have been straining our vision, has passed beneath our eyes, sung his immortal songs, and vanished."

But time has belied and is belying these regrets; time alone will tell how dynamic a force the songs of "The Quiet Singer" have become for the faith in England, songs whose undying flame is burning its way through the grey walls of Oxford, swelling the Romeward tide, awakening in many the dormant genius of poetry, songs whose catholicity lies in their universality of theme.

Coming to the thrilling grandeur of the "Hound of Heaven", one takes pause, fearful of treading into such a tremendous revelation of "the intense consciousness of the all-enveloping Divine Presence"; and as he pauses, he hears echoed from a seer among the 'watchers of the poetic skies' such praise as this,

"(It hinged) all the steps of the spirit, and we heard from a thrilling and delicious note of doom, and now the waiting of the spheres, and now the very pipes of Eden, and under all the still and music of immensity."

Augustinian in thought and diction, Davidic in range and virility, with a prose counterpart in the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius and a foreshadowing in DeQuincey's "Daughter of Lebanon", this highly-spiritual lyric sings the flight of a soul from the love of Christ,—a flight beginning with such majestic sweep as

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears  
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

And the terror of pursuit finds more dramatic expression in the soul's futile clinging 'to the whistling mane of every wind' in its hopeless flinging of itself into the arms of Nature,

"Against the red throb of its sunset-heart  
I laid my own to beat,  
And share commingling heat;  
But not that, by that, was eased my human smart,  
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.  
For ah! we know not what each other says,  
These things and I; in sound I speak—  
Their sound is but their stir, they speak in silences."

Finally the soul, fearfully conscious of its own nothingness, surrenders to the patient insistence of the all-loving Christ in whose tender embrace is found unsurpassed peace. Could the Beloved Disciple with his head upon the breast of Christ have been more conscious of that Divine Presence than this world-weary soul in the moment of surrender at the feet of its insistent Lover? How eloquent the compassion of His words, how far-reaching and consoling this undying message of our immortal Catholic poet, this message whose thrillingly intimate note echoes with new meaning in the hearts of all who read it! Is it not to all of His children in the world that the tender, pursuing Christ is saying:

"All which I took from thee I did but take  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.  
All which thy child's mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:  
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"



## THE SHIP OF LIFE\*

CATHERINE JOHNS, '22

A T morning tide I saw a stately ship,  
Moored in a sunlight harbor, where the waves  
Dancing in joyous riot kissed her prow,  
And all the restless winds which heaven saves  
Within its sky-blue veil, till flood-time comes,  
Filled out her sails, and queen-like then she rode  
At anchor, where the sun and wind and sea  
Their witchery full lavishly bestowed.

With wings at last released, how fast, how far,  
As seasons softly fade around her flight,  
The foamy surf-path she will trace  
Through seas of winter darkness and of summer light,  
Now spreading sunlit splendor on her sails,  
Now bending to the fury of the blast  
That beats its futile wrath beneath her feet,  
Yet holding to her gallant course unto the last.

The phantom-ship tossed on the mystic waves  
Visions my soul, on life's storm-ridden sea a-sail,  
With its uncaring banner, woven of purity and truth,  
Flung proudly to the ever-threatening gale.  
Swept like a white sea-bird against the night's dark blue,  
Braving the tempest's stern adversity,  
Led by its Heaven-blest standard across the pathless ways,  
Onward it hastens to the shores of far eternity.

\*Class Poem

## ST. MARY'S ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION MEETING, JUNE 10-12, 1922

Officers' Meeting—Morning, afternoon and evening sessions were held in the Bertrand Parlor on February 8. Those present were: Mother M. Pauline, Alice Coady-Cartier, Leona Holden-Moran and Anna Hunt.

The first Business Meeting of St. Mary's Alumnae Association was held on the evening of Saturday, June 10 at seven o'clock.

After the opening prayer and a few words of welcome by the Mother M. Pauline, the President, Alice Coady-Cartier addressed the members:

ESTEEMED HONORARY PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNAE:

How fitting, how true the words of the poet:

"What is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune

And over it her warm ear lays."

I am sure were Lowell a privileged member of this Alumnae, his heart would cry out with ours today, O what is so rare, so delightful as a day in June at dear St. Mary's!

America boasts of her gigantic mountains with their lofty cloud-caressed summits, of her mirror lakes and clear flowing rivers ever bearing onward their toll to swell the mighty ocean, of her wide forests that have withstood the storms of centuries,—all contributing of their treasures to make this land a favored habitation, a fit dwelling place for man. But to us, she can claim no spot more beautiful than our beloved St. Mary's with its wealth of learning,—a fountainhead from which all may draw and be enriched.

Every visitor concedes that our Alma Mater's location on the banks of the winding St. Joe river is most picturesque, that the superiority of her teachers and the excellence of her methods make her an ideal home for the young daughters of our land during the years we are called upon to separate ourselves from them in the interest of their higher education.

What that education will mean in future years we, her older children can testify,—at her knee we have learned lessons that never were held within the covers of a book; lessons made more impressive by the religious atmosphere in which they were given and enhanced by the noble example of her teachers. O, those happy, profitable

days spent at Alma Mater, whose benign influence as a delicate perfume sheds its fragrance over our entire lives.

Although our paths in life wind in different directions; although we fill various missions, though opportunities, privileges and circumstances tend to change our views,—to broaden them, to better them, to help us to see more clearly God's plan in an optimistic way, after all, "she has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often and loved much, who has gained the respect of intelligent men and women and the love of little children, who has filled her niche and accomplished her God-given task, who has made the world better than she found it by a painted landscape, a beautiful poem or a rescued soul."

Closely associated with life at St. Mary's is the memory of the friendships formed during school-days. Although the years since then have taught us some sweet, some bitter lessons, none has proved its wisdom more than this—"to spend in all things else, but of our friends to be most miserly."

Before our friends we may, nay must, be most sincere, we may think aloud to them, alone. 'Tis said that the only way to have a friend is to be one. The immortal Shakespeare warns us, "When thou hast tried a friend, grapple him to thy side with hooks of steel".

These Alumnae meetings are the surest way to make lasting those friendships formed in girlhood days and to prove our devotion to our Alma Mater.

Mother, we are grateful to you and to all who so thoughtfully have provided for our pleasure in this welcome so lovingly extended to us and in return we pledge now our love and loyalty to one another, and to our cherished Alma Mater:

Time may rob us of our treasures,  
Sorrow fill our hearts with tears;  
Joys may lighten many duties,  
Blessings gladden future years—  
But the memory of our girlhood  
Rich and full as blooming rose—  
May it bind the past and future  
With a love that ever grows;  
And when cometh Life's dim twilight,  
May these friendships old and sweet  
Linked in chains of memories  
Find a place at Mother Mary's feet.

Business began with the reading of the Minutes for the Meeting in 1920. The Minutes were then approved.

The corresponding secretary read a letter from the Rev. J. Burns, President of Notre Dame, in which he expressed his regret at not being able to attend the Alumnae Luncheon, also his appreciation of the generous cooperation on the part of St. Mary's in the N. D. Endowment Drive. Miss Marion McCandless spoke in behalf of Mrs. Mae Hoefer-Trask, whom, acting on an emergency request, the Honorary President had admitted into the Association, pending action of confirmation at this meeting. The question before the assembly was the reception of Mrs. Trask into full-membership, since through some misunderstanding (now rectified) within only a few weeks of graduation, the diploma was not conferred upon her. A motion as made and carried to accept Mrs. Trask as an Honorary member and the secretary was advised to notify her of the action taken.

Names of the deceased members, was then read.

Miss McCandless, Treasurer of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, made a spirited appeal, urging St. Mary's Alumnae to become actively interested in the work of the Federation.

The following Nominating Committees were then named:

#### Regular Ticket:—

Chairman—Margaret Loughran-McFarland  
Eleanor Mullen-Blatterman  
Lucretia St. Claire-Bohannon

#### Opposition Ticket:—

Chairman—Leona Holden-Moran  
Rose Lynch-O'Connor  
Jeannette Herbert Schoeller

The second Business Meeting was held at 10:45 on the morning of June 11. Roll call had been deferred until this session, and a prize was given for the largest number present from any one class—1907 had the largest representation. Report of the St. Mary's Appeal Committee announced the amount on hand to date for the Building Fund averaged \$145,587.73. Mother Pauline congratulated the Alumnae on the work done and encouraged the continuation of their efforts in behalf of the Building Fund.

A list of the graduates whose addresses are un-

known was read and all were requested to assist in locating those members.

#### Report of Nominating Committees:

##### Regular Ticket:—

President—Alice Coady-Cartier  
1st Vice-Pres.—Florence Lynch Bohan  
2nd. Vice-Pres.—Angela Donnelly Kelly  
Rec. Sec.—Mary Ethel Holliday  
Corr. Sec.—Clara SeLegue  
Treasurer—Marie Broussard-Weir

##### Opposition Ticket:—

President—Alice Coady-Cartier  
1st. Vice-Pres.—Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley  
2nd. Vice-Pres.—Eleanor Mullen-Blatterman  
Rec. Sec.—Marjorie Barrett  
Corr. Sec.—Winifred Cooney  
Treasurer—Mary Roach

Third Business Meeting was held at 1:30 P. M., June 11.

A second request for correct addresses was made.

A report of the treasurer, Katherine Ramsey, was read and accepted.

Delegates were then selected for the Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae—Oct. 26—Nov. 2, 1922.—Those named were Josephine Murphy, delegate, with Mae O'Loughlin-Gillen as alternate. Mrs. Gillen was also appointed secretary for the St. Mary's Branch of the Federation for the next four years.

The Regular election of officers then took place with the following result:

President—Alice Coady-Cartier—by unanimous acclamation.

1st. Vice-Pres.—Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley  
2nd. Vice-Pres.—Eleanor Mullen-Blatterman  
Recording Sec.—Marjorie Barrett  
Corr. Sec.—Winifred Cooney  
Treasurer—Marie Broussard-Weir

Discussion concerning the revision of the Constitution was invited. A motion was made and carried that the President appoint a committee to revise the Constitution so as to meet the needs of present conditions.

The motion for adjournment was in order; made and carried. The members dispersed to prepare for the Luncheon at 4:30 P. M. The Meeting of 1922 was acknowledged to be one of the most interesting and enjoyable ever experienced.

## ALUMNAE LUNCHEON

Around the table ties of home are most closely knit and so it is with the now regularly established Luncheon at St. Mary's. We are children once more and Alma Mater is the same loving mother as of yore. Here we make speak out in childish glee, recounting the pranks and happenings of school life.

\* \* \* \*

Introducing the Toastmaster of the evening, Alice Coady-Cartier said:

RT. REV. BISHOP, REV. FATHERS, MOTHERS, FELLOW ALUMNAE AND GUESTS:

This feature, of the Alumnae Meeting,—the Luncheon, would be incomplete without noting the dates marked on the calendar of the Association of 1922. Allow me to introduce to you our esteemed Toastmaster, Genevieve McCrory-Egan.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Egan then, graciously proposed the following toasts:

"Wreath the bowl with flowers of soul,  
The brightest wit can find us.  
Take a flight  
Toward Heaven, tonight  
And leave dull care behind us."

It would seem that an occasion like this speaks for itself. This assembly of the children and friends of St. Mary's proclaims loyalty and good will to each and all. Yet, an honored observance of an old-time custom calls upon us to voice some of the pledges we make ere this happy hour has passed by. Although the Eighteenth Amendment does not permit the "cup of friendship" to flow literally at this "smiling board," still we retain the privilege—the dearest of all—we may

Wreath the bowl with flowers of soul,  
The brightest wit can find us."

We may listen again to the recall of beautiful memories of the happy old convent and by "words fitly spoken," we may strengthen the influence which upholds us in our various fields of endeavor. We may

Take a flight toward Heaven tonight  
And leave dull care behind us."

Since our last meeting, another Shepherd has been seen to preside over the Catholic World, and I call upon His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Joseph

Glass to do honor to him whom we proudly claim the most American of Popes—His Holiness Pius XI. \*

\* \* \* \*

Again, it is my pleasant duty to propose a toast to another member of the hierarchy; one who has guided us in the direction of Heaven for many years; one who enjoys the unlimited appreciation of the children of his diocese—the worthy Bishop of Fort Wayne—the Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Aldering. I call for a response from Angela Donnelly-Kelly.

\* \* \* \*

Among our guests tonight, we are singularly favored by the presence of one, who like ourselves, is celebrating his Silver Jubilee. Nineteen hundred and twenty-two marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of his Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Glass of Salt Lake City.

Will Miss Florentina Clarke, please respond?

\* \* \* \*

Wreath again, the bowl with flowers of soul that radiate from the chastened gold of the deeds of fifty years. The class of Golden Jubilarians is a setting for one of the most brilliant jewels in the educational realm of any time, the gifted and loved Directress of St. Mary's—Mother Pauline. Truly a golden tongue must respond to this toast—a fitting tribute will be paid by Annie Clark-Hayes, to our Beloved Mother and to her own classmate. Mrs. Jennie Hynds-Conkling of the class 1872.

\* \* \* \*

While all feel that the Golden Jubilarians are carrying off highest honors, we may not fail to recognize the lesser lights, who will be emblazoned in glory twenty-five years hence. As star differs from star in glory, so the members of the class of 1897 are the brightest gems in the Silver Jubilee of the Association. That all the members may be here when the soft light of this celebration changes to golden, I propose the health of the class of 1897, and for a response I call upon their own Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley.

\* \* \* \*

The rejoicing Mother of so many daughters will always be regarded as the center of our devotion. Her precepts have helped us at all times, and for a worthy tribute, never wanting at any meeting of our Alumnae. I call upon Florence



Lynch-Bohan to read the response which Mary Walsh-Walsh so thoughtfully sent, since she could not be with us to give it in person.

\* \* \* \*

There are bright young faces here tonight,  
Faces glowing with beauty, intelligence and faith.

They too, will pledge their talents and acquirements to further the growth and uplift of the Association. And we extend the heartiest welcome to these our younger sisters. Will Clara SeLegue wreath the bowl with Alma Mater's fresh flowers, fair buds and blossoms of the classes of 1921 and '22?

#### RESPONSES TO TOASTS

"Our Holy Father, Pius XI" - - - -

In reponse Bishop Glass said in substance:

I suppose that I may be pardoned for expressing my personal pleasure at the privilege that is mine of being here this afternoon and being named as your guest of honor. I want you to know that I appreciate the privilege of being your guest of honor and of responding to the toast of our Holy Father. I suppose it might be proper for me to read my manuscript, telling you that the Pope was born at a certain place, that he acted as librarian at a certain place, was made the representative of the Holy See in Poland, Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal and Pope. You can say it all in a few moments, but it takes sometime to get to these eminent heights, as Father Gallagher and I know very well.

Pope Pius promises to become a great Pope, I do not know whether he will or not, but at this writing the indications are that he will become a great Pope, and if he does not, he will be one of the few popes who have not become great in this modern age. For the Papacy has taken its place among the great institutions. Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV have all been great Popes. I am taking only those that most of us know by name, though the Golden Jubiliarians, like Mother Aquina and Mother Pauline might remember Gregory XIV. However, the Pope stands before the world as the successor of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it," and as his lineal descendant in office Pope Pius XI stands today among the great men of the world in the most commanding position that any human being can occupy. He looks out over the Catholic world, distressed as all the world has been distressed by the war; he looks out over the Catholic world and sees many more problems of his predecessor unsolved and many more problems

still to be solved. From his watch tower on the Tiber he looks out over the world, and they tell us he looks with a particularly kindly feeling toward the United States of America, and we as his soldiers are supposed to be taking care of the interests of the Church in this part of the world. As the great commanding officer he cannot personally attend to the work to be done in this section of the world. He relies upon the archbishops, the bishops, the priests and the people. The point I want to call your attention to is the part the Catholic laity are supposed to take in caring for the interests of Jesus Christ. For after all, St. Peter was supposed to take care of the interests of Jesus Christ.—"Peter, lovest thou Me—Feed My sheep." If thou lovest Me feed My lambs, and all over the world are these children of Christ seeking knowledge, seeking the way of truth; and in this country of ours there is great work to be done.

The United States of America is a Providential nation. I believe God had some great mission in view when he permitted to be established the great Republic of the West. Therefore I feel there is a great undertaking for the interests of Christ among the American people.

It is wonderful to see an institution of this kind, to see gathered together so many charming ladies, ladies who have made their mark in the world, women who are taking their part in the affairs of the world. This is a great institution. Mother Pauline will not deny that. It means that this institution has a mission to carry out, the mission of St. Peter, like our institutions that have been spread over all the country.\* \* \* \* \* So this institution and institutions like unto this, like our parochial schools, these are all a part and parcel of the great work that Christ called St. Peter to do, and through his successors to Pius XI.

The first thought I want to give you is to realize that you have a personal part in carrying out the great program of Jesus Christ in society. The mere fact that you have come here and graduated and gone out through your particular walks of life means nothing if it does not mean that you are going to represent the spirit of St. Mary's College throughout your walks of life; that it is part of your business, this work that Jesus Christ gave to St. Peter and to his successors. Therefore, there should go back to our Holy Father from us, and all other Catholics all over the world, a spirit of determination to help him in his high office, to help him to do the work that is to be done in the cause of Christ. The American people, given a fair chance, are anxious for the truth; they are anxious for the good and the beautiful. Over half our population know no religion; they darken the door of no church, but I would say that over half of them would be amenable to Catholic teaching if we would give it to them. How are they to get it? By your remembering that you are a representative of Jesus Christ, a representative of the Papacy. The most important thing is the Catholic life. If the Catholic graduates of an institution like this do not stand for the higher and nobler things; if they do not give the right kind of example; if they do not love the things that are true and beautiful, to whom shall we look for the bringing of these people into the true faith and the keeping of the people in the truths of our holy religion?

We have some 6,200 Catholic schools scattered through the country, . . . but in spite of all the work that has been done by Catholic institutions like this, by the Academies all over the country, in spite of the example given by lay people, we run into Catholics who have no sense of the Catholic spirit, who do not understand apparently what Christ meant to do when he established His church and sent His apostles throughout the world.

I am liable to talk too long, but there are just one or two things I want to get over, as an advertising friend of mine says, and one of these is that they are introducing another Towner bill in Congress, that has for its purpose to do away with the Catholic grammar school. If the Catholic grammar school is done away with, it will be only a short time before other institutions of higher rank will be done away with; for the same

reasons that hold for the abolishment of the catholic grammar school will hold afterwards for the higher institutions. You, through your influence with your Congressmen and Senators can stop this. The Masons are very active in this; they say we are gathering our people to make a separate people. . . . They have overlooked the South where there are no schools to take care of the children adequately; they forgot to tell the people that the great number of the teachers in the public schools have not even the minimum requirements; they have forgotten the great saving in taxes because we support our own schools, but many of our Catholics do not bother their heads about this, which brings me to my second point, that whatever concerns the Catholic Church is of interest to you. Sometimes we hear people say they would like to give a million. Many may not be able to do this. But all can give to the cause by cooperation and that helpfulness that will keep our Catholic schools in the present splendid state in which they are. The Church expects this from you, and I dare say, there is no higher vocation than that of a Catholic woman taking care of her family, seeing that they are educated according to Catholic standards. . .

I have no regard for that Catholic woman, who claims to be a graduate of a Catholic institution, and then sends her boys to a secular college and her girls to a finishing school, and most of the time they are "finished" when they get through.

The Church is the divinely established teacher that Christ left on earth. There are Catholic people who have not had the chance that you have had, and you can be apostles among these people. We find people coming out West, who have not the practical spirit of Christianity, who have not the spirit of the Church. They take no interest in the parish work, no interest in the work of building up; they are apparently just selfish people, and so, if this toast of Pius XI given to me as a toast would mean anything, I would suggest that it bring to your thoughts the fact that this institution and you, the members of the Alumnae of St. Mary's, have a great part in safeguarding the interests of Jesus Christ in this country, as the parish school, the Catholic schools and all the great works that are being carried on for the preservation of the cause of Christ.

"Our Bishop,"—THE RT. REV. HERMAN JOSEPH  
ALDRING

RESPONSE BY ANGELA DONNELLY—KELLY:

To the sainted Valentinus, once Bishop of Forni,  
I had recourse but lately, in great perplexity;  
Mine was the lovely duty to write a fitting toast  
To him who is of all our friends the most  
Beloved; and so the gentle saint I sought,  
Begging him to fill my mind with wondrous thought,  
That I might speak the praise of all, the praise which  
has no end

Of our Beloved Bishop, our best friend,  
But his lordship Valentinus, well-taught in Heaven's  
ways,

Told me our Bishop would not care so much for glow-  
ing praise,

As for a simple song of love born in a caring heart—  
No matter if its worth is small and crude its art,  
Thus, encouraged by a Bishop, dear Bishop—friend so  
true,

I wrote this little song to tell our faithful love for you.

That I might make a melody  
To tell your great, true worth,  
I asked, in all my soul's song poverty,  
The singing things of sky and earth,  
To help me speak the love within our hearts to-day.  
Half-fearful, I  
Besought the soft-voiced breezes that with footsteps  
gay,

Go dancing, whispering among the flowers, and sweet  
and high,

I begged of them to play on fairy pipes to tell  
Our love for you. Full gladly as they fluttered on their  
way,

They wove a mystic spell  
Of music wondrous sweet, that seemed to say  
All things I could desire—but, suddenly,  
Their little lives were done!  
Then I caught singing birds, and melody  
I wooed and won  
From every feathered throat,  
And wove it, note on note,  
Into a soft refrain of utmost gaiety.  
Till I beheld how the imprisoned things  
Beat at the bars with futile broken wings,  
And, pitying, I set them free.

Then, nature having failed, I pondered long,  
Hoping to cull from poets' myriad lines a song;  
But from them all no poem could I find  
To tell you how our hearts hold you inshrined.

Thus, since I cannot weave in harmony  
All singing things of earth and sky,  
Nor rise to song's high ecstasy  
Of magic words, then I  
Shall use the close, sweet language of a friend  
Unto a friend, a father kind and true,

And say that till you reach your journey's end,  
When twilight shadows fall,  
Ever our loyal hearts shall treasure you,  
The closest and the dearest friend of all!

My thanks to Valentinus, once Bishop of Forni,  
For telling me that Bishops like love's simplicity!

\* \* \*

"Our Guest of Honor"—THE RT. REV. JOSEPH S.  
GLASS, C. M. D. D.

Response by FLORENTIA CLARKE

HONORED TCMASTER, RIGHT REV. BISHOP, REV. FATH-  
ERS, MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNAE:

My privilege it is, Right Reverend Bishop, to  
address you and my honor it is to link your name  
with the name of the Holy Father, Pope Pius.

In the name of Saint Mary's I greet you and  
extend sincere congratulations and prayerful best  
wishes in this, the year of your silver jubilee.

Five and twenty years ago sacred orders con-  
secrated you a priest forever—Alter Christus.  
During all that time your power has been like  
the power of the alchemist of old. All that he  
touched was changed into silver and gold. Twenty  
five years have turned to silver your deeds—deeds  
of charity and mercy prompted by a heart over-  
flowing with love of God and of your spiritual  
children. Literally, have you fulfilled Christ's  
burning desire "I've come to cast fire upon the  
earth and what will I but that it be kindled".

In Los Angeles as President of Saint Vin-  
cent's College and pastor of Saint Vincent's  
Church, you first labored in the Master's vine-  
yard. There you planted the seeds of faith and  
charity and God gave the increase.

But in the divine design you were to feed the  
sheep as well as the lambs; and so Salt Lake  
city claimed you for its Bishop in 1915. There  
your zeal for the things of God quickened the  
hearts of many and fired them with a desire to  
labor for the faith. Of your Apostolic works we  
may repeat what others say of you. "He hath  
done all things well."

And so there are many debts of gratitude due  
you for the good you have done both as a Priest of  
God and a Prince of the Church. We the class of  
1922 are yet indebted in an especial manner—for  
our first retreat as students at St. Mary's and for  
the personal interest you have shown all through  
our College course. You it was who started us to  
run in the race, making it plain that all run in-  
deed, but one receiving the prize. And now that

Alma Mater is crowning us with her love and her benediction we in the name of St. Mary's take this occasion to thank you for the inspiration that you have been to us both in spirit and in truth.

What shall we render you in return? The best that we have to offer, our prayers that you may continue to work the works of God, that your children in Christ may become "rich in virtue studying beautifulness", and that Divine Wisdom may ever be with you, Wisdom which is more active than all active things and reaches everywhere by reason of her purity.

\* \* \* \*

"Golden Jubilarians" - - - - -  
- Response by MRS. ANNIE CLARKE HAYES, '12

The Scholastic year of 1871-72, we the Golden Jubilators gave our maiden speech and farewell bow in the old Exhibition hall at St. Mary's.

A half a Century has passed and again we assemble at our dear Alma Mater to give homage where homage is due.

Did I say Fifty years had passed? It seems only a few short years I wonder, tonight, if any grey heads have got mixed with the crowd; if there are, in the words of one of our poets:

"Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite,  
Old Time is a liar—We're all twenty tonight."

We Golden Jubilators were students in the days of dear Father Sorin, Mother Angela, Mother Eusebia and Mother Annunciata, and as our years of joys and sorrows have come and gone the teachings of those dear ones have been ever present in our minds and have made deep impression upon our lives.

And over our earth's full jubilee shall deeper joys be felt in Heaven.

As a living testimony to their teaching behold our Mother Aquina and Mother Pauline, companions in those happy days, your guiding stars for the past fifty years.

To those who are entering upon the Stage of Life may the great teachings of this institution, Our Alma Mater, be to you what it has been to us.

All things are progressing and with it St. Mary's has ever been in the front. May she always remain so:

And when at last we are gone  
With life's sun and its pleasure,  
Our Mother in Heaven will say:  
"O my children—our treasure."

"Our Silver Jubilarians" - - - - -

Response for Class of 1897 by HENRIETTA O'BRIEN-CROWLEY:

This is the Jubilee Year of the reorganization of the Alumnae and of highest importance to us the class of 1897. Twenty five years have passed since that happy day when we were the recipients of the congratulations and good wishes of our dear friends at St. Mary's and at home. We had received the long sought after and prize Diplomas, certifying to our attainments. Of course, we felt the importance of our position, and, no doubt some of us felt we would cut a "wide swatte" in the little old world about us, when we should begin to dispense the wisdom that had been stored up in our minds during our stay at St. Mary's.

Today, we look back through the years with their hours of sunshine and of shadow to find the dreams of conquest, in the most instances, have been achieved by the girls of our class. Some have persevered farther in their studies and we are proud to announce that Agnes Brown now holds a position on the faculty of Ohio State University. At the call of humanity during the great world crisis all of our class volunteered for social welfare and war activities. Maude Anderson rendered distinguished service in the Red Cross ranks abroad.

The conquest of the "better half" has appealed to the greater number of the class. Tired of all sorts of enterprises many drifted into the sea of matrimony where they have found a busy career, filled with joys and responsibilities.

It is a quarter of a century since our graduation day,—an appalling span of time looking ahead, but not so, when we turn our eyes backward. Scarcely did I think when I attended that first Alumnae Meeting of 1897, held in the Academy building, presided by Mother Annunciata with her kind and gentle dignity, that I would have the honor of representing our class on the occasion of its Silver Jubilee. It is my proud boast that I have missed only two meetings in all that time. And prouder still, I hold the palm of victory to two classmates—Winifred Cooney who has missed only one meeting, and Mettie Touhey-Lampert whose roll-call record is, 100.

St. Mary's is as dear to us today as it was in that long ago; Mother Pauline, our Golden Jubilarian, is still with us, Sisters Domitilla, Eu-



genie and many others, making the greater St. Mary's of 1922 to vibrate with the same tenderly affectionate spirit of 1897. A quarter of a century has added beauty and charm to our memories of Alma Mater; the years have been kind to you St. Mary's; you have grown in physical proportions and in intellectual and spiritual power. Today your position of eminence among the educational centers of our country is recognized. Your splendid record of usefulness cannot be questioned. We, the class of 1897, take pride in your achievements and pray that your ambitions and your hope for increased facilities, making possible a broader field of endeavor soon will be realized.

To Mother Pauline, the girls of 1897 are attached by particular bonds of affection. We were an intimate part of St. Mary's when Mother Pauline began her now notable administration as Mother and president of the College, and we have taken the same sort of pride in the gentle, progressive, brilliant attainments of her administration, as we would were Mother herself a member of our own class.

We congratulate you, Mother Pauline, on the wonderful record you have made during these years of service. Like a mother, you have found time to interest yourself in all the girls of St. Mary's. Your superb leadership, you never failing repose, your abiding devotion to the children entrusted to your care have been an inspiration to us. We hope and pray that you may be with us long to carry on the great work you have so splendidly begun.

"Alma Mater"

Response by MARY WALSH-WALSH

MADAME PRESIDENT, RIGHT REV. BISHOPS, FATHERS  
DEAR MOTHERS AND FELLOW ALUMNAE:

"What is so rare as a day in June!  
Then if ever come perfect days."

I think the poet must have been thinking of these happy reunions when from north and south and east and west come trouping back the children of St. Mary's to live over again the pleasant memories of school time.

Throughout the year business women may be occupied with facts and figures—mothers may be busy with babies and children's school-day end-

ings—but when the call to Alumnae sounds forth, it pierces through the turmoil of the business world,—it penetrates into the little family circle—and finds us here today exchanging greetings, renewing old friendships, and meeting loved teachers of our girlhood.

Here on these grounds were spent some of the happiest days of our lives. Here in these halls under the guidance of patient and devoted sisters, we learned perhaps something of books, but from their lives we learned the worth of sterling character and the beauty of God-like souls. The years may pass away, Life's trials and temptations may come, but every Alumna can say that thoughts of her days here at St. Mary's have been a beacon light guiding her ever onward and upward to virtue and Christian achievement.

We are particularly happy this year because this Reunion marks the Golden Jubilee of one of our best and noblest friends—our beloved Mother Pauline. If an Institution like this means so much to Catholic Education who can measure what it means to have at its head such a leader and such a woman. Well may we gather round her today seeking council in our new problems, asking that she instill into us the spirit of her leadership that we may build where others destroy—that our homes and our lives may be fitting tributes to her inspiration.

Just as the brooks feed the rivers, and the rivers the seas—so our Catholic schools and colleges, are pouring out men and women of character, ability and enthusiasm into the blood-stream of the nation.

Dear Alma Mater, our hearts today go out to you in love and gratitude. May every student who enters thy sacred halls breathe the sweet incense of thy influence,—and every graduate pledge to thee her best endeavor.

\* \* \* \*

"Welcome to Classes of 1921—22"

Response by CLARA SeLEGUE

When, in 1917, our class, a large and normal Freshman class, with the healthy curiosity common to students of that rank, for the first time inspected the place, the people and the traditions, two very real ambitions presented themselves to lure us on, as it were, over the shoals of Junior and Sophomore years to the eventual dignity of cap and gown. Of course graduation, which intervened between the two, was our real end and

purpose. But they say that the human mind grasps the concrete more readily than the abstract; graduation was a delightful, hazy will-of-the-wisp, with a rolled diploma in his hand for a trumpet and a large, shiny gold medal for a lantern. Graduation was elusive, abstract. But one forerunner of it, very mundane, perhaps, but highly concrete and appealing to every underclassman, was the series of Saturday-night dinners which the Seniors of that time used to give. The dining-room, beautifully decorated; the girls in their pretty gowns; the delicious tantalizing odors stealing out, even as the girls passing down in ranks stole wistful glances within,—that represented the enviable state of Seniors before graduation. The other reward followed; the privilege of coming back for Alumnæ.

We had not, I believe, the faintest idea of what Alumnæ meetings were, or what they effected; but we could catch a little of the spirit of the old students who returned. We could recognize in their faces the eagerness of children returning to a beloved mother. We could see that they regarded St. Mary's almost as a suburb of Paradise adjoining a noisy world and that they envied us who were still, in their opinion, carefree students. On our part, we envied them the hearty welcome they received. Alumnæ, therefore, came to be regarded as the second desirable goal.

Today the class of '22 and its sister-class,

that of '21, attain together that long-awaited end. Long ago have the Olympian Seniors ceased to partake of nectar and ambrosia on Saturday evenings; the will-of-the-wisp, graduation, has been reached, and we have found the delights which followed greater than we sought. We can only thank you for having, with so much graciousness and kindness, received us into your association, and made the realization even sweeter than the dream.

\* \* \* \*

When, by unanimous acclamation, Mother Pauline was called upon, she most graciously waived all claim to honor, referring it to her loved and revered predecessors by saying, "the words of praise seem to come from afar", and modestly declaring that success was made possible only by the earnest and persevering cooperation of those who have worked so faithfully with her.

\* \* \* \*

The Luncheon ended, Alice Coady-Cartier announced the adjournment of the Alumnæ meeting for 1922 in the following words:

"This 'feast of reason and flow of souls' is over. May we all look forward to a renewal of Alumnæ ties two years hence. In the meantime may we often recall these happy days just ending as we renew our pledges in song, after which Bishop Glass will give us his blessing."

(All joined in "St. Mary's Song")

ST. MARY'S, N. D.

1922

As the river moves in changeless flow  
 Ever-renewed, on toward the sea,  
 So, while thy children come and go,  
 Dear Alma Mater, ever shalt thou be  
 Making thy calm way to Eternity.



TO THE VERY REVEREND GILBERT FRANCAIS, C. S. C.

Superior General of the Priests of Holy Cross

---

In offering our heartiest congratulations on the Fiftieth Anniversary of your ordination to the Holy Priesthood, how more eloquently can we express the full meaning of those golden years of service than in the words of your own son of Holy Cross, the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill—

"E'en as the Royal Psalmist's eager soul  
For goodness, discipline and knowledge prayed,  
So, fifty years ago, all unafraid  
Of sacrifice and pain and sharpest dole,  
Thy neck new burdened with the priestly stole,  
Didst thou, too, ask of Heaven constant aid  
That mind and heart and will might be inlaid  
With gems of grace, life's fairest gloriole.

Ten lustres with good works for God replete  
Disclose how fully granted was thy prayer  
How high thy soul each issue grave to meet,  
Through humblest, thou, of all the cross who wear,  
Or far or near the end, thy crown is won,  
And Christ but tarries His acclaim, 'Well done!'"



## ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PUPILS OF

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JUNE 1922

## LIVING

In this busy twentieth century, in spite of the hurry of the age, it is well to remember some facts about true living. When life is over its value will not be measured by the number of years to its credit but rather by the amount of whole-hearted kindness and strength that has been put into each day of those years. That is what the poet meant when he said,

"Better one glorious crowded hour

Than a lifetime without a name."

To live every minute of one's life thoroughly is to really live. The poet priest of the South expresses it,

"Better a day of strife

Than a century of sleep."

## CHARITY

"A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another, as I have loved you." Always do we hear the echo of this divine commandment, spoken in far Judea; an echo that only grows in volume as it is repeated and sung through out the passing centuries. Recount the rillions of sermons based upon this one text, the thousands of hearts moved by its divine import, and the self-sacrifice that it has brought to hearts in which its seed took growth and flowered!

Love is something that all crave. We show it when we shun loneliness as we shun evil. How welcome the voice of our friend; how pleasing the company of our loved ones. It is because we love them and they love us. It is the mystery of eternal charity, profound, deep, and abiding.

We so frequently forget the significance of this commandment in the contemplation of its sheer beauty. It is in little things that we forget it. If we have charity only in its abstract meaning,

how little does it avail us to expound upon its sublimity. The most perfect love is often shown in little things—a smile, when it can best scatter sunshine; a smile, when it is least expected; a smile, in answer to a harsh word, or in the strenuous battle with the misfortunes of life. That is charity! There is also love in our daily actions; going out of our way to please someone in whom we are not particularly interested; offering willing services when they can be most helpful; giving sympathy, and wiping away hot tears or soothing injured feelings with the balm of calm and friendly explanations. This is the kind of love that our mothers have for us. Do they ever stop to weigh, to consider whether an act of self-sacrifice or kindness on their part, will add to their own comfort? Ah no, they would shed their heart's best blood for us.

Then there is the charity of seeing another person's viewpoint, the charity of concession, the charity of silence in arguments where convictions clash stubbornly and voices grow fiery! The kind word, teaching, admonishing, and advising, these too, mean love. And above all there is the charity of the understanding heart.

## THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.

It is a blessing to any woman to be able to laugh. There are so many things which hurt in the lives of all of us that laughter does not come easily.

It is a high art to know how to laugh spontaneously and infectiously and it is a higher art to know when and at what to laugh. Various women have varied laughs. There are some funeral-visaged women who look as though they could not laugh. To them life is but a vale of tears. When you are near them you wonder whether the wave is beginning to come out of your hair. A woman ought not to be always laughing, for this would be one degree worse than never to laugh. There is an inane laugh which is a profanation of mirth. An empty laugh comes from empty spaces. In the back of any genuine laughter is a genuine personality. A laughter which arises from the personality really starts from the heart and swells up through the lips carrying with it an infectious and whole-hearted something which stirs the heart of those who hear it and reveals the meaning of that Old English

expression, "It warmeth the cockles of my heart." The woman who laughs that honest laugh must be a pretty wholesome sort of person and nine times out of ten she has learned to laugh through suffering. Laughter and tears are never at a distance from one another. No woman ever really learns to laugh until she has lived through things which give her a real back-ground for laughter. A person learns through experience the place and value of laughter and that a laugh is nature's best medicine. One of the compensations which age brings to woman is the ability to laugh. She outgrows the idea that all life is tragic. There have been black hours when laughter was far from her; but there comes a day when the clouds begin to lift and she catches a glimpse of the silver behind the black and she laughs again.

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### HOW MUSICAL WE ARE!

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This universe of ours is a very harmonious one! It partakes of the very nature of music. It has its melodic dissonances, it is true, but what musician can charm without them? To appreciate cosmos, one must know chaos. So it is with music! But go on. That this universe is harmonious is obvious. The very earth we live on is rocked to sleep in its cradle of air by the soothing melodies of the spheres.

Hence it is that music is innate, it is everywhere. All things are musical, human beings, quadruped creatures, and inanimate objects. Some people have developed their musical tastes so highly that they can see harmonies in stones! But have you never turned your ear to the swaying tree tops, or heard the gentle lapping of the waters against a beaten cliff?

Even grasshoppers are musical in a "grasshopperish" way! Frogs sing their mid-summer night symphonies regularly with all the variety and cadences of the wind and stringed instruments of our modern orchestras. Who would say that music is not a gift of the gods? Recall what Orpheus accomplished with his lyre. Recall the "miserable" bear! All that is needed to make him sympathize is a little grand organ jazz on a cello's case.

There are many kinds of music. There are the flute-like renditions of the eager amateur playing the scales, or the mechanical ebullitions of the player-piano, across the street, thrumming far into the night. There is the music of girls' voices in boarding-school refectories! One must not forget the singing school, or the song of the cock on a sleepy morning. The encouraging magazine advertisements, "How to learn to play the piano over night", are not absurd, when one considers their true import. All that is necessary to acquire skillful manipulation of the ivories is to awaken to your innate sense of rhythm, to take a few finger exercises, and then to spontaneously beat out ragtime in any fashion desired. This can be done very artistically, with a little effort, since no artistry is necessary.

Without exaggeration then, it must be admitted that music is far-reaching, and not confined to any particular class. Music makes us cry, it makes us laugh, and it makes life truly worth living when we want to forget.

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### OPPOSITION

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A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a person; it is what one wants and must have in order to be able to accomplish anything. Hardship and opposition are said to be the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

A great pugilist hardens and strengthens his nerves, and sharpens his skill by wrestling, while if that same man were never to meet with antagonism he would never become strong and able to withstand the hardships of combat.

The greater the obstacle is, the more glory one has in overcoming it; therefore we find in many cases that our antagonists are our helpers. It is not a victory over another which makes us rejoice, but it is the fight that we have in order to win the victory. A strenuous soul hates easy or cheap success; and it is the zeal that the assailant puts forth that brings the happiness to the defendant.

The effects of opposition are wonderful. There are men who go along with their business or whatever they are engaged in, without any vim or ambition; while these same men, when shown a little opposition are so inflamed with enthusiasm, that they are able to encounter and overcome any difficulty that may arise.

## GRADUATES RECITAL

assisted by the Violin Ensemble Class

JUNE 1

## TO ANY MUSICIAN

*I wonder if you have ever thought  
While your music lists us to ecstasies,  
Of how tenderly God prepared for you,  
When he tossed the first bird to the breeze,  
When He caught shy laughter in the brook,  
And sent the wind singing through the trees,  
Of what care He took that you should be born  
Into a world of sweet harmonies.*

—S. M. E.

## PROGRAM

Overture	-	-	-	-	Isenman
First Violins—Misses M. Maupin, E. Forschner, J. Lecour, L. Guedelhoefer					
Second Violins—Misses A. Buckley, F. LaPointe, L. Weinrich, R. Kavanaugh, P. O'Brien					
Viola—Professor R. Seidel.					
Cello—Miss D. Nichols					
Pianos Misses H. Daily, L. Cartier					
Concert	-	-	-	-	Bach
Violins—Miss M. Maupin, Professor R. Seidel					
Piano—Miss L. Riley					
Song—Berceuse, "Jocelyn"	-	-	-	-	Godard
					Miss H. Weinrich
					Piano—Miss M. Ranstead
Meditation	-	-	-	-	Massenet
Etude	-	-	-	-	David
					Violin Ensemble
					Piano—Miss Z. Burns
Chorus—The Joy of Spring	-	-	-	-	Schuette-Spross
					St. Mary's Glee Club
					Accompanist—Miss M. Ranstead
Piano—Concert Paraphrase No. 5	-	-	-	-	Strauss-Schutt
					Miss M. Morrissey
Violin—Cavatina	-	-	-	-	Adelmann
					Souvenir de Sarasate
					Miss M. Maupin
					Piano—Miss A. R. Carr
Song—Ave Maria	-	-	-	-	Bach-Gounod
					Miss D. Ryno
					Piano—Miss H. Weinrich
					Violin—Prof. R. Seidel
Trio—Andante—Finale	-	-	-	-	Mendelsohn
					Piano—Miss H. Weinrich
					Cello—Miss D. Nichols
					Violin—Professor R. Seidel

## SONG RECITAL

MAY 7

On the evening, May 7, Miss Hazel Weinrich delighted St. Mary's and guests with her graduation Song Recital. Miss Weinrich possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of sympathetic quality, which combined with her charming personality,

completely won her audience. No small element of Miss Weinrich's success was due to the excellent work of her accompanist, Miss Marian Ranstead. Miss Weinrich's program was exceptionally well balanced and varied in character, providing opportunity well balanced and varied in character opportunity for the young artist to demonstrate the range, quality and technique of her voice.

## PROGRAM

I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercies, O Lord—					
"St. Paul"	-	-	-	-	Mendelsohn
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair	-	-	-	-	Haydn
When Love Is Kind	-	-	-	-	Old English
Tes Yeux	-	-	-	-	Rabey
Nocturne Oriental	-	-	-	-	Buzzi-Peccia
Si mes vers avaient des ailes	-	-	-	-	Hahn
Depuis le Jour—"Louise"	-	-	-	-	Charpentier
Un bel di Vedremo—"Madame Butterfly"	-	-	-	-	Puccini
Dawn	-	-	-	-	Curran
The Cuckoo	-	-	-	-	Lehman
Songs My Mother Taught Me	-	-	-	-	Dvorak
My Menagerie	-	-	-	-	Foster
Time and I	-	-	-	-	Cadman
Accompanist—Miss Ranstead					

## SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

JUNE 12

## Program

Overture	-	-	-	-	Eilenberg
First Violins—Misses M. Maupin, E. Forschner, J. Lecour, L. Guedelhoefer					
Second Violins—Misses A. Buckley, F. LaPointe, L. Weinrich, R. Kavanaugh					
Viola—Professor R. Seidel					
Cello—Miss D. Nichols					
Piano—Misses H. Daily, M. Hayes					
Chorus—Nymphs and Fauns	-	-	-	-	Bemberg-Matthews
					St. Mary's Glee Club
					Piano—Miss M. Ranstead
Violin—Air Varie, No. 6	-	-	-	-	C de Beriot
					Miss M. Maupin
					Piano—Miss A. R. Carr
Class Poem—Ship of Life	-	-	-	-	
					Miss Catherine Johns
Song—Carnaval	-	-	-	-	Foudrain
					Miss D. Ryno
					Piano—Miss H. Weinrich
Class Essay—The Spirituality of Francis Thompson					Miss Stella Scott
Song—Un bel di Vedremo—"Madame Butterfly"	-	-	-	-	Puccini
					Miss H. Weinrich
					Piano—Miss M. Ranstead

Finale de la Sonata	- - -	Cesar Franck
First Piano	- Miss M. Morrissey	
Second Piano	- Miss H. Weinrich	
Chorus—Sancta Maria	- - -	Faure
	St. Mary's Glee Club	
	Piano—Miss M. Ranstead	
Violin Obligato	- Miss M. Maupin	
Conferring of Honors by		
The Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D.		
Graduating Medals and Degrees in Collegiate Course,		
Graduating Degree Medals and Diplomas in Conservatory of Music.		
Valedictory	- - -	
	Miss Rosella Cecilia Kramer	
Address	- - -	
The Honorable Eli F. Seebirt, Mayor of South Bend		
March in G	- - -	Tolhurst
First Violins	- Miss M. Maupin, E. Forschner,	
	J. Lecour, L. Guedelhoefer	
Second Violins	- Misses A. Buckley, F. LaPointe,	
	L. Weinrich, R. Kavanaugh	
Viola	- Professor R. Seidel	
Cello	- Miss D. Nichols	
Pianos	- Miss R. Krafthefer, C. Adler	

## SECOND SONATA RECITAL

May 10, 1922

Marche Triomphale	.....	Drdla
First Violins	- Misses M. Maupin, E. Forschner,	
	J. Lecour, L. Guedelhoefer.	
Second Violins	- Misses A. Buckley, R. Kavanaugh,	
	F. La Pointe, Profesor Seidel.	
Pianos	- Misses H. Daily, A. R. Carr	
Sonata—A major Andante-Allegro molto	.....	Mozart
	Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	
	Piano—Miss M. Morrissey	
On Wings of Song	.....	Mendelssohn-Liszt
	Piano—Miss L. Riley	
Old English Folk Song	.....	Arranged by A. Pochon
	Ensemble Class	
Sonata—A minor Allegro-Con passione	.....	Schumann
	Piano—Miss L. Riley	
	Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	
Intermezzo "Cataleria Rustiana"	.....	Mascagni
	Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	
	Harp—Miss H. Miller	
	Piano—Miss A. R. Carr	
	Organ—Miss R. Flood	
Violin Concerto	.....	Mozart Kreisler
	Violin—Miss Z. Burns	
	Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	
Violin Concerto	.....	R. Kinder
	Violin—Miss H. Weinrich	
Ameneed Ostrow	.....	Rubinstein
	Piano—Miss H. Daily	
	Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	
Violin Concerto	.....	Mendelssohn
	Cello—Miss H. Weinrich	
	Cello—Miss D. Nichols	
	Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	

## SECOND JUNIOR RECITAL

May 16, 1922

Polonaise	.....	Gobbaerts
1st Piano	- Misses H. Daily, A. Crawley	
2nd Piano	- Misses L. Cartier, C. Adler	
	Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	
Hark, Hark, the Lark	.....	Schubert-Liszt
	Miss C. Adler	
Valse Caprice	.....	Cesek
	Miss L. Cartier	
Midsummer Night's Dream	.....	Mendelssohn-Smith
	Miss B. Fitzgerald	
Organ—Lamentation	.....	Guilant
	Miss M. Ranstead	
Polonaise	.....	Moszkowski
	Miss A. Cawley	
Intermezzo, Op. 2, No. 2	.....	Dohnanyi
	Miss A. R. Carr	
Song—Your Voice	.....	Denza
	Miss M. Wade	
	Piano—Miss L. Cartier	
	Cello—Miss D. Nichols	
Etude, D flat major (Un Sospiro)	.....	Liszt
	Miss Z. Burns	
Rigoletto	.....	Verdi-Liszt
	Miss M. Ranstead	
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2	.....	Liszt
1st Piano	- Misses M. Ranstead, B. Fitzgerald	
2nd Piano	- A. R. Carr, Z. Burns	
	Violin—Prof. R. Seidel	

CHURCH MUSIC FOR BACCALAUREATE  
SUNDAYSister's Choir and St. Mary's Glee Club  
SOLEMN HIGH MASS

Organ Prologue	- - -	Rogers
	Miss H. Weinrich	
Proper of the Mass	- - -	Tozer
Mass in Honor of St. John Calasancius	- - -	Ravanello
Offertorium—Ave Maria	- - -	Moutan
Recessional	- - -	Rogers
	Miss H. Weinrich	
	Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament	
Panis Angelicus	- - -	Santner
Tantum Ergo	- - -	Oberhoffer
Holy God	- - -	

MUSICAL PROGRAM AT ALUMNAE  
LUNCHEON

by

St. Mary's Ensemble Class, Prof. R. Seidel, Director		
March	- - -	Tolhurst
Overture	- - -	Isenmann
Old English Folk Song	- - -	Pochon
The Mill	- - -	Raff
Rhapsodie, No. 2	- - -	Liszt
Concertante	- - -	Alard
Overture, Calif of Bagdad	- - -	Boildieu
Landler "Grandma"	- - -	Langer
Etude	- - -	David
Meditation	- - -	Massemet



Marche Triumphale . . . . . *Drdla*  
 Polonaise . . . . . *Gabbaerts*

Violins—Misses M. Maupin, E. Forschner, J. Lecour, L. Guedelhoef, A. Buckley, F. La Pointe, L. Weinrich, R. Kavanaugh.

Viola—Professor R. Seidel.

Cello—Miss D. Nichols.

Pianos—Misses H. Weinrich, M. Morrissey, A. R. Carr, M. Ranstead, L. Riley, H. Daily, L. Cartier, Z. Burns, A. Pfister, M. Hayes, R. Krafthefer, C. Adler.

## NOTES

Pontifical Mass, June 11, was celebrated in the Church of Loretto by the Rt. Rev. Joseph S. Glass C. M., D. D. of Salt Lake City. Assisting the Bishop were the Rev. John O'Rourke, c. s. c., Assistant Priest; the Revs. Timothy Murphy, c. s. c. and Hugh Gallagher, c. s. c., Deacons of Honor; the Rev. Charles Miltner, c. s. c., Deacon of the Mass; the Rev. Frederick McKeon, c. s. c., Subdeacon; the Rev. William R. Connor, c. s. c., Master of Ceremonies.

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Boyle, c. s. c. Among the clergy present in the Sanctuary were: the Revs. J. Gallagher c. s. c., Geo. O'Connor, c. s. c., P. Hennessy, c. s. c., E. Finnegan, c. s. c., J. H. Gallagan, c. s. c., Geo. W. Albertson, c. s. c., P. E. Herbert, c. s. c., Geo. J. Marr, c. s. c., Jno. J. Margraf, c. s. c., Wm. Bolger, c. s. c. and K. M. Healy, c. s. c., all of Notre Dame; the Revs. W. J. Daly of Davenport, Iowa and P. Boyle of Dubuque, Iowa.

Requiem Mass for the deceased members of the Alumnae was offered by the Rev. William A. Connor, c. s. c. on June 12.

Reverting to the schooldays at the Roll Call of the Alumnae the largest number present from any one class were permitted to "draw for a prize"—a silver souvenir spoon. Fortune favored Genevieve McCrory-Egan; the class year was 1907.

The diamond pendant prize was awarded to Mattie Munger Black. '86 the wife of the Honorable Geo. Black, P. M. of Ottawa, Canada. Mrs. Black is engaged in writing the history of Vancouver, where they have spent much of the time.

The Home-Coming picnic (June 13) on the grounds made a delightful picture and proved a most joyable feature of the week's festivities.

The Academic Commencement Exercises which took place on the evening of June 1, were noteworthy, not only for the excellence of the several numbers on the program but also for the beauty and simplicity which marked the entire entertainment.

It were unfair for us to over-look the program given by the Preparatories on June 6, at which the students of both the college and the academy were guests. Utter lack of self-consciousness and an absorbing interest in their own work made the "Flower Play" a perfect success.

The annual Art Exhibit held at St. Mary's was the most excellent seen here in many seasons. It represented a year of careful and patient labor on the part of the instructors as well as that of the students of Fine Arts, of China, of Decoration, of Design, of Household Design and drawing required by the Normal course. Among the most promising work were the studies of the Misses Kathleen O'Reilly, Margaret Bentz, Marian Compu, Margaret Wegman and Dorothy De Haven. The work in Black-and-White showed skill and draughtmanship, the color-studies contained sparkle, brilliancy and freshness. Originality of design and happy suggestion combined to make an altogether delightful and spirited showing of a very high character.

By her personal check Mary Bransfield generously added \$1000. to the St. Mary's Building Fund.

It was with greatest pleasure Alma Mater greeted the return of several children who had been kept away from former meetings by various pressing demands. Now, that they have renewed old ties, we hope to see them in constant attendance at the Alumnae Meetings.

Promptly at 7:00 on the evening of June 11, the Classes of '22 and '23 took their places in front of the college building, on the steps of which a new ceremony was about to take place,—the solemn conferring of the Cap and Gown on the graduates of next year. Catherine Johns in the name of the class of '22 presented the insignia of graduation to the eager Juniors whom she bade them God Speed through their last year of college life. A number of admiring relatives and interested friends were gathered to witness the ceremony.

In honor of her fifty years membership, the Alumnae presented Mother Pauline with a check for \$3,000.

We have missed from the assembly this year a few familiar faces: Mrs. Mary Cochran-Ryan who was deterred from attending by illness; Mrs. Anna Cunnea Fitzgibbons, who was detained at the last moment, and Mrs. Maude Clifford-Casey, who is traveling in Europe. All in other years, have faithfully responded to the call of the President. Others too, there are, who were here in spirit, as their letters of sincere regret testified.

### ALUMNAE REGISTER

Mesdames: Jennie Hynds-Conkling, Annie Clark-Hayes, Angela Donnelly-Kelly, Grace Schoolcraft-Harris, Lucretia St. Clair-Bohanon, Alice Coady-Cartier, Cecelia Moran-Collins, Gabriella Casanave-Murphy, Henrietta O'Brien-Crowley, Mary Hines-Sattler, Pauline Murfey-Sauter, Margaret Loughran-McFarland, Eleanor Mullen-Blatterman, Mettie Touhy-Lampert, Margaret Ryan-McDonald, Edna Wickham-Meehan, Florence Yynch-Bohan, Mae O'Loughlin-Gillen, Leona Holden-Moran, Louise Kelly-Grimes, Lucile Baker-de Lorenzi, Rose Lynch-O'Connor, Jeannette Herbert-Schoeller, Alice Kennedy-Gallagher, Marie Broussard-Weir, Nena Golley-Parabaugh, Marjorie Bertling-Galloway, Florence Guthrie-Isader, Ruth Broussard-Polk; The Misses Sarah Gleeson, Anna Clarke, Mary Clarke, Anna Hunt, Mary Sullivan, Winifred Cooney, Agnes Kuhn, Marion McCandless, Mary Bransfield, Katherine Ramsey, Josephine Murphy, Nellie Brady, Louise Fitzgerald, Mary Feehan, Effie Ehrhardt, Mabel Radican, Eloise Redmond, Catherine Rempe, Marguerite Moran, Erma Sagendorph, Ada Costello, Loretto Doyle, Mary Roach, Dympha Balbach, Cecelia Fitzgibbon, Marjorie Barrett, Martina Smith, Lucile Houran, Nancy Daly, Gladys Rempe, Mary Jones, Charlotte Voss, Mercedes Rempe, Mary Ethel Holliday, Marguerite Cline, Elizabeth Mahoney, Genevieve Broussard, Marie Gudelhoefer, Clara Se League.

Clouds of sorrow have shadowed the joys of June-Time, and St. Mary's grieves with the bereaved ones over the death of her generous benefactors: Mr. W. H. Holland of South Bend, Ind., whose daughter Helen Holland-Voll ('19) spent her entire school life with us, and who has ever shown most kindly interest in all that concerns the welfare of our institution; Mrs. Mary Foley of Chicago, whose seven daughters are either members of the Alumnae or former students of the College and Academy; Mr. John Boyle of Fond du Lac, Wis., the beloved father of Agnes Boyle-Dana and of Gertrude Boyle-Kremer ('07); and Mr. E. W. Hackett of New Albany, Ind., whose daughter Dorothy ('21), is in the Novitiate. Their days have been numbered, but their souls live for unlettered years in the hearts and prayers of those who knew and loved them.

### GRADUATING HONORS

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS (CLASSICAL COURSE) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on*:

Miss Mary Veronica McCabe, New Castle, Indiana.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY (IN HISTORY AND SOCIAL SCIENCES) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on*:

Miss Genevieve Cecil Boyle, Mason City, Iowa.

Miss Helen Frances Johnson, Lemont, Illinois.

Miss Amelia Ann Schlecht, Eureka, Utah.

Miss Stella Mary Scott, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Miss Teresa Marie Stocker, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY (IN EDUCATION) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDAL—*conferred on*:

Miss Mary Brigid McGarry, Aspinwall, Pennsylvania.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY (IN JOURNALISM) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDAL—*conferred on*:

Miss Margaret Lucile Buckley, Galesburg, Illinois.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LETTERS (LITT.B.) AND GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—*conferred on*:

Miss Florentia Marie Clark, Los Angeles, California.

Miss Doris Madeline Cunningham, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Miss Katherine Marie Duffy, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Ellen Gertrude Green, Creighton, Nebraska.

Miss Helen East Holliday, Laramie, Wyoming.

Miss Catherine McCann-Johns, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

Miss Lucy Frances Kennedy, Lafayette, Indiana.

Miss Rosella Cecelia Kramer, Minster, Ohio.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC—*conferred on*:

Miss Monica Hynds, St. Mary's Novitiate.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC (PIANO)—*conferred on*:

Miss Martha Kathryn Morrissey, Pueblo, Colorado.

GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS IN VOICE—*conferred on*:

Miss Dorothea Ryno, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Miss Hazel Weinrich, Burlington, Iowa.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE TWO YEAR'S COURSE IN NORMAL TRAINING—*conferred on*:

Miss Elizabeth Cooper, Craig, Nebraska.

Miss Ann Louise Nertney, Ottawa, Illinois.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Scheiber, Tiffin, Ohio.

Miss Alice Vanderkarr, Hebron, Illinois.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE COMMERCIAL COURSE—*conferred on*:

Miss Genevieve L. Dailey, Fairbury, Nebraska.

Miss Catherine C. Keeshan, Elgin, Illinois.

Miss Margaret V. Wade, Fostoria, Ohio.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING SIX YEARS' COURSE IN  
LATIN—*conferred on:*

Miss Dorothy Doran, Rockford, Illinois.  
Miss Mona Keown, Deposit, New York.  
Miss Genevieve Lang, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.  
Miss Frances LaPointe, Toledo, Ohio.  
Miss Martha Morrissey, Pueblo, Colorado.  
Miss Joan Shill, Winamac, Indiana.  
Miss Mary Belle VanHeuvel, Mobile, Alabama.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING FIVE YEARS' COURSE IN  
FRENCH—*conferred on:*

Miss Lucine Alice LaPointe, Toledo, Ohio.

SPANISH—*conferred on:*

Miss Josefina Garcia, Sallito, Mexico.  
Miss Elise Linfert, St. Bernard, Ohio.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING ELEMENTARY COURSE IN  
HARMONY—*conferred on:*

Miss Zelda Burns, Monticello, Indiana.  
Miss Alice Rose Carr, Sugar Grove, Ohio.  
Miss Alice Cawley, Wausau, Wisconsin.  
Miss Mary Hayes, Fort Pierre, South Dakota.

CERTIFICATE FOR COMPLETING THE GRADUATES' COURSE  
IN THE ART PROGRESSIVE SERIES OF MUSIC—*conferred  
on:*

Miss Martha K. Morrissey, Pueblo, Colorado.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE ELEMENTARY COURSE  
IN THE ART PROGRESSIVE SERIES OF MUSIC—*conferred  
on:*

Miss Alice Rose Carr, Sugar Grove, Ohio.  
Miss Bernice Fitzgerald, Elgin, Illinois.  
Miss Mary Jane Johnston, South Bend, Indiana.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE INTERMEDIATE COURSE  
IN THE ART PROGRESSIVE SERIES OF MUSIC—*conferred*

Miss Catherine Adler, Joliet, Illinois.  
Miss Marie Bause, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Anna Boecker, Naperville, Illinois.  
Miss Marion Born, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Zelda Burns, Monticello, Indiana.  
Miss Mary Eileen Colgan, Peoria, Illinois.  
Miss Madeline Frantzen, Dubuque, Iowa.  
Miss Mary Monica Grace, Kokomo, Indiana.  
Miss Charlotte Hassman, Aitkin, Minnesota.  
Miss Louise Virginia Hoffer, Eldorado, Arkansas.  
Miss Helen Jones, Ottumwa, Iowa.  
Miss Marie Kahl, Davenport, Iowa.  
Miss Katherine Keeshan, Elgin, Illinois.  
Miss Frances Kreig, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
Miss Cora Likely, Casper, Wyoming.  
Miss Marie Lucas, White Sulphur Springs, Montana.  
Miss Mary Louise McDonough, Indiana Harbor,  
Indiana.  
Miss Elizabeth Maginnis, Kimball, Nebraska.  
Miss Alice Mayo, Deming, New Mexico.  
Miss Frances Mayo, Deming, New Mexico.  
Miss Elizabeth Mayr, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Gertrude Morris, Sharon, Wisconsin.  
Miss Genevieve Mortenson, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Helen Mueller, Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Eugene Pauli, Pontiac, Michigan.  
Miss Marian Ranstead, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Charlotte Reynolds, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Frances Rigney, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Catherine Stack, Lorain, Ohio.  
Miss Louise Stieglitz, Bedford, Indiana.  
Miss Annette Stone, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Lucille Weinrich, Burlington, Iowa.  
Miss Lois Williams, Chicago, Illinois.

DIPLOMAS IN THE ACADEMIC COURSE—*conferred on:*

Miss Viola Marie Authier, Elk Point, South Dakota.  
Miss Margaret Corinne Baer, Mishawaka, Indiana.  
Miss Leona Elizabeth Berghoff, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.  
Miss Margaret M. Betz, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Genevieve Bohanon, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Helen Brazil, Michigan City, Indiana.  
Miss Muriel M. Clark, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Mary Louise Daschbach, Pittsburgh, Pennsylv-  
ania.  
Miss Mary Helen Duret, Wabash, Indiana.  
Miss Helen Marie Fisher, Cleveland, Ohio.  
Miss Ruth Elizabeth Flood, Portland, Oregon.  
Miss Katherine G. Graham, Clarion, Pennsylvania.  
Miss Margaret Healy, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.  
Miss Julia Catherine Hughes, Bloomington, Illinois.  
Miss Mildred Louise Hummel, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Irene Damian Kerwin, Denver, Colorado.  
Miss Helen Dorothy King, Danville, Illinois.  
Miss Virginia Krafthefer, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Florence Louise MacIsaac, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Agnes Therese Magner, Wilmington, Illinois.  
Miss Lenore Maley, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Rose Marblestone, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Margaret Louise Minahan, Atlanta, Georgia.  
Miss Virginia Patricia Morse, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Helen Marie Payne, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Virginia Rempe, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Catherine Anne Sullivan, Benton Harbor,  
Michigan.  
Miss Ruth Marie Tennes, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Lucille M. Tujague, New Orleans, Louisiana.  
Miss Margaret Frances Vallez, Bay City, Michigan.

CERTIFICATES FOR COMPLETING THE PREPARATORY COURSE  
—*conferred on:*

Miss Margaret Byers, Houghton, Michigan.  
Miss Mary Virginia Comeford, Gary, Indiana.  
Miss Blanche Donohue, South Bend Indiana.  
Miss Katherine E. Handley, Grand Rapids, Michigan.  
Miss Mary Kathleen Hummel, Mexico City, Mexico.  
Miss Elizabeth G. Kahl, Davenport, Iowa.  
Miss Florraine LaCluyze, South Bend, Indiana.  
Miss Dorothy E. Lederer, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Gertrude Marie McCarthy, Chicago, Illinois.  
Miss Katherine Ann McDonough, Indiana Harbor,  
Indiana.  
Miss Eva Obando, Tampico, Mexico.  
Miss Sofia Obando, Tampico, Mexico.  
Miss Rita M. Oliver, Havana, Cuba.  
Miss Nondas P. Roberts, Fairmount, Indiana.  
Miss Eloise Marie Rojas, Havana, Cuba.

## PRIZES IN ST. MARY'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

HELEN HOLLAND TROPHY—Athletic Champion—St. Mary's College and Academy—1922—*presented to:*

Miss Agnes Morgan, El Paso, Texas.

HELEN HOLLAND TROPHY—Highest Athletic Association Award—St. Mary's College—1922—*presented to:*

Miss Louise Christianson, Mishawaka, Indiana.

HELEN HOLLAND TROPHY—Highest Merits in Athletics

—Preparatory Department—1922—*presented to:*

Miss Gertrude McCarthy, Chicago, Illinois.

LETTERS FOR SOCCER—*won by:*

Miss Eileen Colgan	Miss Louise Downs
Miss Dolores McLaughlin	Miss Alice Reed
Miss Genevieve Betzner	Miss Elizabeth Mayr
Miss Agnes Morgan	Miss Virginia Morse
Miss Frances Swank	Miss Philomena Metras
Miss Elena de la Fuente	Miss Margaret Baer
Miss Elizabeth Kerr	Miss Evelyn Fesler

NUMBERS FOR SOCCER—*won by:*

Miss Eugenie Pauli	Miss Eileen Colgan
Miss Madelyn Faught	Miss Dolores McLaughlin
Miss Dorothy Menden	Miss Genevieve Betzner
Miss Ruth Dolfrasse	Miss Evelyn Fesler
Miss Marguerite Proud	Miss Agnes Morgan
Miss Mary Doyle	Miss Frances Swank
Miss Louise Christianson	Miss Elena de la Fuente
Miss Kathryn Stack	Miss Margaret Baer
Miss Mary Donnelly	Miss Elizabeth Kerr
Miss Ruth Flood	Miss Louise Downs
Miss Helen Minahan	Miss Alice Reed
Miss Frances Rigney	Miss Elizabeth Mayr
Miss Elizabeth Ryan	Miss Virginia Morse

Miss Dorothy Redmond Miss Philomena Metras

LETTERS FOR BASKET BALL—*won by:*

Miss Mary L. Daschbach	Miss Rose Marblestone
Miss Margaret Betz	Miss Virginia Morse
Miss Irene Kerwin	Miss Dorothy King
Miss Leona Berghoff	Miss Virginia Krafthefer
Miss Margaret Minahan	Miss Margaret Valle

## TRACK TEAMS

COLLEGE NUMERALS

High Jump—Martha Singler  
Broad Jump—Louise Christianson  
Hop-Step-Jump—Louise Christianson  
Hurdles  
75-yard Dash—Martha Singler

ACADEMIC NUMERALS

High Jump—Philomena Metras  
Broad Jump—Agnes Morgan  
Hop-Step-Jump—Agnes Morgan  
Hurdles—Agnes Morgan  
75-yard Dash—Dolores McLaughlin

LETTERS—Greatest number of points in all five events  
—*won by:*

Miss Agnes Morgan, El Paso, Texas.

## CANOE RACES

LETTERS—Singles—*won by:*

Miss Louise Frank—Academic.

LETTERS—Doubles—*won by:*

Miss Louise Frank—Academic.  
Miss Katherine Sourbeer—Academic.

## TRACK MEET AT ST. MARY'S

The Athletic Association has had this spring the privilege of adding a Track Meet to the usual round of athletic activities. For weeks the college and academy contestants had been practicing and the number of entries proved the interest established and the surprising ability of the many contestants.

As indicated in the Honor list—the first place was won by Agnes Morgan—Academic '23 for:

High Hurdles—Time, 3 sec.

Broad Jump—13 ft. 3 in.

Hop-Step-Jump—29 ft. 1 in.

Which gave Miss Morgan three out of five events of the Meet. Philomena Metras (A '24) holds the highest record for High Jump; She successfully cleared 4 ft. 8 in., just one inch short of the World's record, held by D. Homer of St. Mary's Hall.

Second place was won by Martha Singler (C '25) and Dolores McLaughlin (A '25) who tied for first place in the 75 yard dash.

Louise Christianson deserved special mention for work in the Broad Jump and Hop-Step-Jump.



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